

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.

Howard S. Smith — Francis Dickie — Josephine D. Bacon — E. G. Bayne
Jack Patterson — F. L. Cooper, — Elizabeth Gotto — Will R. Bird

Julia's Wonderful Party

*As told by her mother
to Mary Dean*

Dear Mary Dean: Recently my daughter, Julia, entertained her High School Club—"the crowd," as she calls them—and I think you will be interested in knowing one of the incidents of the evening, for you had a part in it. Besides, I like to talk about it myself, because it brought me one of the blessed experiences of motherhood.

Julia had been worrying about the affair for days before. "You know, mother," she told me, "we've just got to have something special for refreshments or the party will fall flat. We'll have to tumble them to a treat." That's the way she put it.

Well, they tumbled all right, the minute Julia started serving the little lunch.

Shouts rang through the house. "Hooray!" "Marvelous!" "You win, Julie!" And a few minutes later I learned what it was all about when Julia burst into the kitchen.

"They're wild about those Raisin Twists, mother! Oh, mother, you're a dear!"

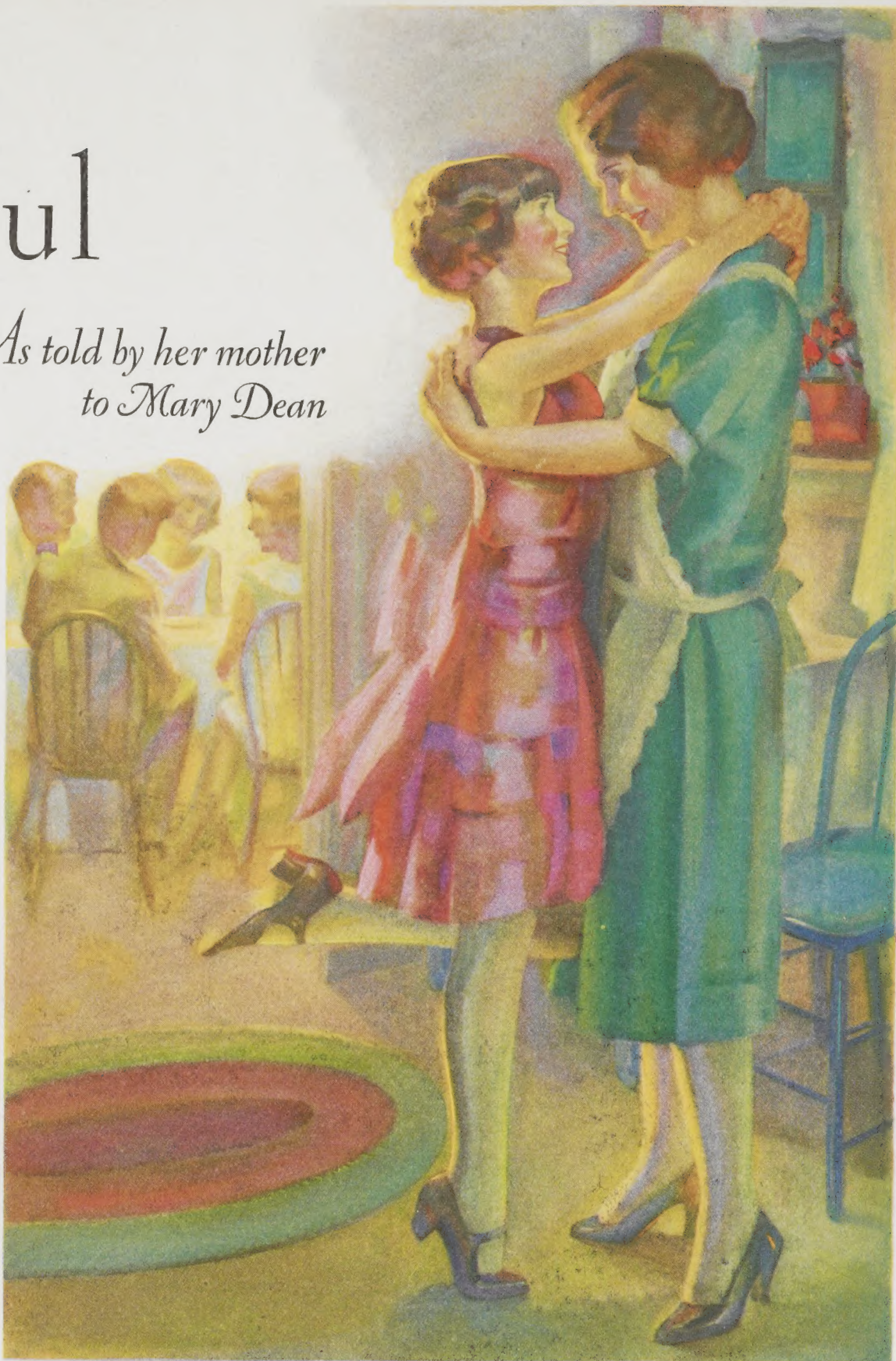
How you were in it, Mary Dean, is that you sent me the recipe for the Raisin Twists. And just as you suggested, I made them with the Market Day Special raisins.

Mrs. A. H. G.

* * *

Perhaps this was an unusual incident, but it illustrates the surprising things you can do with good raisins. Scores of simple cake and pudding and pastry recipes can be made into delicious treats if you use Sun-Maid's "Market Day Special" raisins. They are really a bargain in raisins—clean, full-flavored fruit packed in 4-lb. and 2-lb. bags and sold at astonishingly low prices.

Some so-called bargain packs I am sure would not meet your demand for quality, but this should



"MOTHER, YOU'RE A DEAR! THEY'RE WILD ABOUT THOSE RAISIN TWISTS!"

not influence your opinion of "Market Day Specials." The Sun-Maid Raisin Growers have every advantage in the growing, processing and marketing of raisins, so they can give you the best values for the money.

How do you make Raisin Twists? The recipe is given here. Try it. And if you would like some more recipes or any sort of help with raisin cookery, please write me, in care of Sunland Sales Association of Canada, Ltd., 137 McGill St., Montreal, Que., Canada.

Mary Dean

The recipe for Raisin Twists

2 cups flour	6 tablespoons
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	shortening
$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon mace	1 cup Sun-Maid
1 teaspoon salt	raisins
4 teaspoons baking	1 egg
powder	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Plump and drain raisins. Sift together flour, sugar, mace, salt and baking powder. Cut in shortening and add raisins. Beat egg, combine with milk and add to the other ingredients to make a soft dough. Save the remaining liquid.

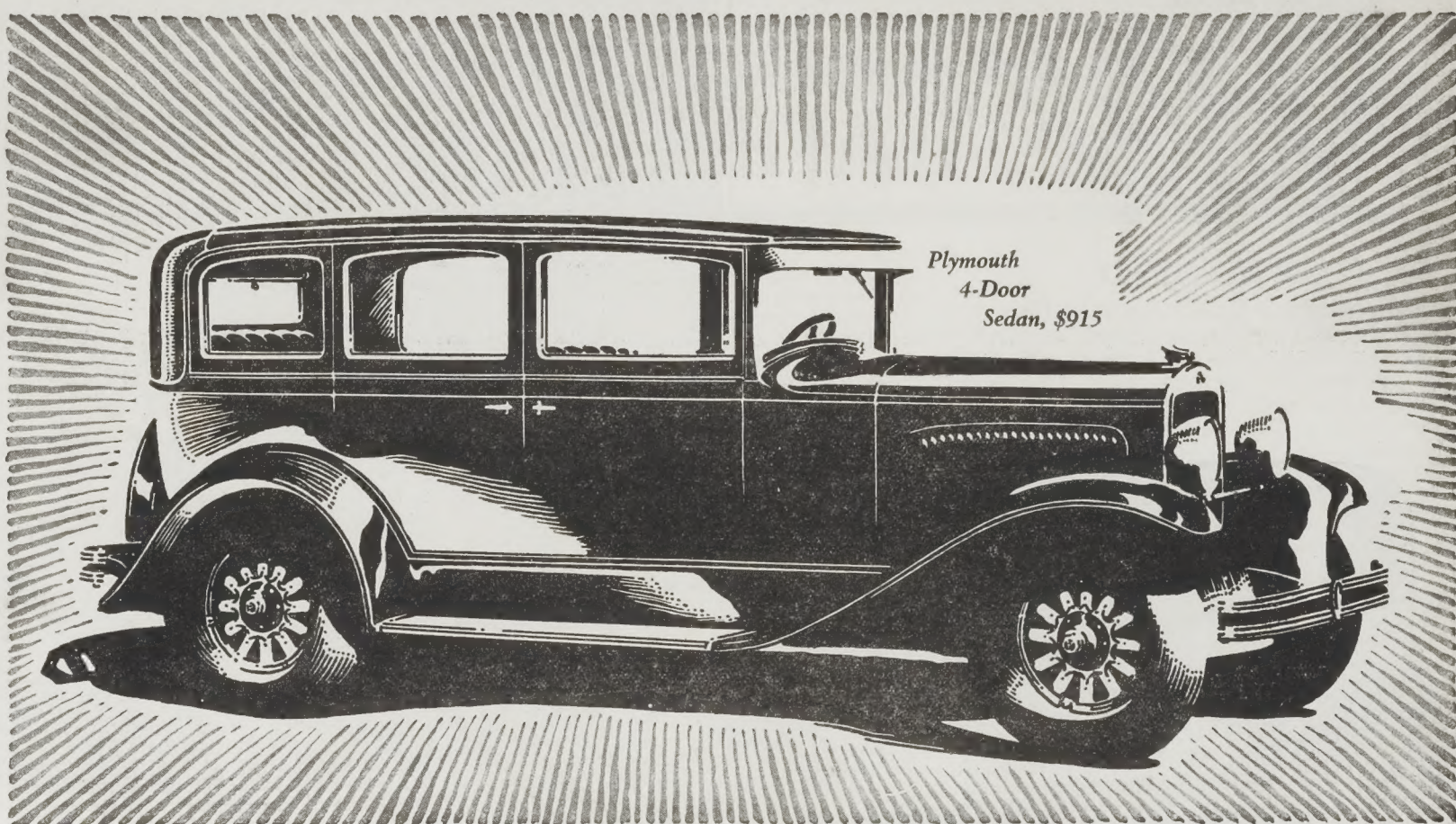
Roll dough in strips about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cut off in 6 inch lengths and twist to make a figure 8 and place on a greased baking sheet 1 inch apart. Brush tops with milk and egg mixture and sprinkle lightly with granulated sugar. Bake 12 minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees F.). Serve hot. These may be rolled, set in a cold place and baked when ready to serve.



Genuine "Market Day Special" raisins come only in light blue bags with the Sun-Maid girl on them

Seedless Sun-Maid Nectars in the red carton are deliciously plump and meaty, so fresh and fragrant they're actually grape-like! Sun-Maid Puffed in the blue carton are seeded raisins that aren't sticky! Your grocer has them, as well as the bargain bags of "Market Day Special" raisins





GREATER DOLLAR VALUE

\$850

AND UPWARDS

Coupe	\$850
Roadster (with rumble seat)	850
Touring	870
2-Door Sedan	875
De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat)	910
4-Door Sedan	915

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

Makes Thousands Favor the New Plymouth

The most minute comparison will not reveal the equal of the new Chrysler-built Plymouth in dollar-for-dollar value among the few other cars in the lowest-priced group.

Every detail from the slender-profile chromium-plated radiator to the arched-window silhouette evidences the style and the distinction of far higher price.

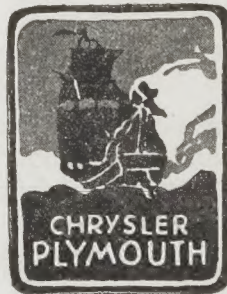
In point of adult-size, comfort and quality features, Plymouth invites comparison with cars costing far more. On the road, even more emphatically, Plymouth ends all attempt by other cars in its field to

rival its dashing performance. Abundant power and pick-up, with astonishing smoothness, from its "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine which uses any gasoline.

Roadability many \$2000 and \$3000 cars well might envy. Safety of internal-expanding hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, efficient in any weather. Dependability and freedom from mechanical trouble assured by

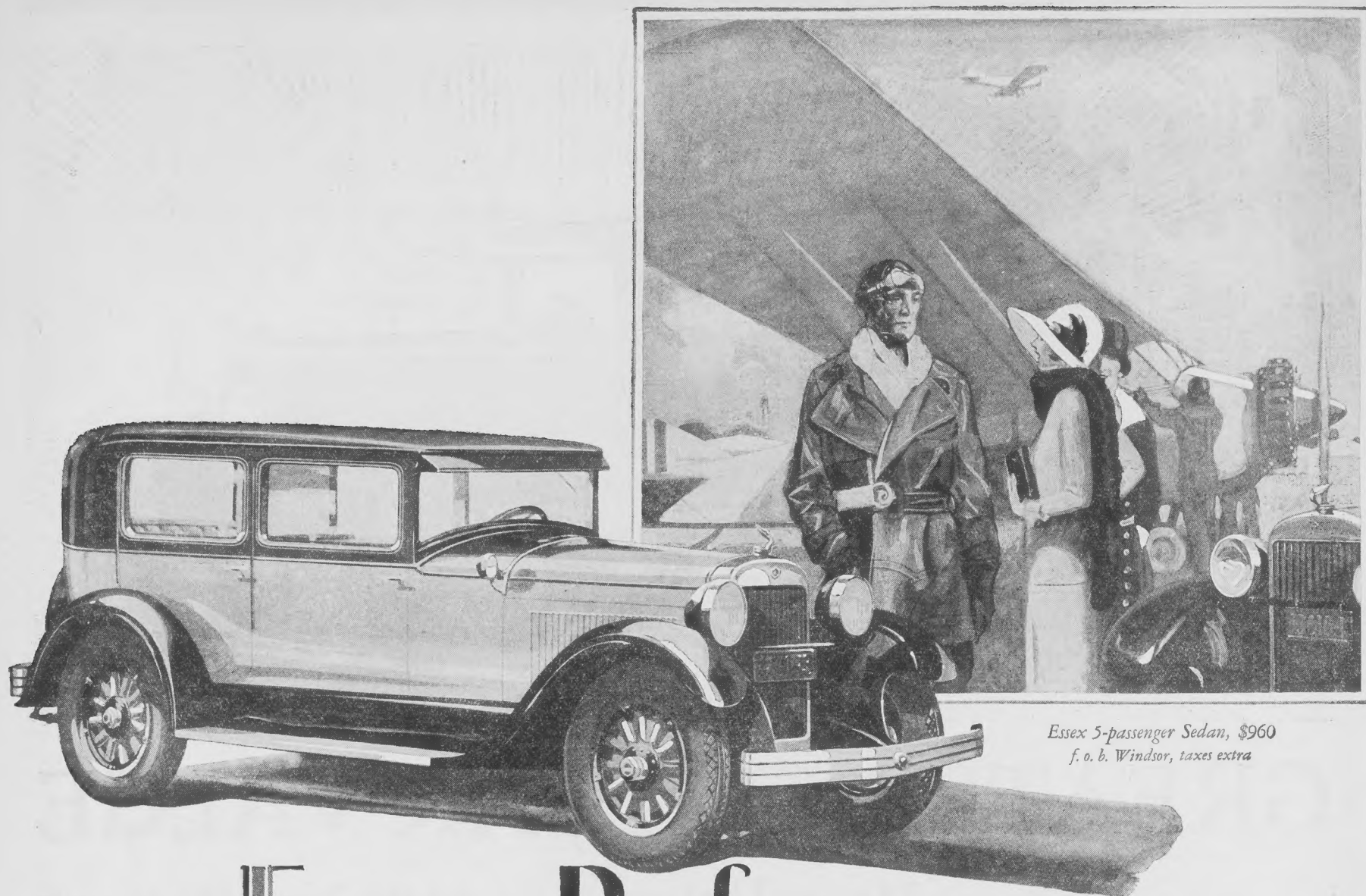
Chrysler Standardized Quality manufacture.

Why not discover Plymouth's greater dollar value for yourself? Any Plymouth dealer will gladly place a car at your disposal.



CHRYSLER

PLYMOUTH



Essex 5-passenger Sedan, \$960
f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

Essex Performance

The spirit of ACTION

and Item by Item the World's Greatest Value

The certain conviction of greatest value that Essex gives on sight is backed by a wealth of costly car detail never before dreamed of under \$1,200.

At \$885 and up, you not only get the brilliant performance and reliability of the famous Essex chassis, but you also get a satisfaction in appearance, richness and comfort never known in this price field.

You cannot mistake this impression of completeness and fine quality in every detail. And you cannot forget that item after item brings you directly to costly cars to find comparison.

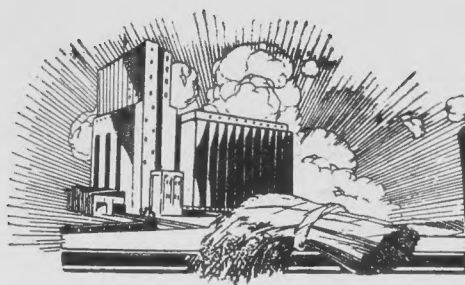
In every detail from radiator shutters to a riding ease like flying, this Essex is built, acts and looks in the fine-car class.

Add these to the performance of its famous Super-Six high-

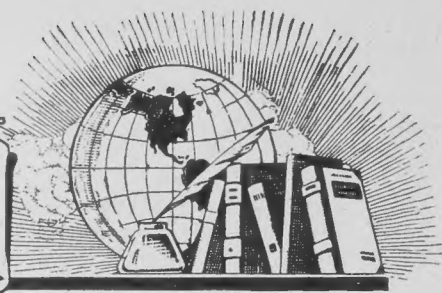
compression, high-efficiency motor, and you have perfectly visible advantages from \$300 to \$400 greater value than any car in its field, a fact responsible for the largest 6-cylinder sales in history.

You have but to examine and ride in the Essex to share this universal conviction about "the World's Greatest Value."

ESSEX SUPER SIX



EDITORIAL



Making and Spending

FIVE hundred million dollars is a great deal of money. It represents the value of the Western wheat crop at a dollar a bushel. It is, of course, only a fraction of Western Canada's farm production, and it says nothing of the output of coal, lumber, oil, and other sources of revenue. It is a large sum, but in its distribution it covers a very wide area, so that conceivably the income of the average farmer will not be so very princely. Farming nowadays is an expensive business. The cost of machinery and its upkeep, stock and its management, is very great, and despite good crops many farms are the property of implement dealers and the loan companies for the reason that in the lean years borrowers have not been able to make returns. As a matter of fact, it may be assumed that a great part of the money received for farm products this year will go to clearing off mortgage indebtedness, and visibly there may be little on the farms to show that there has been a wonderfully fine harvest. It is those, who, rightly as benefactors or wrongly as extortioners, hold the farmers in thrall, that will make the display which betokens prosperity. This is not an idle statement, for the man or company that can lend to struggling farmers at the right time and on reasonable terms is a real benefactor, and he whose business it is to show merciless severity to defaulting creditors is worse than an extortioner.

There will, however, be in the hands of many farming people some surplus after legitimate debts are paid. *The Western Home Monthly* urges that a portion of available income be set apart for the enrichment of life. It is necessary on farms as well as in cities for people to recognize that the values of most worth are human values. The surest way for any land to decline is for the people to become wedded to materialism.

Therefore, it is urged that better libraries in home and school, the securing of teachers, preachers and leaders of a higher type is a first consideration. Ignorance must not be confined to cities alone. The most progressive and the best informed people should be found on the farms. It was so in olden times and it should continue to be so, yet unfortunately the means of culture are sometimes withheld, and self-assurance based on ignorance becomes a substitute for enlightened opinion.

Knowledge alone is not enough. The developed human being has a refinement of feeling as manifested in his tastes, attitudes, manner, speech and conduct generally, that forbids the domination of the crude, the ugly, the disgusting. After all the great pride of people both in city and country should be in the character and achievements of their offspring. One cannot be proud of children if they lack every grace of person and if they have no appreciation for the delicate, the beautiful, the refined. Therefore, it is suggested that some attention be given to beautifying of the homes and schools, in all their appointments; that emphasis be placed upon the lovely Christian graces such as courtesy, kindness and gallantry, and that in this the parents and teachers lead the way.

There is a more important consideration still. The highest measure of human value is moral character. No addition to the farm of another quarter section or to the herd of another pure bred animal is so important as the cultivation in the children of reverence and righteousness. A man may bequeath to his children money and lands and yet leave them poor. Real wealth takes the form of internal equipment.

After all the big work in a country is not producing crops, but well-developed men and women. The great need is not that of making wealth but of spending it wisely. It is a marvellous thing for a country to obtain half a billion dollars. It is the most difficult thing in the world to use it wisely.

The Winter Problem

IN THE fall men go to the farms to help in removing the crops; in the winter many go to the cities and become a tax upon the people." No one will deny that there is much truth in this.

Those who stand in the bread-line in Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton are often men who have been in the West for a comparatively short time. The money earned at harvesting is not enough to keep them over winter or it is spent foolishly early in the season. The cities are taxed unreasonably in spite of provincial and federal aid, and the worst aspect of the case is not that the cities have to pay out money, but that they have on the streets bodies of dissatisfied men, who are inclined to blame those around them for their misfortune.

Despite the flare-up in Winnipeg when some of the British Parliamentary party found fault with the treatment of British workmen, and pending a full inquiry into all conditions, let us assume that the selection of harvesters has on the whole been wise; that the railway companies and governments have acted generously, that provisions for reception have been adequate, that wages have been fair and that treatment by farmers has been quite reasonable. Is this enough? It certainly is not, for it will not prevent the congestion in cities during the long winter months. Is there any way of remedying the evil?

It is suggested that if representatives of the farmers, the city governments, the province and the Dominion, the railways, the immigration agents and all others who have to deal with these men officially were to meet and consider a scheme of employment for the year, they might devise something worth-while. There is work that municipalities and provinces can profitably undertake in the winter season if they prepare for it in advance, and there is work in the woods that cannot be done during the summer months. If they exercise reasonable prevision many manufacturing and building concerns and offices can spread their efforts over the whole year rather than rush madly for a few months only to discharge employees for the rest of the year. A great many of the loungers on the street are not from the farms at all, but are discharged from duty because they are not required during cold weather. There are not many all-year jobs for men who work with their hands.

Now, the principle upon which we seem to have been going is to wait until about June and then to make a frenzied appeal for harvest hands. Would it not be better to make out a year schedule covering all fields of labor, to reserve as much work as possible for winter, to keep men here the year round but to keep them happily employed. And if there are months when there is little to do could not provision be made in advance for rooming accommodation and even for education during spare hours?

A hand-to-mouth policy is bound to end in dissatisfaction. This is true under ideal conditions. It will of course be worse if any of those dealing with harvesters and other newcomers misrepresent conditions or fail in courteous treatment. There is the reverse side to this, since probably all those who register complaints are not angels. Many who come here should be rejected because of their character and disposition. Those who are really fit to come as harvesters and who wish to stay should have work provided in winter. It may be that in some cases farmers themselves could employ harvesters during the year. At all events, the harvesting problem should not be considered alone.

Immigration

THERE is much discussion in the Press as to the character of the immigration now flocking into Canada. Two classes we should not admit: those who are antagonistic to our established form of government, and those who are too lazy or too much given to agitation to work. Those of the former class are not all non-English and those of the latter class are not all English. Canada does not want anybody who, because of race, class or religion will fail in national loyalty. Then there is the question of intermarriage. It is doubtful if those should be admitted into any particular community who cannot in the course of time join their family fortunes with their neighbors. Clearly, some peoples are as yet outside the reckoning.

The Cause of War

TALKING to an ardent advocate of the British-Israel doctrine recently he pointed out that Geneva conferences and disarmament agreements could but result in disappointment since prophecy had fixed the termination of things earthly in 1936, when Germany and Russia joining hands would overthrow Italy and France, and take possession of Egypt, and the wealth of the Mediterranean, only to be overthrown by the combined forces of Britain, the United States and Japan in the last great titanic struggle of the race. Now, some call all this prediction foolishness, and say that the only effect of making forecasts is to scare the superstitious, and to stir up racial bitterness. Be that as it may, it is surely possible on other grounds to point out that there is danger of recurring war among the nations of the Old World, notwithstanding all the agreements that are signed with the very best intentions. The danger lies in this, that population is increasing so rapidly that there is not food and raw material available to meet the needs of the people. Struggles for possession of oil-fields and coal areas are bound to arise. Nothing can prevent them except the lessening of population, and in countries settled by white people this is the very last thing that is likely to occur.

As a matter of fact, the population of America has multiplied twenty-three times in 128 years. In the same time the population of Europe has multiplied four times. In Italy and France the rate of increase is least; in Germany it is greatest. The former countries are clamorous for an increase of population to match the power of Germany, but the very fact of numbers would of necessity urge them to renewed war to gain additional territory and raw materials. The white race, therefore, by its own failure to reduce population is paving the way for its own destruction. Such in rough is the argument of Percy Clark in the *World of Tomorrow*. He sums up in these words:

"It is because the need for raw materials, especially fuels, is so acute and because the struggle is becoming ever more intense that we have the breakdown or near breakdown of Geneva Conferences. Political intrigues for oil reserves or other possible fuel or raw material resources are unescapable. A modern economic nation is fighting for its very existence since it must gain control of an adequate supply. As this competition between the various branches of the white race becomes more and more bitter, the possibility of devastating wars grows ever greater. Mussolini decrees a higher birth-rate for Italy and says in one of his speeches: 'We must have the courage to say that Italy cannot remain forever penned up in one sea, even if it is the Adriatic. Beyond the Adriatic there is the Mediterranean and other seas which can interest us.' And again: 'It is the hand of destiny that guides us back to our ancient possessions.'"

"France, partly in answer to this, and partly in desperation at the growing German population, offers bonuses for large families. And large populations, meaning more men to bear arms, are the raw materials of war. Europe's motto would seem to be: 'We want bigger and better wars.' England, realizing that her island is already overpopulated far beyond the power of self-support, sees her only salvation in a navy which will give her undisputed command of the sea. Her very life depends upon the importation of food. And still the cry the empire raises is 'more population.'"

"As a race, we face economic ruin and international anarchy unless we control this growth of population. Paradoxically enough we seek greater populations for self-protection, but when acquired, these swollen populations make aggression necessary to obtain the wherewithal for their maintenance."

Would an agreement to reduce birth rate be more likely to result in world peace than an agreement to reduce armaments?



WHEN you sink down into the soft, form-fitting cushions of a Body by Fisher, remember that its luxurious ease is designed into it with the same scientific care as are its beauty and dependability. Note also the other features of comfort, such as the Fisher vision and ventilating windshield—which is one of Fisher's most important contributions to the industry—the clarity of vision of the genuine plate glass, and the welcome convenience of the appointments.

Cadillac • La Salle • McLaughlin-Buick • Oakland
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GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED
COMFORT



"I know you are 'Straight' Fraser because you hold your head high—back straight, tongue straight, heart straight" explained Black Joe

The Stealer of Meat

By Will R. Bird

Illustrated by J. Clymer

THE factor of the James Bay post of the North-West Fur Company leaned back in his chair and glanced shrewdly at the man who faced him from the counter.

"I presume," he said slowly, with a Scotch accent, "that you have not had a change of heart towards Laflamme. He has lived up to his promise in every respect, and it seems a pity that such a man should be choring about the Post when there are good fur grounds without a trapper." There was a hint of pleading in his speech.

The man by the counter was a picturesque figure. Tall, lithe, muscled, he bore his fifty-odd years without any other revelation than graying hair. The wilderness had set her seal on him, as she favors her own. Dignified and quiet among men, swift as light in action and possessed of prodigious strength and endurance, his bronzed, rock-set features never revealed emotion, while his steady grey eyes were very disconcerting to those without good intentions. Never in that wide sweep of the North had another borne such a reputation for rigid honesty with his fellows. White or red, the trappers and voyageurs who met him had always enjoyed the squarest dealing and the word of "Straight" Fraser carried as much assurance as a legal document. Yet his expectations of other men were finely drawn and he had no mercy for those who erred, however excusable seemed their slipping.

"In the North our meat caches spell life and death," came his grim answer to the Factor, "and

we must depend on the other man's honesty. A stealer of meat is worse than a snake."

"I agree," returned the Factor, "but Laflamme was lost and without food when he took Foley's cache. Many others would have done the same. He went back afterward and replaced the meat he had taken."

"It is strange that a man can get lost on his own trapping grounds"; Fraser's speech held no compromise, "and that Foley did not happen to need his cache was a rare circumstance."

"Better men than Laflamme have been lost on their own grounds," argued the Factor, "and Foley himself made no complaint."

"Which does not lessen the crime one iota," came the stern response. "You can do as you like, Hardy, but I believe in justice. Let him serve his time."

"Justice is a big word, Fraser," said the Factor, getting to his feet, "and it's been juggled a lot. Your views may change."

The two men passed outside. A score of canoes were at the landing beach, the daily quota of trappers outfitting for another six-month battle with a Northern winter. Lounging by the pole platform at the end of the main building was a man who

seemed apart from the rest. His black eyes were restless and his attitude suggested an animal on leash, but he neither spoke nor was spoken to as the outfitters came and went. His costume was strikingly gay; dyed fillet on his head, tricolored sash at his waist, beads and embroidery on his leggings and moccasins, all bespoke a certain vanity and pride in his well-molded person.

This man was Laflamme. A year before he had come to the Factor and confessed to the robbing of a cache while he was lost. As there had been no violent storms or unusual conditions his confession roused much comment. Touched by things he had overheard Laflamme offered to serve a three-year sentence as chore-boy at the Post, depriving himself of monetary gain as well as lowering to menial servitude. His stand had been adhered to, but after a year's discussion of the case by camp-fires and in storm shelters the majority of the trappers had suggested to Hardy that Laflamme had fully atoned for his error. Their views met with a stern disdain from "Straight" Fraser. And he being supreme in the lore of the North and in point of service his opinion carried much weight. Hardy, the factor, wished to outfit Laflamme for the trap-lines but he feared to cross the man who had led the rest in bringing fur to the Post for over twenty years.

It was evening. Like a long streak of molten silver lay the waters of Lost Lake and the banked evergreens on shore blended in purple obscurity.

But the canoe that stole landward was clearly defined and its occupant was a man of singular pose. Head and shoulders were thrust back with the precise erectness practised by crack regiments and the bronzed, clear-cut features of the paddler suggested unusual strength of character. As silently as a spirit of the night he slid his birchen craft into a tiny opening, a brook-head, and vanished. A few minutes later the report of a rifle shattered the stillness of the wilderness. It was followed by the weird laughter of a loon and all was still again.

"Straight" Fraser lived and trapped alone. In all that maze of fur country, attended with countless perils, he moved without a partner and no man had knowledge of his lines or shelters, and now as he skinned a prime buck deer he reflected that he had never seen a trail other than his own in the entire stretch of country between Lost Lake and Crazy River. Therefore it was irritatingly coincident that with such thoughts he should hear the rap of a careless paddle and know that a second traveller was passing close inshore.

Rising noiselessly he crossed the little glen into which the moonlight filtered and in another moment was peering through parted brush at the intruder. In a canoe that was an exact replica of his own rode a rangy, big-boned man with red hair and a rusty beard. One glance sufficed to bring every detail to Fraser, for one week previous he had seen the stranger at the Post on James Bay. Men who live in the North are not given to easy speech, but he recalled that the newcomer had been oddly reticent and had used the careful language of those belonging to the "outside." His actions had brought comment from the grizzled Factor.

"Yon's a queer lad," remarked the old Scotsman. "He's not asked a question nor spoke a fur ground, and I know by his outfit that he's new at the game. But a still tongue hurts no man."

As Fraser returned to his meat-cutting he pondered anew. Lost Lake lay at the beginning of his fur territory, but there was no written law to prevent another encroaching, and to the westward stretched a vast unclaimed district. Perhaps the new man was headed there. At least he need not worry until he found out otherwise, but it galled him to think that anyone should presume to trespass on the area of "Straight" Fraser, the King of the North.

The deer was quartered carefully and then Fraser pushed his way into a thick grove of pines that shut out completely the brilliance of the moon. He followed a footway by sense of direction and reached a rough log shelter. It was the first in his route, was well hidden and provided him with a snug, dry brush bed. Outside the shack was his meat rack, an arrangement of sharpened pins, pegs and peeled poles, cunningly placed out of reach of furred prowlers, and thereon, by feeling, he stored the quartered deer meat. He was in need of fresh meat and was pleased with his luck at starting and shooting the deer in such a convenient spot. Within the hour he had made a leisurely meal and was enjoying the strength-giving sleep of those who live in the wilds.

Some indefinable sound roused him and, with the gift of those who live in the North, he sensed an unseen and unheard presence. As softly as a drifting leaf he glided out of the doorless opening of his shelter but the thick gloom of the pines defied him and soon some instinct told him that the marauder had gone. For a time he stood, listening intently,

tensed, expectant. Accustomed to the ways of clawed hunters of the night, he felt certain that his visitor had not been one and like a flash he remembered the stranger with the rusty beard. His caution was doubled. No man with good intentions would come stealthily in the dark. Even the Cree trappers held a higher code. To make sure that no animal had been attempting to get at the fresh meat, he stepped back in the dark and felt for the quarters—and stiffened, too amazed to think clearly. One of the choice hind-quarters was missing!

For several minutes he stood motionless. Out on the lake he heard the loons at their mad games, and their ghostly laughter seemed to mock him. He investigated by feeling of the various pins and pegs and was assured that no animal had removed the meat. They would have dragged or pulled the quarter down, bending the pins to do so. Only a man could lift the meat out of its position without interference. He knelt and felt carefully in the mossy carpet below and was thrilled and fired with swift heat as his fingers slipped into the fresh imprint of a large moccasin. For the first time in years "Straight" Fraser lost caution and swore mildly.

It was the intrusion of the red-haired stranger that had made the fires so easily fanned, and the sheer audacity of the theft was dumbfounding. Once or twice Fraser had mingled with men who were not "straight," but never before had he suffered any inconvenience. Meat was plentiful, he could soon replace the missing quarter, but he felt that he had met with an irreparable loss. His first decision was to search out the red-thatched man and shoot him. Then he realized that he must have proof before taking such drastic action, and furthermore he must take care not to sully the reputation of which he was inordinately proud. There must be some simpler and surer way of vengeance.

"Straight" Fraser cherished his name as another

Returning to his bunk he sat and studied awhile, and then acted with grim determination. A stealer of meat was the lowest type of criminal and he should be treated as such. Very deliberately Fraser picked moss chinks from between logs at the end of his shelter and thrust the muzzle of his rifle through, aiming it so that a bullet could not miss anyone tampering with the remaining portions of deer meat. By the help of crossed sticks he supported and fixed the rifle, and then ran a cord from its trigger outside to the next quarter on the rack. This done he lay back in the bunk, satisfied. If any man should deign to steal meat he would meet a speedy and fitting punishment.

Fraser fell asleep. Hours later he was awakened by a crashing report and the thudding fall of a heavy body. There was no outcry but for a few moments the victim threshed about on the pine needles. The waiting was one of those times when minutes become indefinite ages, drawn in an agony of suspense, and every tiny sound was distorted by the darkness. At length Fraser bowed his head in his hands and shuddered. In his soul he knew he had done no wrong. He had not killed the man—the miscreant had died through his own sin. Fraser's battle with his conscience surprised him, and avowed him. In spite of himself he was weakened so that suddenly he knew that he dare not look to see the man who weltered in blood below the meat rack, nor could he linger in that locality. His few preparations were made with practised deftness, the cord was cut from his rifle trigger, the moss chinks replaced with care, and shortly his canoe was skimming north over Lost Lake. As he paddled he reflected that when the tragedy in the pine grove was discovered he would be the last man suspected, but the thought was disquieting. So he toiled lustily, driving his light craft like a wild thing and daylight found him on a rough portage miles up in the lone lands.

THE brilliance of autumn vanished and over the North world came that stillness which pre-figures the lapse of Nature into her half-year sleep. The brooks were fringed with ice and the little lakes in Fraser's territory became flat white patches, the clouds were heavy with snow. "Straight" Fraser had enjoyed his strange life. He loved the cathedral hush of the wilds and gloried in unbroken sweeps of green. But since the episode at Lost Lake he had been a changed man. Whenever he was idle his brown, sinewy hands would clasp and unclasp nervously and he seemed always listening. His granite features, chiseled by the grim sculptoring North, grew more gaunt and his keen grey eyes bore constant challenge. A snapping branch would startle him into an instinctive defensive, soughing wind seemed to him the gasping of a stricken man, at times he wheeled about as if dreading a follower. For the first time he felt the great shadowy loneliness of the early winter in the North, and, with all fairness and characteristic courage he fought a second battle with his conscience. For three days his traplines were unattended as he strove with half-formed convictions, and then, with all his strength of will, he thrust from him

every thought of the rusty-bearded stranger who had been a stealer of meat.

The winter was a severe one from the first crackle of frost, but unusual cold meant deeper and thicker fur. No sudden day-thaws bedded his sets in ice and luck was with him; his catch was abnormal, and when he snared the finest black fox he had ever seen he knew that he had broken his own record. But he was not content. And gradually he began to fear accident or sickness. His emotions

Continued on page 79



"The late arrival was the red topped stranger of Lost Lake"

man would gold. Years of respect from his fellows and the sincere praise and deference of the Factor had lifted him to a pedestal approaching self-worship. Steeped in his conscious worth of character and attainments he became increasingly ready and severe in judging others. That any person should dare to steal from him had been inconceivable. And as law and justice of the Northern frontiers were made and meted without appeal to the "outside" he felt that he should deal with the thief as he judged appropriate.

Dental Business on the Trail

By F. L. Cooper

Illustrated by P. H. Surrey

A PLUMP little man, one Thomas Stinnis, Doctor of Dentistry, sat all by himself fishing for trout in a cold Sierra stream. The sun had just slipped behind a pine-clad rampart of the small valley and an enormous moon was about to take on the job of lighting the world.

Dr. Stinnis' mild, round face wore a blissful look as he made another cast from his place of artful concealment. He lit a fresh cigarette from the stub of his former one. Four small fish gleamed beside him. Well back from the bank in a clear rocky space, a neat fire, built between two short logs, thrust slow orange flames against the gathering dusk. A frying-pan containing four uncooked slices of bacon was yawning for the trout. Propped securely on one end of the two firelogs a pot of coffee was beginning to steam fragrantly. Farther down the valley Dr. Stinnis' only companion in his coveted solitude was a tough and aged old brown horse who munched the lush grass in a replete manner.

Dr. Stinnis was a skilled hand at short vacations. Once in the spring and once in the fall he escaped from his busy Los Angeles office, hied himself to the mountains, hired the big brown horse, draped its capable frame with the essentials of a few days' camping, and revelled in utter loneliness. Upon his return to the metropolis, his business of molar filling was resumed with vigor. He was a high-priced dentist.

Now, as he flipped his last fish from the darkening stream, a sound from up the trail smote his ears unpleasantly. A scowl twisted his cherubic features.

"Two horses — awful!" he translated correctly, and eyed his five little fish crossly. A good mess for one hungry man, a teaser for three. "But maybe," he thought hopefully, mindful of the trail law of hospitality, "It's just one man and his pack-horse."

This was his second day out. So far, he had adroitly avoided various lone horsemen who had employed the seldom-used trail.

But Dr. Stinnis was doomed to disappointment. Two men jogged shadow-like from between the pines at the exact moment when he had rapidly and deftly cleaned the last trout. The little man dropped the morsels upon a spotless cloth beside the fire and straightened.

The advance rider swung from his mount and approached the blaze. The other man remained upon his horse.

"Howdy," said the first man, keenly taking in Dr. Stinnis, the orderly camp, the ready blanket-spread, fir bough bed.

"How do you do," retorted the little dentist coldly. In the bright moonlight, he saw his accoster was a tall, lithe, smooth-shaven person, big featured, hard-faced, fierce eyed, and about thirty-five. His large frame conveyed an impression of steel springs and possible cat-like leaping. A long-barreled forty-five was thonged closely to one leather chapped leg.

"Supper is about ready," announced Dr. Stinnis with forced cordiality, and squinted dubiously at the firearm.

"So I see," commented his visitor. "That's fine—I'm out of grub. Get off!" he ordered his companion rudely.

Dr. Stinnis' round blue eyes popped. The other

other boy's fannin' toward the line, but with a chipper cow-pony— That old brown gelding of yours I passed looks husky——"

"But," muttered the confused dentist, "I don't get the connection!"

The Sheriff himself felt his explanation was not lucid.

"It's simple. I hereby deputize you to take Patton on down to Riverside while I——"

Dr. Stinnis uttered an outraged cry. "But this is my vacation. I'm a dentist! I'm Doctor Stinnis of Los Angeles. I don't know a thing about being a deputy!"

"To blazes with your vacation. And you can be a veterinary for all I care!" He stared into the little man's mutinous visage. "You listen. You're a deputy. We'll stake these two saddle-horses out and they'll be rested in the morning. In the morning you'll ramble on down this trail with Patton. And if you let him get away, I'll hold you responsible. Now I'm going to eat and then requisition your plug——"

Dr. Stinnis gurgled. "But I haven't a gun! And I'll be accountable for that saddle-horse of mine!"

Sheriff Webb was busy hand-cuffing his captive to a small pine.

"Listen once more, little guy! I'm tired out and I haven't got time to fool. I'll leave you Patton's gun. Now come on and help me picket these cayuses before supper."

In a daze, the little dentist complied. Upon his return he preceded Webb, who was leading the old brown gelding, ready saddled.

Dr. Stinnis poked the fire expertly, set the coffee pot back a trifle upon the two logs and inserted between them a long dry branch which he intended to serve as a length of fresh fuel. He placed the skillet with its sliced bacon over the coals. While the bacon sizzled, he perplexedly lighted himself a new cigarette. Dr. Stinnis' virtuous life owned but two pleasant vices, tobacco and fishing. He handed Webb a smoke grudgingly. Dr. Stinnis was not stingy but his tobacco was low. He was on his last pack. Unaccountably, he had forgotten to include a full carton.

NOW, awaiting the appropriate moment for

sliding the trout into the grease, he scrutinized the haggard, bloodied face of the robber. Dr. Stinnis was moved to pity. He took a clean tomato can, filled it with icy water from the stream, cut with the butcher knife a length of clean gauze from a roll of bandage and approached Patton. A professional zeal exuded from him.

Webb aroused from his famished lethargy with a jerk.

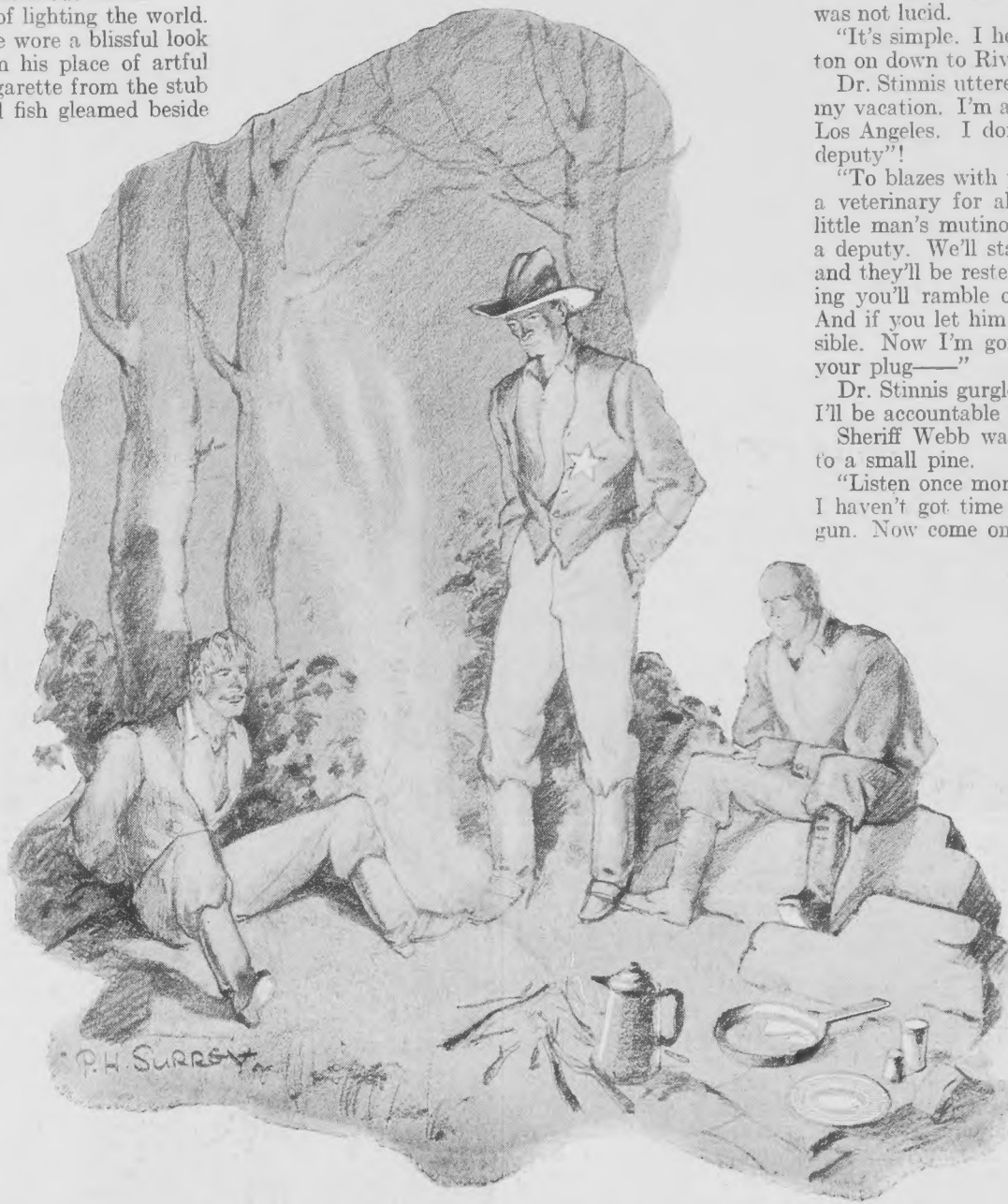
"Hey!" he growled, "Whatcha doin'?"

"Merely going to sponge this man's face so he can taste his supper instead of himself," almost snapped Dr. Stinnis. His placid good-nature was badly ruffled. Sharply, he realized a virulent dislike for the lithe, fierce-eyed sheriff. Dr. Stinnis comprehended that being a sheriff might possibly harden one; but, really, there was no sense in Webb being unnecessarily cruel.

Webb hesitated. "Well, go ahead," he consented after a pause, but moved over within a few feet to witness the operation.

The little dentist went ahead. The robber's nose had been badly damaged and was swollen down to his upper lip. Nevertheless, as the kind little man finished, the bandit silently gave thanks with a wide grin of his long mouth. Fine strong teeth shone out. Dr. Stinnis became quite still for a moment. He gaped with admiration at that perfect expanse of toothy perfection. Only one flaw marred the highwayman's dental display. The upper

Continued on page 51



"I've no memory for faces, but I could'nt forget that inlay work of Rogers" explained Dr. Stinnis

man was ungraceful. He fell off. His wrists were handcuffed behind him.

"W-what's the idea?" stammered the dentist.

"Just what you see," grunted the tall man wearily. "I'm Webb—the sheriff, and I'm trotting this guy in for the Riverside post-office robbery. His name's Patton——"

"It isn't——"

"Shut up!" yelled Webb, whirling ferociously upon his prisoner. "Keep still or——" He waved a bunched fist under the bandit's nose.

The nose of this second man, Dr. Stinnis perceived with a start, had recently met Sheriff Webb's capable fist. It had bled profusely and remained unwiped.

Patton choked back some reply to the Law's threat. He was a middle-aged man, heavy-set, poker-faced. A graying stubble added grimness to his countenance but failed to conceal the stern humor of his long mouth.

"I heard about that robbery before I came up," commented Dr. Stinnis interestedly. "But I thought there were two men involved."

"There were," said Webb, "but I've only got one. And here's where you come in!"

"Me—come in?" said Stinnis surprisedly.

"Yes, you," said Webb, keeping his gaze upon his captive. "This bird and his pal split on me. I sent out warnings, but the other fella swiped a fresh horse and ditched his chum. I sneaked up on this boy about noon. I can't catch up with the other one if I stop to deliver this one first. The

Toledo--The Town of Twenty Centuries

By Francis Dickie

Editor's Note:—This is the second of a series of articles on Spain by Mr. Dickie. In the previous one, modern aspects were treated. In Toledo, the chief interest is in connection with the past, and something of its 2,000 years of history are here set forth.

THE train from Madrid to Toledo was terribly crowded this hot June day, for it was the most important day of the fête of Corpus Christi, and thirty thousand people from Madrid and the surrounding country were pouring into Toledo for the celebration. So as the train came to the end of the two-hour-and-a-quarter ride I hurried out of this queer railway station that is built in imitation of an ancient Moorish palace, with a high square tower, amazingly decorated in 15th century designs worked in fine glazed tile, quite convincing you that this is no railway station. I hurried out to where a line of modern hotel buses and cars for hire were waiting. But every place was taken. So I turned to where three melancholy mules were hitched to a covered bus. How those mules hung together, considering the number of bones each one showed, and their scabby, mangy sides, is a mystery in anatomy. I secured the last vacant place. In the wake of the long line of motor cars, and stifled by their dust, we moved on jouncingly toward Toledo. I had left behind Madrid, newest of Spanish capitals, whose past is fairly insignificant, and in another minute would look upon Spain's oldest stronghold, a place so drenched with history that, alas, one writing in space, necessarily confined, knows hardly which tale to tell and which to leave out.

The road turns sharply, and there below you and above you, on its seven slopes and hills stands Toledo and its walls, some of which flung up 1,200 years ago. The river Tagus, a yellow ribbon, hurries on through a rocky canyon in the form of a great half-circle. On your left on a pinnacle of slate-colored rock rises the Castle of St. Servando, a brown and brooding mass of masonry, staunch, unyielding, unchanged by a thousand years. Once it was the proud protector, a sort of outer defence beyond the river, as it were, of Toledo. Today no one dwells in it or near it. About it clings the sadness of the remembered past. For a thousand years men have shed their blood to keep it and to take it. Here the Cid, that national hero of Spain so famous, we of other lands have read eagerly and with interest of his doings, lived for a time.

Down the slope the mules go, and there before one rises the bridge of Alcantara, with its two towering gates of stone, defences no longer needed, but imposing still, and doubly interesting when one learns that the lower portion of the bridge below them was built by the Romans. During the Middle Ages the upper portion of the bridge has been destroyed and rebuilt several times by both Moors and Christians. We move across it slowly, for the traffic on the road above must mingle with that pouring in from

through gates that for nine hundred and fifty-odd years had never seen the like. The most astonishing thing was that practically ninety per cent. of the automobiles were of American manufacture. Once more one comes face-to-face with the domination of the North American continent over the older world.

Yet mingled with the stream of vehicles are scores of mules, some loaded with great straw baskets on either side, the baskets filled with green vegetables, with skins of wine, with earthenware bottles filled with water. In Spain the mule has unquestionably held out better against the invasion of the motor car than has the horse in North America. And, for some unknown reason, mules seem to have an antipathy to motor cars. Spanish people tell me a mule will kick at a passing car on almost every occasion.

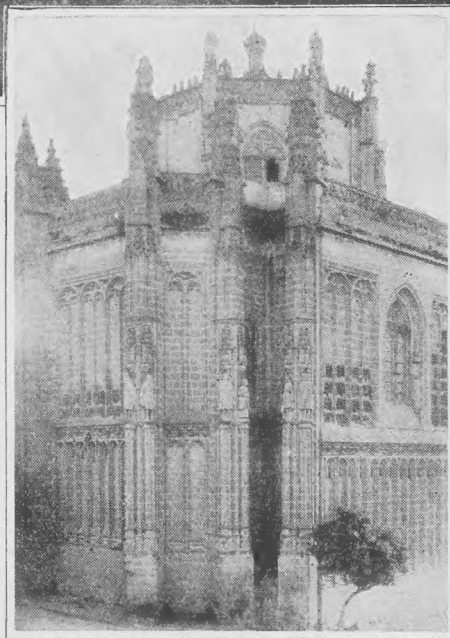
AT THIS moment the traffic block seemed broken. Cars began moving along, when suddenly the entire line was held up again. This time a mule had gained the centre of the road. Standing, with ears laid back, he kicked with glorious abandon at the hood of a magnificent Rolls-Royce car. Despite the efforts of his owner, despite the efforts of the police, despite the urgings and proddings of various assistants, despite the din of blowing horns, the mule held his place. When five minutes had passed, I jumped down from my voiture and going through the "Gate of the Sun," made my way through winding, narrow streets, seeking the Plaza de Zocadover, that square which is little changed since the 15th century. Today the streets are covered by long awnings. Most of the thoroughfares were so narrow you could touch either side as you walked through. The houses reared up from three to six storeys high. From many windows balconies protruded. Some of these were different from anything I had seen or imagined. They were glassed in. Probably this was the idea of some Spanish father who objected to sturdy swains standing below and

conversing with his daughter. These glassed-in balconies would make difficult elopement in the old and approved manner. In the centre of one street a dead cat lay. Not far distant the cook of some house had tossed the discarded fish-heads into the middle of the all-too-narrow pathway. Farther on a drunken man stretched clear across the street. I stepped over dead cat, fish and man. The street and the lining houses are very much like North Africa, for here the Moorish influence is strong, despite they are a long-vanquished race.

Into the Plaza de Zocodover, the heart of the city, the scene of all fetes, I come. The burning sun makes it a furnace. Yet here the crowd is packed so tightly it is impossible to move. The procession of Corpus Christi is passing. Two cardinals walking beneath a yellow canopy go by. The Host passes to the sound of heavy chanting. There follows a score of men in sixteenth century armor. But they are for the most part short, too short to carry with convincing air these accoutrements of olden days when men were men in the wide-open spaces of Spain, and the women packed water to the house from the nearest creek. No; ancient armor requires, for a proper setting, huge men, and not too hot a day. For really we cannot imagine



Birds-eye view of Toledo and river Tagus
Spain's oldest stronghold and a place
drenched with history



View of the Church San Juan de los Reyes in
Toledo showing the chains once worn by
Christian captives taken by the Moors

Madrid by another route. And so it gives me a chance to read the sign painted high on the face of the second gate: "No blaspheming here." How fitting a sign; what a noble gesture to be made by a city. Alas, at this very moment the traffic halts. Beyond, a hundred yards or so, is the upper road, and some of the town's citizens, probably leading members of the Chamber of Commerce or the Rotary Club, are acting temporarily as traffic policemen. And so we wait upon the bridge. And I am afraid that edict posted so plainly upon the town is now being broken about three times a second. However, it is a splendid attempt. I am quite sure no other town in all the world has posted anything to compare with this command; terse, explicit.

Up the hill at last we go, and again we are halted. It is fortunate, for it gives me time for a long look at the Puerta del Sol (Gate of the Sun) whose narrow entrance has looked over the rolling red hills for eight hundred years. The ruddy brown granite shows little of the piled-up years. Its tireless eye looks out over an almost desert land, an ocean of monotony, yet a landscape queerly fascinating. But the traffic block holds us long before it. For, you see, when the Moors and Christians through a thousand years of building, made Toledo they never dreamed of the arrival of Henry Ford. So there is scarcely a street in the whole up-and-down place through which an auto can pass. Likewise, parking space is difficult to find. This is what was making the long traffic block this warm June day. And still the cars come. Cars, cars, cars. Now a proud Packard, a Buick, a Cadillac, but mostly Fords; Fords of all times, carrying proud Spanish owners



A narrow street in Toledo
showing the water vendor
and the muleteer

our knights of old with shiny, sweating faces; rather they must always loom in our mind's eyes as Titian and Velasquez have painted them. Alas, it is one of the most curious of illusions that we of the present day tightly cling to: that the past was a romantic time to those who then lived. But to them, whether they were crusading, or defending the home castles, life probably seemed a very matter-of-fact thing, just a bit boring at times, as occasionally it does to the best citizens in our home town.

The crowd thins as the procession comes to an end. A score of men with portable shoe-shine stands begin seeking trade. The Spaniards pay great attention to their shoes, in striking contrast to the French. You can walk for hours in the great city of Paris and not be able to get a shoe-shine. With the exception of the very expensive hotels catering to Americans, shoe-shine stands are almost non-existent. But here in little Toledo, a town of 27,000 people, you have a hard time dodging the eager workers. In addition, on the Plaza de Zocodover is an up-to-date parlor, where they tuck little leather guards into your shoes to protect your stockings from any chance of getting soiled while the man passes the polish over the shoes. By way of getting a cheap seat to watch the crowds I enter the open shop, which gives a splendid view of the passing men and women. Goatherders, with corduroy suits and wide hats, rich Spanish industrialists, ragged Gypsies, are equal here on the great plaza.

THIS great plaza, a rough triangle in shape, with the huge stone door or gateway of the same name which gives a sort of view on the far rolling country, as one looking through a great keyhole, this plaza of Zocodover . . . how countless many fêtes it has looked upon! Upon this same ground Alfonso VI, "the Brave," celebrated his conquest of the town from the Arabs. Here, with the valorous Cid by his side, they received the homage of the people upon that 25th day of May, 1085. Eight hundred and forty-three years ago. And here now I stand, product of a land not then discovered, and thrill to the magic of this place which has seen so much; seen things that had great bearing on the history of Spain and the world. During the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries it was the custom of the Spanish kings to have wild bulls turned into the square. These they rode out to meet and fought and killed with long daggers, a sport indeed worthwhile, dangerous to a degree, a game for brave men to play at, in which the bull had a fighting chance, as he has not in the bull-fights of today. And while I sit and my shoes are shined I go wandering back through the centuries, building up the past as best I can from my remembrance of things read in former years and the present. I am dwelling upon that long contest between Moor and Christian when on the street before me passes a man walking slowly. He holds a long string, and at his feet, attached to the other end of the string, is a little black moving object, a mechanical mouse. Over and over he calls his wares, for he carried many more in a box slung at his back. "Mechanical mouse, made in America." Can I never get away from the United States and its products? And to



The Alcazar
The Eastern facade was built in the fourteenth century

the man the good Spanish mothers come flocking, and soon the street is alive with mechanical mice and enthusiastically yelling blonde Spanish children. The number of blonde Spaniards is amazing to a newcomer who has always pictured them as a race of dark-haired people. However, my friend, Cornell, the American bacteriologist, who speaks Spanish, told me when I remarked upon this some time later, that he mentioned the same thing in connection with the children to a Spanish friend, and the Spaniard assured him that a great many children are blonde until they reach the age of ten or twelve, when the hair grows black.

The man finished shining my shoes. I go forth and walk around the plaza, this centre of Spain's oldest capital. In Madrid, newest of the leading cities of Spain, there was little from the past over which to wax enthusiastic. In Toledo there is too much. How shall I select it; choose that which will make most vivid to my readers in a far-away land things they have never seen, and tell them fully in a limited space those things to which other men have devoted volumes?

Here in this plaza Cervantes walked. From this town came that wench of doubtful reputation, Tolosa, the cobbler's daughter, who, you will all remember, the erratic Don Quixote met before he took upon himself the deeds of a valiant knight. And he needs must make this common person into nothing less than a goddess, and called her Dona Tolosa, and all through his mad wanderings she was ever in his mind. And yet; and yet Don Quixote was not so mad as he seemed. We are all of us a bit like him; each of us carries in his heart enshrined some one person, by honoring and adoring whom we make our own life more worth-while. I ascend the steps of the Puerta (Gate) del Zocodover and go down the other side into a narrow street, the

Calle del Arco de la Sangre. And a step away is the Posado de la Sangre, perhaps the quaintest habitation in all Toledo, and scarcely changed from those days 312 years ago when Cervantes lived in the corner room and wrote his *La Ilustre Fregona*. The stone supports are a little worn, and the wooden beams in places show the toll of the years. Yet the building is still solid and strong, and conducted as a hotel where romantic foreigners come in such numbers that there is seldom a room to be had. I sat on the edge of the old stone water-trough for a long time. Two mule-carts arrived and were backed into their place under the balcony. Nearby a donkey brayed, a harsh disturbing note. I wonder if such sounds annoyed the genius Cervantes, as he sat writing in his room overlooking the balcony?

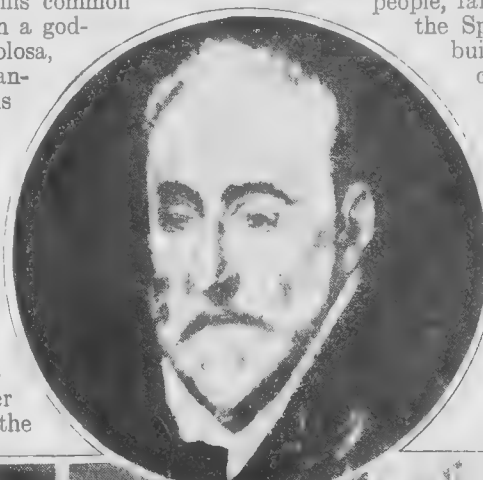
Evening has come to the city. Big stars look down upon the square. The crowd has once more gathered, filling the plaza to listen to the band. I sit on the steps of the Puerta de Zocodover, beside a gathering of joyous peasants in festal costume, and review the history of this place.

TOLEDO antedates history. The bones of prehistoric men have been found in rocky caverns in the city. One hundred and ninety years before Christ, men were dwelling here. In the year 572 it became a place of great importance, the seat of the Gothic Kings. Here, between the years 587 and 711, reigned 17 rulers of the brilliant race of the Visigoths, the last of whom, Don Rodrigo, went down to defeat before the Arabs at the battle of Guadalete in 711. For 374 years the Moors were in power in Tolaitola, as the town was then called. Then in 1085 Alfonso the Brave drove out the infidels. From then until the time of Philip II Toledo was the capital, which was then moved to Madrid. No other town of Spain has ever equalled Toledo in the number and splendor of events. It was the chosen home of the Goths, Moorish and Spanish rulers, and the birthplace and residence of many famous Spaniards, heroes, writers, historians and painters.

But though the Moors occupied Toledo less time than Spaniard or Goth, their influence remained. It remains everywhere, even today. There is a strain of Moorish blood in the people. The Moors between 711 and 1085 were the most civilized people, far superior in art and learning to the Spaniards, and practically all the buildings of the 12th, 13th and 14th century are Moorish in character.

Though they worked in mere stucco and plaster, the splendor of their art, denied though it was the ability to express living forms, still created effects of a wonderful and lasting beauty. To create life in paint or any material was forbidden them by their religion, so their art could never rise to the supreme heights of the Italian and other schools. So Moorish

Continued on page 72



Peasants in festal dress at the Gate of the Sun (Toledo Puerta del Sol).

El Greco, one of Spain's most famous painters.

Posada de la Sangre where Cervantes lived and worked

"The two lowered their voices and the cyclist shifted his shoulders slightly but gained little by it."

Second
Instalment

Medusa's Head

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

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AT THE door of the next house he met an idle-looking youth with a hat-box, who whistled as he watched a game of marbles. "There'll be a lady coming out fairly soon, I think, Billy," he said. "Don't lose her."

"No, sir," said the messenger boy, still whistling. Mr. Wells stopped at a news stand and bought an eleven-o'clock special. Sitting in a corner drug-store he swam through the sea of advertisements it offered him, stopping suddenly with a "By George!"

Found—Wednesday, green brooch with woman's head. Return to owner on proper identification

he read.

Mr. Wells jumped into a taxi, but he did not drive to the Sixth Avenue address given in the paper. Instead he got out at a decent if rather second-rate hotel on the West Side and emerged from its washroom without spectacles or moustache, which made a vast difference in his appearance. When he came down in the lift from a room to which he owned a key, apparently, his hat, stick and neck-scarf were by no means those of a young man who would carry a bag in the street.

The Sixth Avenue address led him to a dingy but perfectly neat little office where a typewritten sign announced that multigraphing of the highest quality would be executed promptly and with especial accuracy. A brisk, young-old lady answered his knock and sent a keen grey-eyed glance through him.

"Can you describe the pin, please?" she asked.

"I can do better than that," said Mr. Motherwell, pleasantly, "I'll show it to you," and he took from a good-looking pigskin bill-fold a colored disk cut from some illustration.

"Is that it, by any chance?" he inquired.

The young lady's features relaxed.

"Well, I'm glad to get that off my mind," she said, and going to a black dispatch box on her work-table desk she opened it and came back with a pin the size of a dollar.

"I told Mother I'd hear from it," she said, with some satisfaction, "but she said I was crazy. I knew it wasn't worth such a lot, of course, but it was so unusual I was sure it was in the family or something."

Mr. Motherwell gazed calmly at the Head of

Medusa in his palm. He even tossed it lightly, and the woman's carved face jeered at his terror as he did so.

"That's the idea, exactly," he said, "my sister will be too delighted for words. I can't thank you enough. When did you find it? She missed it Wednesday, about noon."

"That's it! That's it!" the multigrapher cried. "I told Mother that just because whoever took it got mad and threw it away, when she found what it was, that doesn't say it wasn't valuable to somebody. I suppose, you see, she thought it was real!"

"Real?" he stammered.

"Emerald or something. The idea, that size! That's what I always say about that imitation stuff—they make it too big, don't they? Not that a lot of it doesn't get sold, all the same, at the department stores. There seems to be a regular craze for it—those queer, ugly, Oriental things, especially."

"Department stores—oh, yes," Mr. Motherwell repeated, and the writhing, wondrous snakes, that were Medusa's hair, laughed wickedly at him.

"Chinese, isn't it?" she asked. "I mean, of course, it's meant for that."

"Yes," he answered. "I believe it is. But my sister didn't throw it away—she lost it."

"Oh, yes, your sister lost it all right, but the one that stole it threw it away," she corrected him. "That was what I noticed—it was so queer."

"You actually saw—"

"I was sitting in the window, watching out for Mother," she said. "I get so frightened she'll cross too quick or something. And a woman came out from over there somewhere—I didn't notice—and jumped into a taxi that hardly stopped. 'She's in an awful rush,' I thought to myself, and I sort of watched her for a moment, and what did she do but take something out of a bag and throw it right out of the window! I saw it was something green, like a big button, and it fell in the mud that was left in the gutter on this side. I wouldn't have thought much about it, you know, but she looked so mad, it just struck me at the time. Perfectly furious, she looked! And just then I saw Mother coming and I ran down to help her over. So, just as we stepped on this side I remembered the green button, and I looked down, and there it was! I thought it was quite pretty at first—I'm dread-

fully short-sighted without my glasses—till I saw those dreadful snakes. So real-looking — ugh! Mother wanted to throw it away again on account of germs and everything, and then, as she says, it couldn't have been worth much, for a woman to throw it away like that. But all the same I do think it's worth more than—"

She paused and blushed. His sister had liked it, anyway!

"I told Mother I thought it was worth nearer twenty-five than five," she said. "Look at all the work on it!"

"I'm sure it is," he agreed, "it's worth that to my sister to get it back! She wanted me to—"

"Oh, I couldn't think of it—please!" cried the multigrapher, embarrassed.

"I told Mother anybody'd be glad to pay for the three insertions, and it didn't cost me anything. I was sure it was a family piece!"

He bowed politely.

"As it happens," he said, "my firm has quite a bit of multigraphing to do, every now and then. You may be sure I shall remember this, Miss—Miss—"

"Fleshman," she said gratefully. "I've always satisfied, I think."

He paid for the three insertions briskly.

"What did the thief look like, by the way?" he asked. "You know, these things ought to be followed up—if one had the time."

"That's just it," she cried regretfully. "I hadn't my glasses! All I could say was that she was white as a sheet, and had a green ribbon around her head—I noticed, on account of the pin being green, too. And she looked dreadful!"

He took out of his pocketbook a little photograph of a popular actress whose resemblance to Clelia White was well known in New York.

"Did she look like that?" he asked.

"Goodness, no!" Miss Fleshman answered readily, "that's a young woman."

"You see," he said confidentially, "I'm sorry to say we have our suspicions—it's a horrid thing to have to think, but—"

"Isn't it?" she agreed. "This was rather an ordinary looking woman—I don't remember—she had a dark suit on and a motor bonnet—It fell off, back, and showed the green ribbon when she threw the pin out, and she jerked it on again, sort of—"

She was evidently visualizing the little scene to the best of her ability.

"She was all alone?"

"Oh, yes, all alone. The cab was going along

Illustrated by N. Grandmaison

looking for fares, and she ran out and stopped it." "From which place?"

She stared across the street at the dingy block, packed with signs and dull show windows.

"I couldn't say at all. It might have been anywhere."

He studied her idly. He seemed to have endless leisure, this young man.

"There—just about where that woman's coming out, I should say," she said suddenly.

He looked. His jaw dropped slightly.

"Oh, there!" he said. "I know a man over there—I think I'll hop over to see him—good day, Miss Fleshman; I'll be in again about that multigraphing."

He was gone.

For a leisured young man, he moved very swiftly. At the corner he caught up with the errand-boy, still loafing along with his hat-box.

"Where'd she go?" he asked, passing him and stopping to light a cigarette.

"Wentzel's, second floor back," the boy answered. "Gimme a cigarette, won't you, mister? Just one! She made a row in there and cried, coming out. Talked to herself. Much obliged, sir, thank you, sir!"

"Keep right after her, Bill," he answered and ran easily up the steps the woman had just come down.

The second-floor office at the back announced itself as devoted to the interests of P. Wentzel, consulting chemist. Analyses of every description. Appointments at convenience.

Mr. Motherwell rang and entered.

IT WAS a stuffy little room, but perfectly neat, in a cluttered, scientific way. One wall was covered with books, the other with framed diplomas and certificates in German. All of these pointed to the general efficiency and specific attainments of P. Wentzel, who was referred to, interchangeably, as professor and doctor. A bored young man, obviously American, sat at a crowded roll-top desk, near a telephone. As Motherwell entered he was explaining somewhat irritably by means of this instrument that while he would take any amount of messages, and was there absolutely for that purpose, in fact, he could take no appointments whatever.

"Professor out?" said Motherwell lightly, glancing at the diplomas.

"You've hit it!" returned the youth. "Any message? He'll look in any time, I guess."

"As when?" Motherwell inquired. "I wanted to see him, if I could. My specimens—"

"Nothing doing," said the youth flatly. "It's no good asking me, because I don't know a thing about 'em. I can take a message, and you can leave your number, if you like. You'd think I made specimens. All that work's done in the laboratory. There's nothing here. How can I tell who was here, when?"

"Ah," said Motherwell sympathetically, "I suppose they do worry you. And women don't always understand—"

"There you said it!" the youth burst out. "Women! Just had one in here. Lord, I thought she'd knife me! She and her messages. Wouldn't I give 'em to her if I had 'em? What's Mrs. Gray to me—or Mrs. Pink or Mrs. Blue? You'd think the professor ran a post office!"

"Oh, well," Motherwell remarked pacifically, "you know women do leave messages for each other—"

"I see old Wentzy taking 'em, too!" said the youth scornfully, and accepted an excellent cigarette. "Nothing else to do, of course—and him called up by the Rockefeller push and the P. and S. and all the big bugs! Why, I'm worn out with it! Look at that table there," and he pointed to a heap of bundles and bottles on a heavy table by the door.

"All left to be called for—boys and messengers pawing over it, to get 'em back, if the professor can't get at 'em immediately! And him working all night at the laboratory, and can't even get in, he's so rushed."

"Very well, I tell 'em, 'prove up on it and take it away, if that's the idea! You can't see him. Give me a voucher and get out.' Some of 'em aren't even tagged—look at that thing!"

He pointed to a good-sized box wrapped in purple paper. Motherwell stared at it. Half the wrapper had been torn off, and the torn piece he had seen the night before, blistered and scribbled, in Mr. Glaenzer's olive, blue-veined hand! He drew a deep breath.

"For the love of Mike, that's mine!" he said excitedly. "That's my specimen! Do you mean to say the professor hasn't touched it?"

The youth shrugged his shoulders elaborately.

"There you are," he said, "as bad as the rest! Now, what's your trouble? Where's your receipt? Want it back? I can't promise when he'll get at it, you know—he's on a rush case."

"Receipt?" Motherwell cried in vexation. "Why should I have a receipt? We were to go over it together. I can't wait a moment. We must have the report today!"

The youth strolled over to the table and picked up the box balancing it scornfully.

"Not even an address!" he said. "That's a neat-looking package, isn't it? That's a nice responsibility! What's it a specimen of? Lead? What's your name, anyhow?"

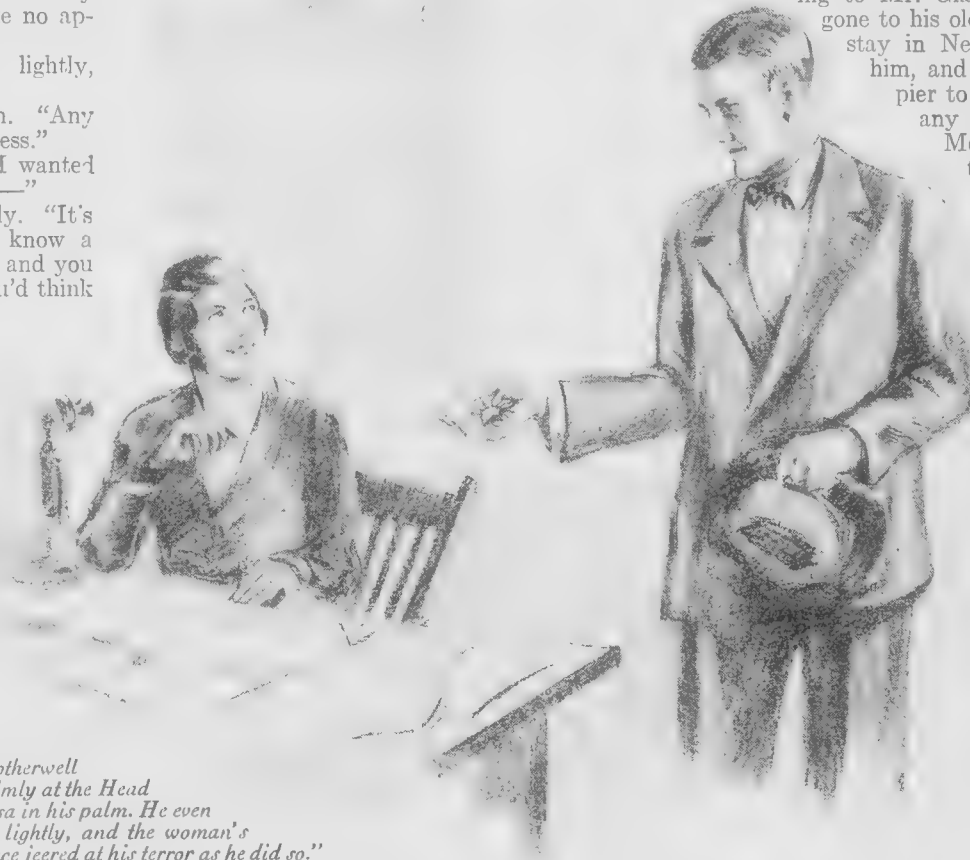
"My name is Wells," said Motherwell, his eyes snapping, "and it's a piece of onyx. It's from Glaenzer and Company. Call Mr. Glaenzer right up and get it O.K'd, if you want, but for heaven's sake give it to me—I must get somebody else to test it, that's all."

The youth whistled.

"Well, you can search me!" he said doubtfully. "Let's have a look at it. Glaenzer, you say?"

He took out a pocket-knife and deliberately cut an inch out of the pasteboard, poked through the tissue wrapping, and disclosed a veined, milky inch of onyx, with a gold rim just edging out.

"I guess you win," he said, "give me a receipt for it, will you? There can't be two of 'em. And the name again, will you?"



"Mr. Motherwell gazed calmly at the head of Medusa in his palm. He even tossed it lightly, and the woman's carved face jeered at his terror as he did so."

Motherwell wrote, offered another cigarette, and thrust the box under his arm carelessly.

"Where is this laboratory?" he asked suddenly. "I'd like to have a try at the professor, myself."

"I'll bet you would!" the youth agreed sardonically. "But you won't! Nor anybody else. He's not to be disturbed, he isn't, if all hell boils up through the subway! At least, so he said. You can see where you get off!"

"Oh, well, all right," he said. Then his face lightened. "Hasn't he got an assistant or something?" he asked hopefully, "couldn't I see him?"

"You mean Schaffner?" the youth inquired. "Doctor Schaffner?"

"Dark," said Motherwell suggestively, "with a beard..."

"Lord, no! This one's sandy-haired and a little moustache. You may mean Hennike—he left him

a lot with the specimens. But Schaffner's the main guy. He's working with him now. A lot of people want him, too. I'll tell you. Schaffner's got a dinner date at Bruce's—know that Italian place? He phoned in and I got the man for him, six-thirty at Bruce's. You might catch him there. Try it, anyhow."

"Thanks I will," said Motherwell, "and, er—were you here Wednesday morning? I didn't see you."

"No, sir, you did not," said the youth promptly, "because I wasn't here. It was Wednesday noon that Old Pretzels sicked me on this job. That's when he dashed off, swearing like a steam engine. Gosh, he was sweating blood, Old Pretzels! Some of his messes went back on him, you see. The woman that cleans up the little lab. in there nearly fainted when she saw the broken glass and the mess. He's not been in since."

"Thanks—they are certainly grand little cigarettes. I think I will—oh, gosh, there's that phone again!"

Motherwell went slowly down the stairs.

"Now, why did Coggeshall lie about that paper-weight?" he asked softly of the taxicab he sat in. "Did she come for it? Then why not ask for it, outright? Or was she looking for the Medusa? Or did she throw the Medusa away, herself? Nonsense, the woman who stole it threw it away. And kept the rest, of course. She didn't dare keep it—knew it would be identified. Because Coggeshall is shielding her madam—she'd keep the Medusa, if anything. Didn't even ask for her—unless Madam called herself 'Mrs. Gray.' But if Coggeshall knew that name, then she knew the whole plan from the beginning, and lied all along. Besides, that woman in the cab wasn't young. Did they fool her on the jewels, and give her only the Medusa?"

"Well, here's the paper-weight and there's where she went, anyway. Now, let's look up Old Pretzels!"

SITTING an hour later in his club in front of a chop and a baked apple he was called to the telephone booth and surprised to find himself talking to Mr. Glaenzer himself. No, he had not gone to his old friend, who had begged him to stay in New York. The doctor was with him, and a nurse, and he would be happier to feel that someone was ready for any message, on the spot. Had Mr. Motherwell any further ideas as to the business they had been discussing?

Mr. Motherwell had, and would send Mr. Wells around to see him shortly.

And soon the young man with his bag and shell-rimmed spectacles was in the library of Mr. Glaenzer's city house, and the torn box was on Mr. Glaenzer's knees, and the Medusa in his olive hand.

"You know, you're rather extraordinary, Mr. Motherwell!" said the jeweller.

"Only lucky, sir," the young man answered frankly, "really! a child would have followed up that

ad. in the Herald. The rest just broke my way."

"I was told that things often broke your way," said Mr. Glaenzer. "It seems they do. Who is this Wentzel?"

"Perfectly all right, sir, as far as I can find. He's a Swiss. Alsatian. Stands very high. He worked out some explosives, during the war, and they had him up before the War Board for one or two formulas, of which one was just about to be used when the Armistice was signed. He's very strong on anilines, and coal-tar products generally. He's a member of the Chemical Engineers' Club and has lectured at Columbia. Has a laboratory in Jersey. They've got his whole record."

"You're sure she went there?"

"Here's the onyx thing Coggeshall tied up, sir."

Continued on page 68



She broke into laughter. "Why it sounds like a page of old Jane Austen! Asking for my hand!"

CLARA BAXTER was in all things a dutiful child; to her father and her mother she rendered the most implicit obedience, although she was twenty-two and modern. When, therefore, they told her that, boys or no boys, dance or no dance, she must not stay out late at night, she occasionally obeyed.

"The old boy blew up again this morning," she confided to her bosom friend, Miss Hazel Winter. They sat together cosily in the back row of the Anglican Young People's Association Meeting.

"Over last night?"

"Yes. Past one when I got in!"

"Well?"

"Some row! He said ten-thirty was my absolute limit without special permission, and I pulled the old one about didn't he remember giving it?" She yawned, and the man in front of her turned and tried to stare her out of countenance as a hint that conversational undertones to a lecture are unwelcome.

"The old crab!" said Hazel.

"Still, he's my dad," returned Clara, complacently. "When he tries to ring the curfew on me, I just tell him I am a block off the old chip."

"Shut up!" hissed the man in front.

"What does he say?" asked Hazel.

"Not much—but he thinks lots."

The truth is that Major Baxter, a bilious old martinet who ruled the community with a rod of iron, succeeded only in exercising a mild terrorism over his daughter. He had been known, indeed, to

Fifty two miles an hour and a female with him.

Lochinvar

By Charles W. Stokes

Illustrated by Gordon Stephens

deplore the fact that she was too old for spanking. But those who called him sour and churlish never made allowances for the fact that a man who has been magistrate for eleven years must inevitably develop a disbelief in all human emotion. Major Baxter (who really was a major, with a devilish military liver as a foundation for eleven years of small-town magistracy) was in the habit of handing out stiff sentences or steep fines because in so doing he worked off some of his own resentment at being paid such a small salary.

"Are you going over to Weston tomorrow?" queried Hazel, as the Young People broke up socially with coffee and ice-cream.

"I should say!"

"Dick going too?"

"S'sh!" a hand stifled Hazel's further utterance.

"All right!" Miss Winter muttered. "You needn't be so crabby about it. Everybody knows."

"Everybody except Dad, you mean—and there's Bill Taylor just behind you. He'd tell Dad first thing."

When Clara reached home, her father was waiting for her in the living-room. Sitting up for his lovely daughter had become somewhat of a habit with him. He glanced pointedly at the clock as she entered.

"Skin of your teeth!" he growled disconnectedly.

Clara, to whom anyone but a father was very easy to look at, sensed his thought immediately. "Only twenty-five past ten!" She kissed him affectionately. "What's eating you, dearest?"

"You, Clara. Where the devil have you been?"

"Me? Why, to the A.Y.P.A., Dad."

"Where have you been since?"

"Since?" She puckered her forehead as if endeavoring to recall. "Since? I came straight home."



Dick

Major Baxter sneered. "You didn't." "All right, then, if you say so."

"I do say so!" he jumped up, and stormed at her. "The vicar and Taylor came in here an hour ago—after the meeting. They've only just gone."

"Well, fancy that!"

"You've been chasing out with those crazy scatterbrained male and female young idiots who infest this town!"

Clara pulled off her gloves. "Who's been madding you up, love?" she demanded.

"I tell you, young girls in my day—"

"Was it Bill Taylor?"

He stopped, and turned abruptly. "What makes you ask that?"

"Bill doesn't like me."

"On the contrary, Clara, he does. More than that, I like him."

"Well, I don't, old thing."

"Will you please address me by my proper name, Clara, and not as 'old thing'?"

"Mr. Baxter, then."

The major snorted angrily. "There's something I want to say to you—seriously. Mr. Taylor likes you very much. In fact, he likes you so much that—h'm—only a few days ago he came into my office and asked me if he might have the honor of—h'm—asking your hand."

"He did *what*?" All the scepticism and incredulity in the world were concentrated into her tense and suddenly

serious tone.

"What I just said. He wanted my consent to your marrying him."

"And you gave it, I suppose?" she asked ironically.

Her father turned and looked at her. "Yes. I did."

For once Clara had no answer, and he went on: "Well, not exactly that, but I told him that his—h'm—idea had my most cordial support."

"Father!"

"Well, it *has*!" he snapped back.

"But it is so old-fashioned!" She broke into laughter. "Why, it sounds like a page out of old Jane Austen! Asking my hand!"

"Maybe a little more of some old-fashioned virtues wouldn't go amiss with you young folks."

Continued on page 87



Parents and their children trooping to the clinic being held in the school at Raymond

Alberta Travelling Clinics

By Lotta C. Dempsey

"TODAY'S governments are dealing with problems that would have been considered quite outside their province ten years ago, and the by-paths along which they are just venturing today will be the highways of tomorrow," said the Honorable J. E. Brownlee, premier of Alberta, in an address given before the Farm Young People of the province in June.

It was a very narrow by-path along which the Honorable George Hoadley, Minister of Health and Agriculture in the Alberta government ventured when he organized the first travelling clinic of its kind on the continent of North America four years ago; but it proved to be the small end of the telescope through which this summer's organization, eleven strong in nurses and doctors, visiting 88 out-of-the-way Alberta centres and serving 480 school districts, appears great in ideal and purpose.

From England and Europe and out of the towns and cities of Eastern Canada streamed the newcomers to the farther parts of Alberta. By train and wagon they reached the homesteads of north and south, and settled down to become a silent, hard-working part of the grain and ranching lands of the province. It is even possible that they were forgotten, in the general scheme of things. There they bore their children, far from doctors and nurses, and a new generation arose to tramp off to the little school houses. Sometimes they were not as bright as the strong fresh youth of the prairies should be; and there came a realization that medical attention was quite as necessary to their development as mental training.

From here and there sounded a call for help. Mothers and children needed doctors. Little tales of suffering and death before the long miles to medical aid could be reached drifted into the cities. The government responded with those Florence Nightingales of the prairies, the district nurses. As they worked and lived among the people, the



A family of New Canadians enjoy the benefits of the travelling Clinic. (Japanese beet pickers at Raymond)

nurses discovered that many children needed urgent medical attention, beyond their powers to give. Their appeal to the government resulted in the first simply arranged clinics, in which doctors were invited to visit the district and operate at a low club rate. The result was magic. Parents flocked with their families to the doctors. The success of the small clinics, carried on for two years, suggested to the Department of Health the feasibility of a travelling clinic that would service such groups on a much larger scale.

With the approval of the Honorable George Hoadley, Miss Elizabeth Clark, superintendent of Public Health Nurses in the Department, took up her little black bag, locked her office and departed in company with Dr. Huckle, a young medical graduate, for one of the earliest of the government clinics. Very early in the cold grey dawn of a late summer morning the "clinic" alighted at the little town of Slave Lake, the doorway to the great North, 164 miles from Edmonton. The lake stretched its endless sleepy length before them. The district nurse had prepared a rude hospital in an empty machine shed. Into this makeshift cots had been moved by a helpful Forestry Department. Equipped with the barest necessities, it bore little resemblance to a modern fully equipped hospital operating room; but by afternoon children filled the building and waited on the steps, and during the three or four days of the clinic over a hundred little folk were examined and numerous operations were performed.

Rickety old wagons groaned along the bumpy road, and now boats and canoes appeared from the distant waters of the

lake bearing children on their first visit to a doctor. The oldest of Canadians, Indians and half-breeds and the newest, Ukrainians and Poles and Russians,

took their places beside the children of the town merchants and officials.

To the nurse came a glimpse of the great need for medical service in the isolated districts of Alberta. The Honorable George Hoadley, too, saw that vision, like a sacred obligation.

"Equal health chances for every child in Alberta," was his slogan; and to it he has remained true, in the face of difficulties and misunderstanding, and against the odds which sometimes accompanied the great project as it grew apace.

From the commencement of free clinics in 1924 until the fall of 1926, when the work was put on a partly self-supporting basis, 1,400 patients were examined (chiefly children), operations for tonsils and adenoids numbered 350, circumcisions 25, dental examinations 1,758, extractions 1,277, with scores of other treatments given.

During that time both the success and the popularity of the scheme were fully demonstrated. From the fall of 1926 on the clinics were carried on through the self-supporting policy, which is in force today.

Not more than a dozen centres were visited by the doctor, nurse and dentist in 1926. During the winter of 1926-7, as a result of the beginnings made and through letters sent out by the Department of Health, 120 applications were received asking for

Continued on page 48



Tonsil and adenoids operation being performed by Dr. R. T. Washburn in a room of the school at Raymond, Alberta

Winners All

By Jack Patterson

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

NOT a drop of liquor in the place, Tommie. Little change of policy, that's all. If it's hard to believe, ask Ed." George J. (Cap.) Ross, wealthy hotelman, renowned and respected everywhere as one of the biggest liquor-men in the West, flicked a freshly-lit, three-for-a-dollar cigar into a highly-polished brass cuspidor, and offered me his hand.

"The three 'goods,' old man—bye, luck and business. Seven's an hour late. Cold night. Sorry I can't fix you up. See you next trip, I hope."

He nodded to the elevator-punk, and was whisked into comfortable retirement one floor up.

No liquor in the "Ross House"! Unbelievable! Terrible, in fact. Why, Cap Ross had been catering to the boys—glass, bottle, case and truck-load months before most of us had begun to realize that prohibition wasn't exactly a gold-cure.

Now, it appeared, the lid was on. I was astounded. Also I was disappointed. My early morning expectations had been sadly shattered.

Did you ever crawl out of a warm bed at two-thirty A.M. and wade through snowdrifts and a blizzard, to catch a train? Nothing new in a traveller's life, but the coldest proposition on earth, just the same. The thought of the outing had been bad enough but without due fortification—positively dismal.

For years I had been doing business in Bloomfield and had always stayed at the Ross House, owned and run by Cap. Ross. He was known, and labelled "friend" by all the boys on the road. And in Bloomfield itself! Say, every kid on the street called him "Cap"; and why not? Wasn't he behind every corner-lot hockey or baseball team ever organized in the place? Thirty-five years a resident of the city; twenty years out of sporting togs, and still a hero. No longer a player, but always a booster, he was finished physically; but stronger than ever financially. Big, jovial, open-handed; a bootlegger and a rum-king? True enough; but a clean sport and a square shooter.

Cap Ross on the wagon! The Ross House dry! Something startling must certainly have happened. I decided to ask Ed. Ed was the night-clerk.

"Yes, Mr. Walker," Ed. assured me with some regret, "we're dry, bone-dry, and have been for weeks. It's Cap's idea, and that goes with the rest of us. That's all, unless you want to hear the rest of it. Got an hour to kill anyway 'til Number Seven."

Outside, the snow swirled and swept across the deserted street and drove without a sound against the heavy plate windows. Inside, we dropped into a comfortable chesterfield, dragged the smoking-stand between us, and propped our feet on the sill. I thought of my warm bed, and shivered.

"IT STARTED thirty years back and finished a month ago," Ed began thoughtfully. "It was a long fight, and a bitter one. I figure Cap lost all right, but it took a woman all her life, and then some, to beat him.

"You notice I say 'and then some.' That's the queer part of it all, to me.

"You know Bloomfield, Mr. Walker. Probably as big now as it ever will be, and the kind of city a

person picks when he wants to settle and stay settled. We have everything a city needs and of course some things no city wants. There was a little difference of opinion as to what did, and what didn't, help make it a real city. That slight difference of opinion was the cause of all the trouble.

"I came here nearly thirty-four years ago, and Cap was here then. The town was young, fast, and ready for anything. Cap and I were the same. We worked together—general store, and boarded at Mrs. Nesbitt's. That's where we met Jane Moodie.

"She worked in a dry-goods store, taught Sunday School and worried about us. Being straight-laced

horse and rubber-tired buggy in town and later the first car—one of those you had to steer with a poker. No need to tell you what Cap has done to boost sport in this town. He was always the same, and that's what made him.

"Jane Moodie was a clever girl, and in those same years she built up one of the finest millinery establishments you will find in the country. Cap owns it now, but I haven't come to that yet. She was popular with the women and had a big following. Then she was elected President of the Women's Uplift Society and started to reform the town.

"The Women's Uplift seemed to object to everything Cap Ross favored and about the only line of sport they recognized as legal was croquet, or perhaps tiddly-winks. All kinds of gambling received their special attention, excepting, of course, church bazaars and other genteel forms of hold-up."

The phone rang and Ed hurried across the deserted lobby to the desk.

"Too bad; you might have had an extra hour or so in bed, Mr. Walker," he said, on his return. "Seven's another forty minutes behind. Blizzard general, I guess."

He sat down, handed me a cigar and we smoked for a few minutes in silence.

"About the local ladies," I at last reminded him.

"Oh, yes, sure. Well, when the local option idea of liquor control cropped up, Bloomfield was just a fair-sized town

and still under municipal government. The fight was a hot one but for some reason Cap took but little part in it. We thought it strange, knowing as we did that local option would put him clean out of business. At that time he was new; running mostly on his nerve and future prospects.

"Jane Moodie and her helpers worked and fought like wild-cats during the campaign and put on what they considered a wonderful celebration when the result was

made known. Local option carried and they were more than jubilant.

Then we began to see Cap's idea.

"Main Street at that time was a dividing line between the two municipalities. Only the south side went for local option. Cap's hotel was on the north side, in the other municipality. The hotels across the street were forced to close; we got all the business and Cap got his real start. The Women's Uplift Society was helpless. Jane Moodie was furious.

"Bloomfield grew, and became a city. We went through the boom stage, and right after it, the gloom stage. Cap continued to prosper—liquor and real-estate. Then he got interested in the ponies, and owned some good ones. He boosted the game and soon Bloomfield became an important racing centre.

"The Jockey Club, Cap Ross, President, began to receive considerable attention at the Uplift Society meetings. Jane Moodie and her followers decided to abolish the track. It developed into an issue and was brought before the people. The best they did was to have the meets shortened and betting put under supervision. It made little difference.

"The war broke out and for a time everything else was forgotten. Cap was one of the first to be rejected—old hockey disability—but came back and organized an army of his own to look after comforts for the boys. He made money during those years, I admit, but he used it for that work and spent it freely. Even the Uplift Society accepted his offer of financial aid, and it looked as if social peace might prevail. Then, along came Prohibition!

"You know all about that fight; it was the same everywhere. Prohibition looked to us like hard



"He picked up the salt cellar, hesitated a second, then rolled it across the table to her. Her face set like a cigar-store Indian, and she left the table."

herself she was in favor of everyone else being the same. However, she was a nice kid, and she and Cap became very friendly. It wasn't long before she showed signs of ownership. She insisted that Cap give up smoking, drinking, gambling, and all his other harmless little ways. Cap was quite good-natured about it for a while, until she began to deliver little reform talks at every meal. Gradually they became hard to listen to, especially for Cap, and then one day came the clash.

It didn't look like much to us, but it meant a lot to them. It was at dinner, and Jane Moodie stopped preaching just long enough to ask Cap for the salt. Cap was more than fed up. He picked up the salt-cellar, hesitated a second, then rolled it across the table to her. Her face set like a cigar-store Indian, and she left the table. Cap left the boarding house. Jane Moodie didn't speak; neither did Cap, and they kept that up for over thirty-three years. About a month ago came the show-down, and she won.

The years rolled on—it doesn't take long—and, as you know, Cap became wealthy. He got into the hotel business; it suited him; and he did well. I stayed with him and can't complain. He was a real athlete and a good sport. Had the snappiest

times, and we fought it. We lost, and the bars were closed. Cap saw it coming and had a staff ready waiting. We just changed our system and kept going, with headquarters here. It was interesting, paid well, and we made a killing. There were others in the game, of course, some of them as big as ourselves, but lines were drawn, rules laid down and most of the friction eliminated. The police were kept busy, but outside of grabbing an odd peddler, or maybe a car once in a while, they had little success. They got no real information and caused us no worry.

"I don't mind telling you all this," Ed. paused in his story to assure me, "It's more or less common property, anyway, and a thing of the past, now."

"This wholesale liquor business was what decided Jane Moodie. She retired from an active part in the millinery shop, having become filled with the idea that her particular job in life was to clean up Bloomfield by cleaning up Cap Ross. All her time was spent in holding meetings, attending conventions and writing articles for one of the local papers. She made no secret of the fact that she hated men, bootleggers of all men, and Cap Ross of all bootleggers."

Cap had very little to say, but did make the remark that Miss Moodie might do well to stick to her millinery business, and let the Chief run the police force. This got back to her and brought forth a two-column rave in *The Times*. Jane Moodie kept herself very much before the public. That was what added strength to the blow, when it fell.

"You must surely have read the case in the papers, Mr. Walker; they were full of it for days."

I put forth the plea of having been out at the Coast, and busy. No, I was sure I hadn't read of the case.

"Caused quite a stir here, anyway," Ed continued. "Biggest chance our papers had had in years."

"Jane Moodie was Bloomfield's delegate to a big temperance convention in the East, at the time, and was keeping the city well informed of her activities there, through the columns of the local *Times*. The articles were red-hot, and she pounded the local liquor men and police force unmercifully."

Then out came the *Morning Herald* with a startling announcement. The police had discovered a big liquor consignment in a garage at seven-twenty-nine Fairview Avenue. Seven-twenty-nine Fairview Avenue happened to be a private residence, owned and occupied by Miss Jane Moodie!

"The *Herald* made the most of the scoop. The episode was reviewed from every angle, and the stories interspersed with extracts from the article so recently published in *The Times*."

"Jane Moodie hurried back from the East, and, to the everlasting horror of the Uplift Society, was

immediately placed under arrest by the Provincial Police. The city was in an uproar."

"There was no trouble about bail, of course, but to many, the case, when it did come up, was a great disappointment. The evidence all seemed to point one way, but for some unknown reason, it was dismissed."

"In a few days the excitement had died down and gradually the thing was forgotten. But not by all. For Jane Moodie, the disgrace of her arrest and the failure of all her plans meant the end of everything. She immediately closed her shop and went into seclusion. Ten days later, she died."

THE night-clerk paused, and sat gazing thoughtfully at the end of his dead cigar. I waited a few minutes and then: "Was there anything at all strange or suspicious-looking after her death?" I suddenly asked, noticing a peculiar expression flit across his face.

"Not a thing! Just a broken heart, the doctors said. That was the tough part of it. She knew the deal had been framed, and she blamed Cap. Her friends saw that the news got around. Cap was terribly cut up about it, but hadn't a word to say. That caused enough talk, but what followed is a few days caused a furor. Jane Moodie's will was made public."

"She wanted the contents of the will to be widely known. She had arranged for publicity; and she got it."

"The first part surprised no one. All her money was left to the church societies. The second part surprised everyone. To George James Ross, sportsman, gambler, bootleg king, and life-long enemy, she left two things: The 'Jane Moodie Millinery Shop,' and one only, old-fashioned, screw-top, silver-plated salt-cellar. That's when the talk really started."

"I was surprised myself, and went to Cap. 'Cap,' I said, 'we've been together a long time. This latest is a tough break on you, and I want to help. What's to do?'"

"'Ed,' he told me after about five minutes, 'I didn't plant that booze. You know it, and before long everyone else will know it. I'm going to nail the gang that pulled that one, if it takes my last dollar! You can help, and here's your first job: cancel all orders and dump every drop of stuff we have on hand. We're through with the booze business, starting right now!'"

"My eyes and mouth, I guess, must have dropped open a foot, and I left him stamping up and down the office chewing savagely at a cigar."

"At the end of a week he came to me. 'All cleared out, Ed?' I told him we were dry and most of our customers were the same. 'Good! Keep it that way,' was all he said. The next day, in Bloomfield, strange things began to happen."

"The City and Provincial Police worked together. They had their plans well-laid and carried them out to the letter. It took them a week, and at the end of that time they had completed the biggest round-up of liquor men and rum-runners the province has ever known. Not just the usual police clean-up. They had the information and got the big fellows first. The rest was easy. We were not molested."

"Wealthy men, highly respected in the city as good-living business men were found to control a liquor-ring operating in three provinces, and as many states. A few of the boys on the outside edge managed to escape, but left in a hurry for elsewhere, leaving behind them a city that had been swept clean."

"There was a mad scramble by some to tell all they knew and a great many things came to light. Among them was the fact that the liquor found in Jane Moodie's garage had been put there for safe-keeping by one gang, and the police tipped off by another, enemies of Cap, who thought the shipment was ours."

"The papers were fair about the thing and the Uplift Society members were forced to give up the cherished notion that Cap Ross could be held morally responsible for the death of Jane Moodie."

"They had no time to be disappointed. Congratulations were poured upon the Women's Uplift and the City Police for their good work. For years they had worked and failed. Suddenly they had succeeded and the ladies accepted it all as being the natural outcome of their good work. The Police, of course, said nothing. So did Cap Ross."

"Jane Moodie was sadly missed in the Uplift Society. Someone suggested that her grave be marked with a suitable stone. A subscription list was circulated, but before ordering the stone a committee was appointed to look over the location of the grave. There they made a surprising discovery. The grave had been carefully tended, flowers planted, a low fence put around the plot, and at the head of the grave was a magnificent stone."

"Back they rushed and made their report. Jane Moodie had made no such provision in her will. She had no relatives. Who could have put it there? It was excitedly discussed in the meeting and spread to the outside. There was much comment, and a certain amount of quiet investigation. No results."

"The millinery shop was a big problem for Cap. There was no doubt it had been left him as an insult, so it surprised even me when he put the former manager in charge and opened up under the old name. He made no explanations."

Continued on page 50



"Jane Moodie hurried back from the East, and, to the everlasting horror of the Uplift Society, was immediately placed under arrest by the Provincial Police. The city was in an uproar."

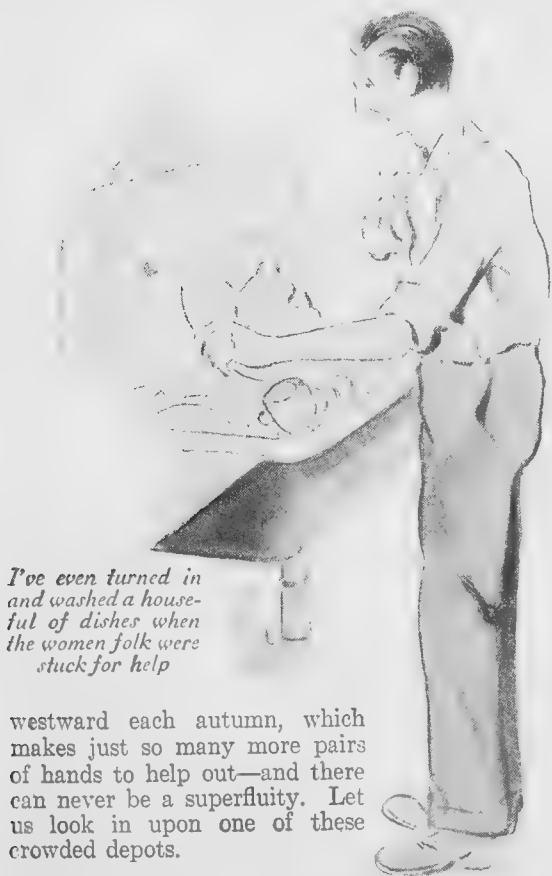
Prairie-Bound With the Missus and the Kids

A Study in Human Interest on
a Harvesters' Excursion Train

By E. G. Bayne

ONCE more is with us the great epic of the wheat fields and Canada from coast to coast is again made aware that she is primarily a grain-growing country; that whatever other industry shall wait, the wheat cannot. Trainload after trainload of willing helpers has threaded its way westward to where the hum of the thresher is heard in the land and old-timer and tenderfoot alike are getting a new perspective on Canada and her growing importance in the world.

Down east each town and city speeds its parting contingent and the milling railway depots are a pot-pourri of color and charm and comedy, more intensified since the institution of the special cars for women and children. Under improved conditions many wives now accompany their husbands



I've even turned in
and washed a house-
ful of dishes when
the women folk were
stuck for help

westward each autumn, which makes just so many more pairs of hands to help out—and there can never be a superfluity. Let us look in upon one of these crowded depots.

THEY poured up the sloping grand concourse to the waiting-rooms, many hundreds strong, averaging about one woman to every twenty men, with a goodly sprinkling of children and babies-in-arms. An occasional grandmother of three-score and more might have been seen as well. It was very warm but everybody was in great good-humor.

"Yes, it's a fine thing that they're letting us wives go along now," a brisk, bright-eyed little woman declared, as she took tally of five offspring, a mother-in-law, two grips, a lunch-hamper, and a bird-cage. "It used to be Jim'd go off alone and I never knew what he'd be up to away by himself like that and his pockets full of money."

"I always came back, didn't I"? her husband interjected mildly, while he pawed about in a suitcase searching for something that apparently persisted in eluding him.

"Yes, when you were broke," his wife agreed

promptly. "Willie! Come back here this minute! If you get lost again we'll go off and leave you behind."

"Our train's got two injines," proclaimed Willie. "I bet she'll be good and strong, eh, Dad?"

"We're the most unsettled family," the little woman went on, with a sigh. "We've moved nine times in seven years."

"Well, we're going to get settled this time and don't you forget it," her husband said firmly. "Say, maw, where in cinders didja put my other collar?"

She turned and fixed a sharp glance on him.

"You got no call to be slicking up," she said crisply. "Just because there are two cars for women he wants to change his collar!"

"Let's play injine," Willie now suggested to his brother a year younger. "I'll be the first injine an' you be the second injine. Come on!" And they went chugging and tooting about among the close-packed throngs, their mother shrieking after them not to get lost.

A quiet and observant Englishwoman of middle age sat alone nearby, with two noisy family parties on either side of her.

"I'm going west to keep house for my two sons," she said with a smile. "I say, do you think I shall have enough clothes?"

She indicated three fat grips and began to enumerate their contents. Every night, she confided apologetically, she had a little cry for England and home—the home she had left forever—but she thought the indulgence rather refreshed and strengthened her. Friends across the sea had given her complete instructions regarding the long journey and these she had written down and kept close to her so that she might consult them from time to time. Drawing out the slip of paper from her handbag she reviewed it once more.

"At Fort William, I see, I must set my watch back one hour and put on a pair of light wool stockings," she observed. "At Broadview, Saskatchewan, I must put my time back another hour and don another and heavier pair of wool stockings. Quite simple, isn't it? I really don't know what I should have done without these hints. But I rather fear I shall look quite like an Eskimo by the time I reach the ranch near Medicine Hat."

"I guess somebody's been kidding you, lady," a man on her right said. "Don't mind me speaking without an introduction, do you? We're all one big family on these trains, y'see."

"Fancy that now," murmured the Englishwoman. Just across on the next bench there was a family

party consisting of parents, one aged grandmother and four children. The head of the group, a short fat man wearing his straw hat on the back of his head, was reading aloud from the menu slip of the café-diner. It sounded good to him.

"These are something like the right prices," he commented. "It just shows what the railways can do when they want to. Enough of us boycotted their robber diners so that they had to fix us some civilized rates. Listen, folks: Lunch boxes, each 35 cents, sandwiches 10 cents, tea, coffee or milk 5 cents, pie per cut 10 cents, portion of cheese 10 cents, two hard-boiled eggs 10 cents, boiled dinner with bread and butter 35 cents, pork and beans 20 cents, sardines 15 cents, individual jam 15 cents, kipper snacks 15 cents, salted peanuts—they're mighty nourishing, mind you—a nickel a packet, bananas 25 cents a dozen. (Better lay in a supply, too, for I hear they sell 'em by the pound in Regina.) Individual salmon 10 cents, crabapple jelly—"

"Huh," Grandma put in at this point with strong accent of scorn in her voice. "Huh. Sounds to me like it was mostly all canned stuff." And her eye rested contentedly on the big tin washboiler that evidently contained the home-made grubstake. Grandma, bless her old heart, had no cause to be ashamed of that.

Right next to this group sat, or rather sprawled, a tall lanky man of striking and picturesque individuality. Although obviously in the fifties he had about him an air of youth and adventure and his face, while brown, was scarcely lined. He was clean-shaven and clear of eye and around his neck he wore a red bandana loosely knotted. It barely concealed a bayonet wound on his jaw and he had lost one finger of his right hand. On his feet were carpet slippers. He had just awakened from a nap and still wore his hat tipped over his eyes. The Englishwoman, evidently acting on the hint that sociability here was all right, asked him timidly if he had ever been west.

"Have I ever been west"? he echoed, sitting up. "Say! That's a good one, ma'am! I've been out west every gold-darn year for the past eighteen years, barring two that I was overseas pumping lead into th' Germans. Yessir, I can safely say I know the West. Where ya headin' fer yourself? . . . Medicine Hat, eh? Well, I'll undertake t' see that you get there safe an' sound. If you don't get a lower berth you let me know an' I'll swap ya mine."

"Thank you, but I'm all right. Did—did you like the West"? she pursued anxiously. *Cont'd on page 85*



She took tally of five offspring, a mother-in-law, two grips, a lunch-hamper, and a bird cage



Every night she had a little cry
for England and home

Glass Making in Alberta

By Mary Matheson, B.A.

WITH the coming of the Dominion Glass Factory to Redcliff in 1911 the romance of glass-making—one of the most fascinating stories of industrial achievement—was introduced into Western Canada.

A glass bottle found in the heart of one of the pyramids in Egypt affords proof that the glass industry had made considerable development, at least, two thousand years B.C. However, as far as process is concerned, little progress appears to have been made from that far-off date until comparatively recent years. The molten glass was gathered on the end of a hollow tube, rolled over a marble or metallic plate, then placed within a mold and blown into shape by a workman. The mold was then opened, the bottle removed and the top re-heated and finished with a special tool for the purpose.

Many conditions in Egypt favored the development of glass-making. In Syria, too, the industry was carried on at a very early period. The story that Phœnician merchants found a glass-like substance under their cooking-pots which had been supported on a block containing a certain impure form of carbonate of soda is, in all probability, true. The fire may have caused the carbonate to mix with the sand and to form a silicate of soda which, though not a permanent glass, is enough like it to suggest the possibility of the permanent, transparent material.

All through the ages, glass-workers appear to have taken great satisfaction in designs. The ancient Egyptians made jars, flattened bottles—sometimes decorated with zig-zag lines—and there is evidence that at this early date that glass was blown into the shapes of the vessels desired. Assyria featured importantly in the glass industry, while Venetian glass was famous in the sixteenth century. The elegance of form and the marvellous lightness and thinness of this glass, together with the exquisite decorations made it most famous.

Unique and freak shapes are common among any collection of old bottles. One illustration may be interesting because it is associated with the origin of the word "booze" into the vernacular. During the presidential election of 1840 and with a view to popularizing the candidate of his choice, a Philadelphia distiller made a whisky bottle for E. C. Booz in the shape of a log-cabin. These were promptly referred to as "Booz" bottles, and the term "booze" came to mean the contents of the bottle, alcoholic, of course, rather than the bottle itself. So it has persisted to the present, with only a slight change in spelling.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, England and Germany began to improve the manufacture of glass. About this time came the invention of colorless Bohemian glass which brought in its train the glass-cutting industry. This was a new and unique method of ornamentation.

Then it was claimed by Pliny that there was no glass like to that made in India. This was made from broken crystal and used for bangles and other ornaments. In China the industry was limited to the breaking up of natural stones. The coloring of the glass made from these was extremely harmonious and beautiful.

INSPIRATION to visit the local glass-factory came to me on a winter day when the thermometer registered about forty below zero. I was

sure of being more than comfortably warm after my arrival, for the modern glass-factory is a very hot place in which either to work or visit. Many days I had watched the workers—men and women—pass along the street and I had wondered what their daily work was. And, as is usually the case, my woman's curiosity at last got the better of me and I started up the long street over which two hundred employees travel every day to take their turns in shifts of eight hours each at the factory.

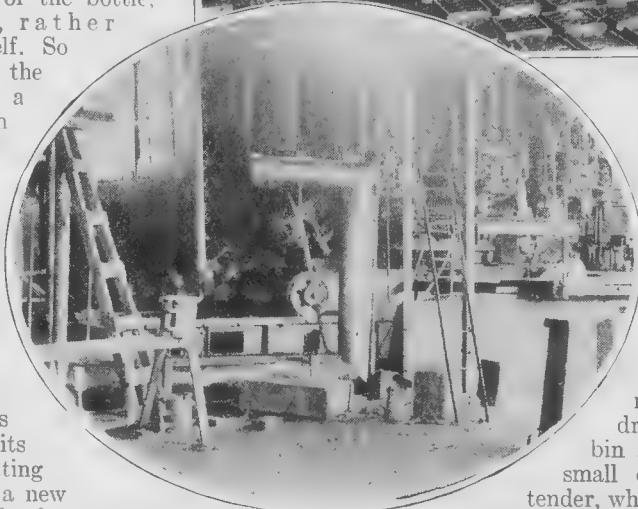
I was conducted by a cheerful guide to the "Chamber of Horrors" in the basement, where he informed me that two "Gold Dust Twins" mixed the batch for the furnace. This "batch" is composed of silica sand and soda-ash, also cullet, or broken glass. Forty tons of this each day goes into the furnace to be changed into bottles of

Glass Plant Redcliff showing pile of broken glass called cullet which will be remelted.



Storage yard and warehouse. Light and dark piles are bottles stored ready for shipment.

Section of ovens, 15 arm bottle machine which operates day and night making 50 bottles per minute.



various shapes, also sealers. The ingredients are taken up by elevator to a distance of seventy feet, at the top of the main floor, where they are dropped into an overhead bin and allowed to descend in small quantities by the furnace tender, who turns a lever at intervals.

It is then fed to the furnace, which is heated to two thousand six hundred degrees Fahr. I looked into this furnace through a colored glass. The scene within the furnace reminded me of the storms and drifts of old Ontario, it was simply a white heat and was like snow drifting before the wind.

On the other side was the big Owen's machine of fifteen arms and capable of turning out forty sealers or fifty bottles per minute. These arms, each in itself a perfect mechanism, was attached to a huge revolving centre. On the lower side were the blank

molds which dipped down like a vacuum into the seething mass of the great revolving pot, picked up the required amount of liquid when a plunger came down, making a depression in the top of the molten glass, after which, as the machine revolved, the glass was removed from the blank mold to a blow-mold. Here, a valve opens to allow the escape of compressed air, which blows the glass out to the sides of the mold. As the arms revolve, the bottles or sealers cool slightly, and are with great rapidity taken from the molds (which open in the centre) by a pair of tongs. Two workmen place these on a frame, which is removed, when full, by a carrier and placed on a tier whose first sections are very hot, so that the glass may be tempered. This pro-

cess of tempering "rests" the glass and allows the strained parts to relax; "does for the glass what a good night's sleep does for a human being," said my guide.

A mold is made in halves and when we look at a bottle or sealer we wonder at the perfection with which each section is made. We can scarcely see the dividing line. Sometimes a sealer or bottle comes out of the machine imperfect. In each mold there is a number on the bottom so that a defective mold can be traced readily. Possibly some women who read this may have noticed this number and wondered why it was there.

In the factory there is a large machine-room where molds are repaired. The mold itself consists of cast iron of finest quality and costing sometimes several hundred dollars a set. We can understand this when we think how expert the work must be, when the thousandth of an inch

marks the difference between perfection and imperfection. By the action of the big machine these molds are made to open and release the bottle or sealer at the required time.

Then there is the machine—much smaller—for the lids. The molten glass is dropped out in accurate quantities into hollow molds. By different molds on the same machine the "perfect seal" and the "gem" lid are obtained. Each lid is pressed three times as it gradually becomes cooler. They are removed by an iron paddle, placed on a tier and then tempered.

The tier for bottles and sealers is one hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide. When the men place a row of bottles on the tier they signal by means of a bell to the girls at the farther end who are sorting the sealers. Here they close a switch which starts the motor and moves the tier forward the required three feet.

The lids are also tested on a perfectly flat stand, and if they rock in the least are discarded as being

Continued on page 84

The Last Edition

By Howard S. Smith

Illustrated by Geo. H. Ray

AS THE none-too-silent presses began to roar out their story of the day's news Arthur Maynard lolled back in the swivel chair behind the frosted glass doors marked "Managing Editor—Private," and uttered a grunt of disgust.

"And that's that! Only four more days," he muttered.

It wasn't disgust at the old Toronto Press that had brought forth the grunt from Arthur. It was a personal matter combined with his often-repeated distaste for newspapers and newspaper work. However, this "loathing" of the craft was more bravado when he talked with the "boys," than anything else.

This was Tuesday and the Press would publish for the last time Saturday. Her owners were closing the doors and selling off the machinery rather than take further losses.

More strictly speaking, the last edition of the Press, with times as they were, would mean the last of the managing editorship. He didn't know where he would find another berth. And he was not an old man, by any means. It would mean, even if he were so lucky, taking a job on the copy desk of one of the other papers, and that was a peg down in ambition.

He picked up a paper with the ink hardly dry as yet, which a boy had thrown on his desk, and glanced over the headlines. He tossed it aside and sat back once more. Somehow things had gone wrong for years now. Nothing had ever happened. Good jobs had eluded him. Bad luck had chased him, and when finally he had secured a good paying position, it had been on a weak paper wobbling on its last legs and everything was to end with four more editions. He would have to walk out on the street again and look for a job.

"Oh damn women!" he muttered suddenly with a savage glint in his eye, "they are at the bottom of everything." Anyone looking into those steadfast blue eyes at this moment would have been a little startled at the light in them. It was something akin to hate, and yet something more exalted than any hate may ever be. Something not too far from love.

"Yes, her fault," he said out loud a half-hour later, during which time he had, to all appearances, been engrossed in the exchanges, with a copy of the Montreal Star spread out before him; "your fault Ruth. You sent me into the cursed game! You teased me into it, and made me sell my soul to a harpy, and here I am, not thirty-five yet, out of a job—and always, always without you!"

It wouldn't have mattered so much if Ruth had been waiting for him.

But he didn't even know what had happened to her. He smiled as he thought of it all years ago. It had been fantastic—their story. He, a young man of eighteen, she a gamin of twelve with gold-shot red hair—with the love of newspapers incarnate in her blood and the smell of printer's ink forever in her nostrils—an inheritance from her father and mother, both slaves of the editorial room.

It had been just a matter in those days of her teasing him because he sat on an office stool, rather than go out into the world, as she ridiculously said, like the great news writers whose names appeared daily at the top of stories on Page One.

But the green-blue



"I don't even remember telling you anything about it," she said

eyes, the red-gold hair, the scorn in the girl's voice and a little weariness of office life had sent Arthur Maynard to the editorial rooms of a large daily, and more by good luck than ability—there was a general semi-annual house-cleaning at the time—he landed a job as a "cub" reporter—with grim attention to his duties, study, and a terrific will power he had mounted thus quickly up the ladder.

And Ruth?

Well, she would be twenty-eight, almost now a woman, and he supposed she had married some other fellow, and had altogether forgotten the lanky boy she had sent into the game in their home town of Vancouver.

He would never forget her, though, and, dear Heaven, he would never forget that meeting of theirs when he had returned after five years working on papers throughout Canada—only daring now and again to send her a line or a postcard, and had come back to find her seventeen.

She had seemed to him then the rarest, loveliest thing in the world, and for a day his happiness had

been too great, until in a rash moment he had told her of his love, of his ambitions, and she had laughed in his face, a little nervously, perhaps, and had told him that he had been a fool to listen to a girl of twelve.

"Why," the lanky young reporter had demanded, "didn't you mean me to throw up my office job and go on a paper?"

She shook that wild, burnished red head of hers.

"I don't even remember telling you anything about it," she said.

Didn't even remember!

How that word had stung! Words can sting in this world; he had never heard that particular word in after years with anything but dislike. "Recollect" took its place in his vocabulary, and as yet he went through life more determined than ever to get to the top of his profession, he had never forgotten Ruth.

And somehow this disappointment in the start of his career had soured him, and had seemed to influence his luck. A gay and jolly fellow gets a job before the grim and too serious, and that is what was often said of Arthur Maynard when he applied for a position. He was too serious.

"Well," he murmured, as he turned to close up his desk for the last time but four, "I guess I'll quit newspapers for good. I'll get a job as a clerk or a salesman, maybe. Thank Heaven, I've saved a little! I'm sick of the game!"

"Are you?"

He looked around with a start; someone had touched him on the arm. He trembled a little. What a fool he was! The darkness was falling fast. Lights were blinking in the office buildings across the way as the scrub women set to work. Only the occasional rattle of a tram car or the crazy screech of a taxi-horn troubled the silence. The presses had stopped.

No one, of course, had said a word. "Tip" O'Neil, the city editor, was checking over the paper for tomorrow's assignments. The voice of the city room was supplanted by a dull quiet. No one could have spoken, and yet—there again—that laugh mocking at him again as it did when they were children.

"Going to quit, Arthur—that's not playing the man! I could never marry a quitter."

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated as he grabbed his coat and hat and made a sudden dive for the door, "if I stay alone much longer I shall become a confirmed spiritualist."



"Get out of here, you dirty little rat" shouted Arthur

AN HOUR before the first edition went to press, the last day of publication O'Neil rushed into Arthur's office.

"We've got a great scoop, Art!" he opened without ceremony. "Pat McLatchy, the ward boss, has been named by one of the dope peddlers the Mounties rounded up, as their leader, and the best of it is that the opposition can't use it—McLatchy holds the controlling interest in that sheet."

"Fine!" Get that two-column picture out of the morgue, Tip, and splash it on Page One—our last bolt will not be an anemic with this story."

O'Neil left and Arthur was about to go down to the composing room and take care of the Page One make-up himself when one of the copy-boys entered the office.

"There's a Mr. Henshaw to see you, Mr. Maynard," he announced. "Says his business is

Continued on page 77

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS
BE SURE
OF HAVING . . . *extra help*
with the dishes



. . . *extra help*
with the upstairs
work



. . . *extra help*
with your
sewing



but
here's a way
you can always have
extra help with your wash!

THAT'S what Fels-Naptha Soap brings you. *Extra help*, whether you wash with tub or machine. The extra help of two effective cleaners working together — unusually good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha, combined in one golden bar by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process.

Naptha, as you know, is the safe, gentle dirt-dissolver used in "dry cleaning." You can smell the naptha in Fels-Naptha. The clean, keen naptha odor tells you there is plenty of it there.

So, in Fels-Naptha you get naptha, the dirt loosener, working hand-in-hand with golden soap, the dirt remover. Together they reach every thread of your wash, loosening the dirt

and washing it away without hard rubbing. Together they form a cleaning combination that is difficult to equal — *extra help* that you can hardly expect



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THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

from any other soap regardless of its form.

Thanks to this *extra help*, Fels-Naptha gets clothes delightfully, refreshingly clean — and with less work! It does a safe, thorough washing job in hot, cool or lukewarm water, or when the clothes are boiled. It works well in both machine and tub. Whatever way you wash, you'll find that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

Get Fels-Naptha from your grocer today by the bar or in the handy 10-bar carton. Have this *extra help* ready for your next wash — and in the meantime, see how it speeds all other soap-and-water tasks; cleaning floors, painted woodwork, etc.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Eli's Drum

By Elizabeth Gotto

ON A hazy Monday afternoon in the middle of October eleven-year-old Eli Schlaefstein, black-eyed, black-haired, thin and dreamy looking, clad in somewhat shabby brown trousers, green sweater and badly-frayed cap of navy blue, pushed his way through the motley throng on lower St. Lawrence Boulevard in Montreal, a section of the city that is not the beautiful tree-decorated thoroughfare that one might imagine from the name, but the principal part of the Ghetto of Canada's metropolis.

Occasionally the child dodged into the dingy entrance of a shop, or the doorway of a moving-picture palace, and peered furtively about. Apparently satisfied that he was not being shadowed, he hurried on again, and stopped like an automaton in front of the Tamolensky Theatre.

He had come to read the notice, to see for himself the truth of what Mordecai Tamolensky, the small son of the theatre-owner, had told the boys at school that day, when during "recess-time" he had advertised in business-like fashion a children's contest at his father's theatre.

"Do w'at you like!" he exclaimed. "Ten dollar for de one dat does it bes! Tell your sisters! Tell your frien's! It was for nobody but kids!"

All the boys in the Andalusian School had listened; some had been vaguely interested; Eli had instantly won the money all unknowing that while he was watching Mordy, someone had been watching him.

Now he scanned the sign-board. Yes, it was just as Mordy had said. The words "Children," "Amateur Night," "Saturday," "Ten Dollar Prize" chased each other round his mind.

"I'll beat dem all! I'll say it bes! and den I'll buy such a sweet present for Rosie—" The dream was rudely broke

"You goin' to be a movie sheik?"

Eli turned sharply at the well-known voice and met the challenging eyes of his old enemy, Nathan Saltpetre. There he stood, a fat, dark boy of about Eli's age, with heavy lips and sly eyes.

"You play? You sing?" he continued in taunting tone. "You dance? You tell story? W'at you do for ten dollar?"

Eli, quickly master of himself, stared at his opponent with enviable unconcern. Fade away, Singin' Bird. I'm not tellin' nobody."

"Dat so? Bet you'll have to tell Mr. Boss Tamolensky!"

"Dat so?" Eli mimicked the interrogative inflection with admirable precision. "Well, den, so long." Boldly he entered the theatre, there to make arrangements for his part in the contest. When he came out, his first thought was for his enemy, but Nathan had gone. In some queer way his disappearance gave Eli more cause for unrest than his presence could have done. There was never any knowing what "dat Nat'an" would be up to!

ELI was a lonely, only child. There was one person to whom he took all his failures and successes, his hopes and secrets. That comrade was Rosie Rosenbloom a pretty, fuzzy-haired, pink-cheeked little girl, the eldest of a family of eight, and to her home on Cadieux Street, after selling his papers, Eli hurried. He found her on a narrow verandah, poring over her "home-work," one hand and one foot on the baby carriage. Vividly he outlined the coming competition.

"I'll spik a piece!" he cried, his black eyes shining. "Mr. Boss, he say I kin tomorrow tell him de name."

"But you mightn't not get de prize," said Rosie, in her practical, motherly way. "So you get it, you'll have to be smarter dan one smart fox! Nat'an Saltpetre, his married sister lives nex' door, an' he's been standin' by her house for an hour already yet, singin' w'ile she plays a song. He jus' now ran by de back door w'en he saw you comin' up de street."

Eli glowered. So Nathan was competing too! Nathan with his pocket full of money and his good voice!

"W'at's he singin'?"

"Bubbles."

"Dat ole blown-out t'ing!"

"It's pretty—" The little girl hummed it softly. "You goin' to get somet'ing new Eli? Ev'rybody dey'll have it."

"I'll get somet'ing so new no one will have it!" he declared hotly. "Or something so ole it's wort' somet'ing! Ticher, she said de t'ings dat lived on were de good t'ings. Who was dat man dat wrote our 'Torch of Life,'—dat nice 'Play de game' t'ing?"

"Not dat, Eli!" Rosie's excited tone awakened the baby. She jumped up, and hushed it into quietness. "Not dat! De whole teayter will scrim on you! De kids will want dey should say it demselves. Dey'll act up fresk on you! It was all right for Nat'an so he should sing somet'ing dey know, den de crowd it kin come in wit' de chorus so it likes, but for a piece, no! You're never not goin' to say dat, Eli?"

"No, but something good like it. Perhaps de man dat wrote dat wrote somet'ing else. I kin get it, de book."

THAT evening Eli went to The Settlement Library and borrowed a copy of Newbolt's Poems. He read over several, and decided in favor of "Drake's Drum." There was an indefinable something in the thought of it—in the sea-swing of it—that captivated his fancy, and, as he visualized the scenes, it's majestic spirit entered into the soul of the child.

"Leesten, Rosie," he said the next afternoon when she found him beating an imaginary drum in the kitchen behind his father's jewellery store, to the mingled pride and annoyance of his mother, who was cutting up cucumbers for pickles. "Leesten! De dead man comes back..."

"How kin a dead man come back?" inquired his mother scornfully. "You mean it vos a ghost?"

"Yes—no. Leesten, Rosie. W'at you t'ink? De dead man said:

*"Take my drum to England, hang et by de shore
Strike et w'en your powder's runnin' low.
If de Dons sight Devon, I'll quit de port o' heaven,
And drum dem up de channel as we drummed
dem long ago!"*

"Oh, Eli! Such a grandness! It sounds jus' like you was beatin' the school drum for de lines! An' you'll look swell by de platform scrimin' it out!"

Eli's eyes sparkled. "You like it, de pome?" "Ye—es." The tone was a little dubious. "W'at means it?"

"It means for you so you need any help, you call me."

"I got no drum to call you."

"Dat makes no diff'. De drum it is only po'try.

It means any'ting. Call any way you like, an' I'll come—a t'ousan' year from now, like it stands in de book."

The mother paused in her work, regarding the children curiously. How could he come back to Rosie? How could anyone come back? But the idea held the little girl. She clasped her hands in glorious wonder, wonder that led to the thought of another possibility.

"An' de verse, Eli? W'at it mean for you? Would you call me?"

"You couldn't help, Rosie. A girl couldn't—" "Dat's vere you vos wrong, Eli!" interrupted his mother, sharply. "Vait till you vos a man! All de help a man gets, he gets it by a voman! You got lots to learn yet!"

"But a man," said Eli thoughtfully, "he is strong—" "Sometimes—" She nodded sagely.

"It was all right, Eli," put in Rosie quickly. "I know... dey was all strong sometimes. But a man, w'en he finds trouble, an' gets weak, w'at mus' he do?"

"W'y, he mus' call on his money—an' his arms—an—"

"His tongue, Eli? Your tongue fights always queek by you."

"Maybe—yes—I hope it does—"

Strangely a silence fell over the children. Each was thinking of the contest. The little girl was the first to speak, oddly voicing the boy's thoughts.

"Nat'an Saltpetre, he's got a tongue also."

"Ye-es."

"S'pose—s'pose—some time, Eli, your arms, an' money, an' tongue don't answer. W'at you do den? Would you call Mr. Drake?"

"He's only for de sailors."

"You could be a sailor for dat night! You got summer white pants, an' you could dress on my w'ite middy wit' de blue collar."

The suggestion pleased Eli. "An' a drum!" he exclaimed. "If I could get also a drum!"

"I got feefty cents—it was all I got—"

Quickly the boy disclaimed the offer. "It wouldn't be 'nough, Rosie. A drum costs dear. I got my paper money, but dat was not to spen—it was all for de bank—" He glanced appealingly at his mother. She felt the unworried question and evaded it with her customary tactics.

"Eli, you good-for-not'in, you sit dere all de time talkin' drum! An' eatin-time comin' fas', an me vit no time to cook it! I vant you should now go by de delicatessen an' buy some feeg biscuit for de supper."

The boy picked up his cap, and took the ten cents she gave him, his hope fading. Rosie sensed the disappointment. "I mus' now go also," she said, "an' make my lessons."

The little friends passed through the jewellery store, thence into the street, somewhat subdued. At the door of the delicatessen shop they halted, Rosie loath to leave Eli in trouble. If she could only talk—to make him forget! She stared into the fly-specked window, pondering. The queer assortment of cakes and meats spread out on huge pans, reminded her of something.

"My auntie's young man las' night took her by such a place to eat w're dey put what dey wanted all on a tray."

"Cafeteria," said Eli.

"Wouldn't school be lovely like dat, Eli? So we could only take what we wanted?"

"Fine!"

"W'at you take, Eli?"

"Gym' an' readin'."

"No 'rit'metic?"

"You don't need 'rit'metic w'en you're big. De men dey've got machines dat do it grand. De answer comes out by a paper, always right. 'Rit'metic was all right for de ot'er kids, but I want I should kip my brain fresh."

"So smart you are, Eli, to t'ink to save you brain. So you had a store you would soon walk on gold."

For once Eli was unresponsive. The prospect of far-away gold was not so alluring at that moment as that of a possible drum. Rosie felt this, and brooded over the predicament. Musing on the wonderful cafeteria, a brilliant inspiration came.

"Eli," she cried, "couldn't you an' me now make such a shop by de park, an' have a school tray t'ing for de kids..."

Continued on page 81



Mary Jane

By William Thompson

*Coy Mary Jane, she loved the rain—
Her other name, Miss Devey—
And always when she went to walk,
Would take her paraphie.*

*The reason was she always said
It might come very handy,
To carry her to old Jed's store.
Who sold molasses candy.*

*One day the wind churned up a gale,
And tossed the oats and rye.
And cloud-ships sailed away to sea
Between the earth and sky.*

*And sure enough, as Mary said,
Her aeroplane proved handy.
It carried her to old Jed's store,
To buy her favorite candy.*

*The wind then changed, and back she flew,
A happy little Mary,
And all the neighbors after that
Called her the Flying Fairy.*

Loveliness...

Renowned throughout all England

... VISCOUNTESS CURZON'S Sublime Anglo Saxon Beauty

I KNEW she was one of the six most beautiful women in England! But when I met the Viscountess Curzon at tea in the blue-and-beige drawing-room of her London house, she cast a spell upon me.

A soft fire threw its gleam on silver tea-things; a low lamp cast turquoise shadows upon a deep couch. From the latter, where she lay curled up, with her Peke—Mr. Guppy—beside her, there rose to greet me the most bewilderingly lovely creature I had ever beheld.

As we chatted, the firelight playing on the rose-leaf contours of her cheeks, dancing in the blue pools of her eyes, warming the pale gold of her close-cropped hair, I thought to myself, "Her tall, blonde Anglo-Saxon beauty, the proud, delicate moulding of her face, would have turned Queen Guinevere green with envy!"

A silvery English voice broke my reverie.

"What *are* you staring at?"—naturalness is one of Lady Curzon's most captivating traits.

"You! Rude, I know,—but you must be used to it! I was lost in your beauty!"

"Rubbish! A sensible person isn't going to break into verse over a creature old enough

making us English women take all the *more* care of our complexions."

She snatched the word "How" gaily from me. "It's quite simple, my way," she said. "I just use a pure fine cleansing cream. Made by Pond's. And every now and then I tone up my skin with Pond's Freshener. Pond's Cleansing Tissues—they're ever so soft—remove and absorb the cleansing cream thoroughly."

Your skin, too, should know this way to loveliness that Lady Curzon finds so effective. Always at night and after daytime exposure, cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. The new Tissues, soft, ample, fine, wipe away all cream and dirt.



When Lady Curzon presented her daughter at Court this year she was as dazzlingly young as the débutante who curtsied by her side



The beautiful VISCOUNTESS CURZON married her cousin, a prominent M. P., uniting two branches of a distinguished English house. Lady Curzon, who is destined to become one day the Countess of Howe, is a fascinating, witty and sparkling figure in the most brilliant gatherings of English society. Acutely sensitive to beauty, passionately fond of poetry and music, she is a leading patroness of London's important musical events. Above, as she appeared representing England at the Empire Ball given at the Albert Hall



Photographs by Hugh Cecil

to have presented her daughter at court this year!"

"You haven't . . . she wasn't . . . You, with your twenty-year-old complexion . . ." I was incoherent in my disbelief.

"I have . . . She was . . . It only stays twenty because I take marvelous care of it"—and the upward cadence of rippling laughter crinkled that cameo-clear face into a beguilingly crooked smile.

Instantly she became serious. "English life is favorable to good color and a smooth, fresh skin, you know. But this very fact has the effect of

Delightful old Chelsea dogs guard Lady Curzon's dressing-table. And amidst her sparkling gold-topped toilet articles ornamented with the Curzon crest, stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the tonic Skin Freshener—guardians of the faultless complexion of one of England's six most beautiful women



Then, refreshed and cleansed, your skin responds to the tonic touch of Pond's Skin Freshener. Firmed, toned, invigorated, your face glows with new radiance!

For the daytime cleansing Pond's Vanishing Cream is the last delightful step in this ceremonial to Beauty—a delicate film that keeps your powder smooth and fresh for hours on end!

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c—For a generous trial package of Pond's 4 delightful preparations.

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Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

"My Pretty Jane"

"JANE CARROLL," by E. Temple Thurston, is the story of an exceedingly beautiful and wonderfully clever woman, who does exceedingly ugly and wonderfully stupid things. She falls in love with a leader of the Sinn Fein Rebellion and is so obsessed by her infatuation that she becomes a traitor to her country and unfaithful to her husband.

The first half of the book, where the events take place in London, is a bit wearisome, despite our introduction to all the political celebrities of the time. One wants to get on with something more exciting than luncheons and dinners. The second half, however, where the scene is laid in Ireland, makes up for it by plenty of excitement and graphically told incident. It is the only part of the story that really gripped me, and even that part was a little long-drawn, for I began to lose interest before the dramatic and tragic end. But it is quite a good story even if it does not enlist our sympathies much either for Jane, for Ireland, or for her Irish lover. The truth is, our memory of the Irish Rebellion and its ruthlessness is too recent for us to invest with haloes any of those who took part in it. Mr. Thurston has written better stories.

Innuendoes

CLARE SHERIDAN has called her reminiscences, "Nuda Veritas." It would have been more truthful of her had she called it "Innuendoes." Reading this book I became light-headed and thought of another life that had had a similar effect upon me — Violet Hunt's "Flurried Years." These two women make one feel giddy, that giddiness which is the reward of twirling round and round like a top. We have all done this trick in our youth; why, I never have been able to discover. Twirling round and round until we have fallen down on the grass carpet of a park. Well, that is how I felt reading "Nuda Veritas." Clare Sheridan makes it so clear that she was a girl lacking education and rather dull, with no particular gift for anything at all. Her upbringing was appalling, and yet, hey presto! she suddenly became quite a famous sculptor. Another thing that amazed me and which is a second point of similarity with Violet Hunt's book — was it "Unflurried Years" or "Flurried Years"? — I never can remember. Both these women seem to have known intimately everybody of any importance, and yet in their homes the bailiffs reigned. Of course, I am quite sure Henry James, for instance, was far above inquiring why a couple of men were always sitting in the drawing-room about to remove the mirrors, but the most unprosaic must admit that a little money is needed if one is to live the social life described by Clare Sheridan. I never know how she had a pair of boots so that she could go and have tea with Henry James, who always called her "My dear, dear Clare," and as for the reams that she wrote to Robert Hichens, who paid for the paper and ink? It is all so unreal, so unconvincing, and really and truly, except that Clare Sheridan has most interesting cousins, Winston Churchill and Shane Leslie, and has met most interesting people all her life, there is no particular reason at all why we would want to read three hundred and forty pages, most of which make us loathe her parents and deplore the fact that she, in her turn, is subjecting her children to as weird an upbringing as so handicapped her.

Prejudices

COSMO HAMILTON'S latest book, "Caste," is a highly colored, somewhat highly flavored, story touching on a serious theme. In the land of

liberty, where all are equal and where each male baby is an embryo President, the Jews are threatened with greater intolerance than in any other country, barring barbaric Russia, in the world. In England, where there is an aristocracy, where there is a caste system recognized by each stratum of the social life, there is no organized intolerance whatsoever against the Jews. Should this flame of hatred suddenly spurt forth, it is as quickly extinguished, not by the power of the Jews, but by the good taste and justice of the English people. But in America, where there is no aristocracy and where in many cities black and white and yellow children sit side-by-side before the school blackboard, where every man is as good as his master, and where every master boasts of having risen from bare feet to affluence, there is an organized and far-reaching persecution of the Jews. Cosmo Hamilton has studied this question deeply, or rather observed the

ing they know so much, all in reality, so blind, and all of them running away from life. A very exasperating and saddening book; exasperating because of the reiteration of the name Mickey, over and over again it is Mickey dear, clever Mickey, good Mickey, darling Mickey, until one feels one could willingly strangle Mickey. A saddening book because of the fearful unhappiness in the married lives of three couples. I wonder if Beatrice Kean Seymour is trying to show us that the undeniable cleverness of the present generation of young things is nevertheless making them less fit for marital unhappiness than their grandmothers before them, or does she wish to show how man's natural infidelity is the root of all the evil. This is a very cleverly written novel. There are at least five arresting characters in it, and each one retains his or her individuality throughout the whole of the story.

The Inn of Life

I HAVE used "The Inn of Life" as a headline because the novel I wish to speak about—"The Goat and Compasses" by Martin Armstrong—is, as you may have guessed, the name of a public-house in a tiny village in England. But The Goat and Compasses was so much more than a public house; it was indeed an inn along the highroad of life, where a few men and women foregathered and enacted the parts allotted to them by Life, the greatest of all stage managers.

A friend of mine whose literary judgment I greatly respect told me to be sure to read "The Goat and Compasses," and I am glad that I have done so, and hope to be able to pass on the news to you. This is not a pleasant story in the sense of a "beefy" plot brought through a number of interesting incidents to a happy conclusion, but it is a book that makes one glow with admiration—I was almost going to say with reverence—for the author. It is a literary masterpiece. It is not a long novel; I read it, as a matter of fact, travelling from London to York, but yet it gives an unforgettable picture of this old-world village by the sea. It introduces the reader to half a dozen characters, and one feels after the first few chapters that one knows them intimately, and one is intensely interested in all their doings. I have never read a book that is so inextricably interwoven with sex written with such delicacy, such understanding and so convincingly. It is a book that will make the hide-bound to think furiously.

Clean and Refreshing

I SEEM to have been reading a great deal about Malays, Dyaks and Disuns lately. Dr. Hose's book was the work of a scientist even if it read like a romance. Major Owen Rutter's book, "Golden Rain" (Fisher Unwin) is frankly a romance, but sounds so real that it would not surprise me to be told that it was all actual experience. It all fits in so admirably with what Punkwallah tells us in his memoirs.

Major Rutter, whose residence in Borneo, short though it was compared with Dr. Hose's, had an admirable opportunity of knowing the race inhabiting that enormous outpost of our Empire. One feels so convinced as one reads that the whole story is real, that it is difficult to dissociate the reality from the romance. Nor is there any need to do so. It is a stirring story of adventure. It makes its appeal to the lover of excitement, to the lover of Empire, who sees it in the making, and to the philosophic mind, who gains a new knowledge of psychology through the wisdom of the many native sayings.

Ferry-land Stories of Old Pop Crowe

"'Wilder' Geese"

By Jack Paterson



"YESSIR, Stranger, ther's nuthin' like a little schemin' tu help things along in this ol' world. Mebbe not allus, but most times the figurin' out of a slick little scheme'll save a whole lot uh time an' work."

"Take goose-huntin' f'rinstince. Most fellahs'll git an outfit—dogs, waders, dee-coys an' sich—then they'll build hides, er stand 'round in water tu the'r necks fer hours ut a time an' mebbe git a couple uh sick er crippled geese—ef the'r lucky. Nossir, Stranger, all thet ther' fuss ain't necessary fer me since the time I got my little scheme tu workin'."

"Most thirty year ago it must uh been, an' me alivin' alone here, same as now. The geese wuz agoin' over in hundreds an' I got tu wonderin' how I cud git a bunch of 'em tu keep fer the winter. Seein' a picshur of a kite giv me th' idea, an' yu cin bet I wurn't long in gittin' tu work on ut."

"I made me a kite with a neck on ut, an' a few feathers, an' then set down tu wait. The wind wuz right, an' pertly soon along come a big flock, flyin' low, a'honkin' an' a'squawkin', th' old leader aheadin' the bunch o' course, like they allus do, an' the rest atrustin' tu him. I give the kite a toss an' up she goes steady an' true with me adoin' the manipulin', until she wuz right up ahead uh the leader. Bein' tired no doubt, an' thinkin' ut wuz a new leader tu take his place he jest tuk one look at thet ther' kite an' then dropped back intuh line with the others. Gradu'ly I pulled 'er down in slow easy circles with them geese afollerin' an' gittin' all ready to light, then all ut once I puller 'er intuh the hen-house, jumped outa the winda; rushed 'round, an' afore they knew it, slammed the door shut with the whole flock inside!"

"Yessir, Stranger would yu believe ut, I had enuff goose-flesh tu last me right through tu Spring!"

forces at work closely, and has written about them vividly and convincingly.

Apart from this question of caste this is an amusing novel, for Cosmo Hamilton's portrayal of the fabulously wealthy American woman makes one chuckle. So does the idiotic Edmond Gamlingay, a lean English author battenning on American society's adulation. From my point of view, the weak part of the book is its ending. The whole story seemed true until the young Jewish genius, the musician, of his own accord, breaks his engagement with the wealthy Gentile Jean because he feels that he is asking too great a sacrifice of her. "Oh, bosh!" I thought, when I got to this line, and closed the book.

Three Blind Mice

"THREE blind mice, see how they run"! This charming lyric came to mind when I read Beatrice Kean Seymour's latest novel, "Three Wives." Not that the characters are mice, but three young girls, Stella, Tony and Val, all think-



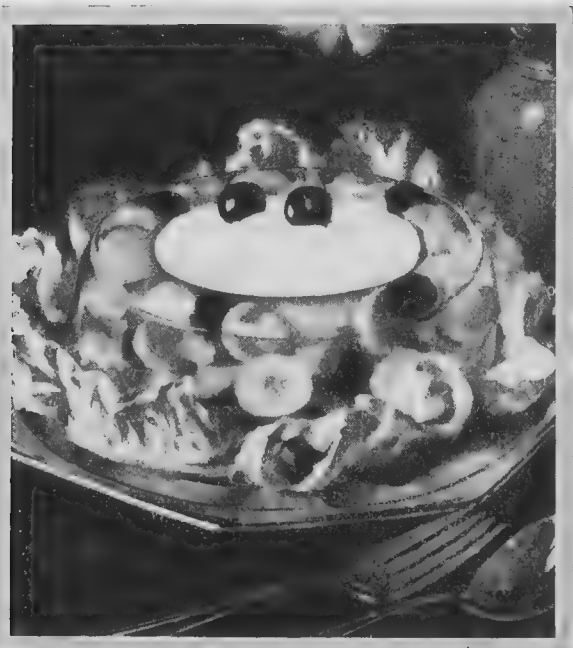
A FAMOUS CHIEF IN NEW YORK CITY AND A LEADING HOSTESS* IN MONTREAL

describe their favorite dishes
made of Knox Sparkling Gelatine

The sincerity of her hospitality has made the Canadian hostess famous. Of course she insists upon the best ingredients in her cookery. So many successful hostesses use Knox Sparkling Gelatine!



*Vanilla Bavaroise**



*Fruit Salad**

PERHAPS you have had the supremely good fortune to lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on a day when the chef had made his own and very special vanilla bavaroise. You enjoyed a dessert mysteriously simple, made of Knox Sparkling Gelatine, eggs, sugar and vanilla. Eugene Thomann, for twenty-seven years chef at the Waldorf, describes this favorite recipe for the benefit of all good cooks.

And it is just possible that, on some happy occasion, you have been entertained by the well-known Montreal hostess, who also describes how she serves fruit salad made with Knox Gelatine.

YOU may be amazed to learn that it does not take a chef's skill to concoct the delicious bavarians, charlottes or fruited gelatines you may have eaten at some smart restaurant, or at some hospitable friend's table.

Simply! Quickly! Economically!

Such desserts and even jellied soups and salads and aspics you can prepare simply, quickly;

yes, and economically, by using Knox Sparkling Gelatine. . . . For example, it takes about twelve minutes to make the fruit salad illustrated. This serves six people generously—and you still have enough gelatine left in the box for three more delicious desserts or salads. It is easy to combine meats and vegetables in aspics and salads. You can make desserts or salads by using fruit juices, fresh or canned fruit or vegetables that might otherwise be wasted. Your family and your guests will pronounce such dishes marvelous.

Let the children eat all they want of the Vanilla Bavaroise dessert. Everything in it is exceedingly nourishing and healthful.

You get your money's worth when you buy Knox Gelatine! Each package contains enough gelatine for four desserts or salads of six servings each at the cost of only 25c a package. Recipes in every package. A copy of the valuable new Knox recipe book will be sent you free if you mail the coupon below. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Montreal, Quebec.

*Out of deference to this lady, we do not use her name. It is recorded at Johnstown.

*Every recipe is thoroughly tested and proved practical in Mrs. Knox's kitchen.

The Chef's Own Bavaroise

as made by Eugene Thomann, chef of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York.

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	4 tablespoonfuls sugar
4 whole eggs	Few grains salt
	1½ pint cream
	5 or 6 drops vanilla

Beat the eggs, sugar, salt and vanilla over boiling water until hot; remove from fire and continue beating until cold. Soak gelatine in ¼ cup cold water five to ten minutes, dissolve in ¾ cup boiling water, and cool. Beat whipped cream into egg mixture, add dissolved gelatine and turn into wet molds. Set on ice until stiff and ready to serve. (This will serve six people generously.)

(2 eggs may be used instead of 4. Separate eggs, fold in stiffly beaten whites before turning out. Serve with berries, fresh or canned fruit, or whipped cream.)

A Fruit Salad

may be served as an appetizer on lettuce with a salad dressing, or as a dessert with a custard sauce or whipped cream. To serve six, take

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine	½ cup cold water
¼ cup lemon juice	1 cup boiling water
	¾ cup of sugar
	½ teaspoonful salt

Soak the gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Then add lemon juice and salt. Let jelly thicken and then stir prepared fruit through it. Turn into wet molds or cups, or into a shallow pan for slicing. This may be made of fresh or canned fruit or vegetables. If canned fruit is used, the fruit syrup may be substituted for part of the boiling water, which will permit the use of less sugar.

Mrs. Knox
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
Dept. K
Montreal, Quebec

Please send me a copy of
your new recipe book.



My name is _____

My address is _____

My grocer's name is _____

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Occupations for Women

THE title of this section: "Occupations for Women," may seem out of place on this page, but so many mothers write in concerning careers for their boys that it would seem as though as many mothers as young men are in the habit of reading the problem page. Space is provided therefore for mention of a very complete work: *Occupations for Women*, recently published not as a commercial undertaking, but as a vocational contribution, by the Southern Woman's Educational Alliance., Grace-American Building, Richmond, Virginia, at \$3.50, 565 pages, including a valuable occupational index of scores of occupations for women.

The General Editor is O. Latham Hatcher, Ph.D., assisted by an executive board of women prominent in community movements in the South. The work is addressed to all interested in occupations for women, and especially to girls and women who need help in choosing an occupation, or for progressing in one already chosen.

Quotations from the writing of an eminent statistician are to the effect that even if most educated women still look forward to marriage as an ultimate goal, their first and immediate choice is very often along other lines. In confirmation of this statement, it is pointed out that of approximately eight and a half million women workers in the United States in 1920, not two million are married; that of a million professional women, less than 125,000 are married, and that among college women, only about one-half are marrying. As evidence also of the tendency among girls to seek an occupation, it is stated that more girls than boys are attending the high schools.

The various sections of this comprehensive book have such general headings as The Arts; business fields; education; health professions; home economics; law; library work; personnel work; religious work; scientific work; and social work. Under these main headings, however, scores of occupations are again listed and many of them are dealt with in detail, even to the incomes to be expected.

A valuable feature is the information that is provided concerning the preparation necessary for careers, the qualifications needed, the advantages and the disadvantages. Thus, a certain occupation is treated under such headings as the following: local standards of education and training; local opportunities for securing training; best way to enter the local field; incomes to be expected; types of work being done; desirable personal qualifications; advantages and disadvantages.

Suppose, for instance, that a young woman should wish to take up library work as an occupation. She will find under headings such as those just mentioned, nineteen pages of information. Much of this relates to the area of which Richmond is the centre, but the general principles outlined are such that the suggestions will be found useful almost in all parts of the continent; in fact, in a descriptive circular which may be secured from the publishers at Richmond, the work is described by the American Library Association as the best book ever published on the subject of occupations for women.

The following paragraph is given as a sample of the style of the book:

Advantages and disadvantages of nursing as an occupation: Public approval of nursing as a profession for women is an asset and promotes opportunity, as contrasted with the situation often presented by medicine. The nurse has also the deep satisfaction of relieving suffering and often of helping in the actual preservation of life. Doubtless, too, the dependence of the sick upon the ministrations calls out the maternal instinct. The fact that the nursing profession has always tended to standardize technical requirements and salaries, has given the nurse a professional consciousness and a pride of class greatly in excess of that obtaining in many other occupations. Other advantages include the interest which comes with charge of personal contacts and of environment in most types of nursing. The training is useful in any sphere of life, especially in home-making and offers a profession

to which one may return at any time, with a minimum amount of additional training.

Disadvantages include the difficulty of keeping any home setting or of preserving social relationships, and the frequent physical and nervous strain. Also, few related occupations, to which unemployed nurses can turn for short periods, have been found.

One of the most valuable sections of the work is that relating to bibliography and professional organizations. By means of this section, the young woman in search of information concerning a suitable occupation may find the titles and places of publication of the best books describing the work, the titles and addresses of magazines dealing with occupations, as, for instance, the *Journal of Home Economics*, and the names of professional organizations such as the National Organization of Public Health Nurses.

What to Study

NO. 6.—Why study chemistry?

As has been frequently pointed out, it is impossible to name anything in the world about us that chemistry does not help us to understand. The clothes we wear, the food we eat, the iron and steel that go into our machinery and tools, the bricks and mortar, the wood, tile, glass, and cement of our homes—the composition of all these comes under the domain of chemistry. The human body is a complex of chemical phenomena. Almost every function of the body has its explanation in chemical process. Chemical processes account for the growth and decay of all plants and animals. In short, the whole world of living things is dependent for life on chemical changes.

Chemistry shows how a few simple elements are put together to make up a world of different materials. It explains what happens in such changes as the burning of wood, the digestion and assimilation of food, the growth of plants, the rusting of iron, the rising of bread, and the dyeing of cloth. Chemistry broadens the interests of life in every direction.

Metallurgy is a department of chemistry. A knowledge of this subject made iron and steel production possible, as well as the production of tin, copper, silver, gold and zinc. The chemist is necessary in the production of dyestuffs, soap, paint, sugar, glass, paper, ink, drugs, and fertilizers. The inspection of food and water is entrusted to the chemist.

There are many problems in chemistry yet to be solved. Young men and women who come into touch with these problems early are likely to keep on in the great work of scientific discovery. It is said that a number of years ago, a young student in Ohio read of the need of separating aluminium from its ore in a less costly way. At the age of twenty-two he had solved this problem and gave us the use of aluminium ware.

The student of chemistry can hope to apply his knowledge in the home, shop, factory, and farm in a hundred useful ways; and he can have the advantage of following the progress of the world by reading with interest and understanding numerous scientific articles and books.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 15.—Experimental Farm Assistant.

Duties: To be responsible, under the Superintendent, for experimental work in horticulture, particularly in pomology; to conduct investigations and research relating to plant breeding and other problems in pomology, as assigned; to keep records of experiments, and to handle correspondence relating thereto; to prepare results of investigations for publication and lectures; and to do other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Graduation from an agricultural college of recognized standing, with specialization in horticulture; post-graduate degree course, with specialization in pomology, with training in genetics, physiology and histology; at least

one year of post-graduate experience in experimental work in pomology; research ability; supervisory ability; good address.

Making the Grade

IT HAS been remarked that occasionally boys who do not do well in their school studies, sometimes do very well in after life. As a result, a theory has arisen that there is no great need to be concerned over lads who are not getting on in school as well as might be wished. It is possible, too, that students sometimes have an inkling of this theory and console themselves accordingly when their term reports are not entirely satisfactory. It is a dangerous theory, however, and it is better to be on the safe side and try to make the grade in school and college.

It is no doubt true that many boys who do not do well in school, do very well subsequently, but it is also true that no boy is hindered from going ahead in after life because he stood high in his school work.

"For more than thirty years," says Frank A. Furst, a noted American engineer, "I have hand-picked the employees of my company from among students who won honors in school. And, today, these 'medal boys' are the very backbone of my organization. Without exception they have proved that my confidence in them was well placed. One of my boys is now vice-president of one of the largest banks in the country; another succeeded me two years ago when I resigned from the presidency of my company to become chairman of the board of directors. In my opinion, all this talk about poor, or indifferent, pupils outdistancing honor men, in business, is tommyrot. Other things being equal, boys who make the grade in school are pretty likely to make the grade in life."

Petroleum

ARTICLE No. 3.—The third pocket manual of the common commodities and industries series, published by Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond St., Toronto, deals with a commodity and industry that is becoming of growing importance in the Dominion of Canada—that of petroleum.

Among the fifteen chapter headings are such as petroleum and its origin; the oil-fields of the world; how petroleum is produced; petroleum as a fuel; petroleum in the British Empire; and, a few notable petroleum industries.

The manual is freely illustrated, and carefully indexed. Charts and statistical tables are also included. A chapter is devoted to the shale-oil industry, and the position of Canada is dealt with in the chapter relating to petroleum in the British Empire.

The author, Albert Lidgett, who is editor of the *Petroleum Times*, has written in language free from technicalities and has succeeded in producing a volume that is interesting not only to students of the industry but also to general readers. He says that of a truth we live today in an age of oil, for the products of petroleum are inseparable from our daily life. Refined petroleum breathes the breath of power to the internal combustion engine which claims a realm of its own on land and sea, in the air, and under ocean waters; it also gives artificial light to countless millions in all corners of the world under a variety of circumstances and dissimilar conditions, while the wheels of industry unceasingly revolve consequent upon oil lubrication. Petroleum is said to derive its name from the Latin *petra oleum*, which, literally, is rock oil, and equivalents of the name are found in many languages.

Job speaks of the rock which poured him out rivers of oil; in Maccabees we find that the priests hid the fire which they took from the altar in a deep pit without water, while Nehemiah called the liquid which burst into flame and kindled a great fire by the name of "Nephthar, which is as much to say, a cleansing; but many call it Nephai." And so, in many parts of the Old as well as in the New Testament, oil is clearly referred to, and, in Biblical times, as much later, was looked upon as a sacred fire.

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Console tables of many types are popular for hall use, this shallow, rounded example being very good for the rather narrow hall

Does Your House Satisfy You?

This is the Season for Changes and Improvements

ARE you taking your house for granted—with the indifference, perhaps, which may mean that it is giving you no real satisfaction, no active enjoyment; or with the actual dissatisfaction which sets up a yearning for something different.

A little of the right kind of dissatisfaction is likely to be a good thing in relation to home-making, as philosophers have told us it is in certain other connections. It is certainly the desire for better things that is at the root of most of the progress of the world. Of course it is important that the yearning we indulge in should be a healthy yearning and any effort toward improvement, a constructive and justifiable one—not just idle repining or ugly envy and discontent. The beautifying of our homes is not and never should be a matter of keeping up with the Joneses—it is a matter of keeping up with *ourselves*, with our love of beautiful things, our appreciation of refined and delightful surroundings; our growing knowledge of the materials of successful home-making. We all feel that we are quite right in spending a proper part of our income on furnishing our houses and making them lovely; most of us have to give considerable thought to making that allotted sum of money work for us to the best advantage.

It is safe to say that the average home of the average family is able to strike a note of greater attractiveness today than ever before; and along with that, it can be an easier house to take care of and a more practical, livable, comfortable, fits-the-needs-of-the-family home than was ever possible before.

With this greater accessibility of comfort—and pleasure-giving furnishings, has grown wider appreciation, keener knowledge, on the part of people in

By
Katherine M. Caldwell

general. It is amazing how much the average householder knows nowadays about the proper construction of this kind of furniture and that, about furnishings that will stand up to the particular usage demanded of them. Much of this knowledge comes from the frankness of the manufacturers—when they are making a good product, they are willing to take us into their confidence and tell us in what way they have constructed something of which they are proud. It is also interesting to note how the delight in an artistic and attractive home has spread, to observe the study which people are giving to these matters today. All these things are naturally raising our standards, making us more critical of our homes as they stand and giving us the necessary encouragement to strike out on changes that would improve them.

As I started by implying — one has first to awaken to a need, if something is to be done to fill it; or, being already aware of the need, one must realize that *something* can probably be done to improve matters—to at least get on the way towards later complete satisfaction.

SUPPOSE you decide that perhaps *you* are taking your house too much for granted; that it might be a source of much greater pleasure and pride or it might offer greater comfort than it does at the moment. In that case, even though you are very busy, even though you may not feel affluent enough to plan any extensive buying, even though you feel too inexperienced to say exactly what is wrong and try to right it—let me urge you to make one good clear critical survey of your house, trying

to really see it just as an outsider would, and also just as all the family do; to feel its good points and its bad ones.

Starting at the front door . . . When it opens to guests or to home-comers, is the effect one of cheerful welcome? It should be, no matter what the size, shape or treatment of the hall may be.

The vestibule or entrance porch or whatever link exists between your interior and outdoors, is it, perchance, shabby of floor? It would take but a few cents and a few minutes to give it a new coat of varnish stain or build up several coats of a hard-wearing floor paint or lacquer, according to the floor's present finish. Or perhaps no more than two or three square yards of good inlaid linoleum would be your choice—a tile pattern, one closely resembling real terra cotta tiles, perhaps, would raise that little porch to trimness. The same treatment could be carried right through the hall, if you have not a good hardwood floor there; or perhaps you would like to lay the foundation for one of the very smart modernistic treatments by using a black and cream or brown and cream or two tones of gray in bold block pattern or marbled effect—the wood trim stained or painted to match and a little very simple furniture carrying out the idea. Sometimes quite a small hall, difficult in shape and heretofore hopelessly dull in appearance, can be made particularly individual and charming by such methods.

If it is ill-lighted, by all means have a light wall; it will do wonders in improving things. If your newly observant eye decides that the hall is overcrowded by a clumsy old hat-stand, for instance, or too large a table, shift the offender out boldly. Use a single tall-backed chair in its stead, making

Continued on page 67

The Canadian Authors at Calgary

Where East Met West With Mutual Benefit and the Redman as Host—By Westerner

JUST out of the City of Calgary a few miles the Sarcee Indian Reserve dots the foothills with specks of color like a giant crazyquilt thrown against the verdant slopes, and visiting celebrities are always taken to see this, one of the last remaining outposts of the redman. For Sarcee is part of Calgary own history.

"Look at me," says that thriving metropolis, with quite justifiable pride, "I am clean, æsthetic, progressive. I combine a thoroughgoing up-to-dateness with all of my own Western individuality. On my bustling streets chic women of fashion rub shoulders, figuratively, with swaggering cowmen in chaps and sombreros. Shiny limousines pull up on Eighth Avenue or on First Street to let a string of Indians on piebald ponies pass. The insignificant little cowtown which was the Calgary of 1898 has become a great city from which radiate enticing motor-roads and trails in a score of directions. And then of course we've got Banff!"

So it naturally came about that when a large delegation of Canadian writers from all over the Dominion gathered in Calgary recently to hold their annual convention a trip to Sarcee was one of the highlights of the programme.

It was a warm, sunny morning with the dew still heavy on the prairie grass, and with gophers skipping across our path and the waysides alive with robins, grackles, song - sparrows and woodpeckers, and fragrant with the breath of wild roses. Against the deep blue of the Alberta sky the distant outline of the Rocky Mountains stood out faintly, like the finest tracery. Our string of motor cars sang and hummed along the smooth gravel roads, each turn and twist opening up enchanting new vistas, and the fragrant breeze carrying to our nostrils the odors of Gilead's balm, wolf-willow, clover and sweetgrass. Blooming in richest profusion all along the way were starry daisies, great black-eyed susans, bluebells and larkspur, and the excellent condition of the crops was a matter for universal comment.

To be sure the roads didn't last the whole way, but that was a mere bagatelle. When we left the gravel and debouched on to the tundra we realized that a prairie trail is rather a precarious thing—uncertain, coy and treacherous—especially after heavy rains. (June in this section had been very wet, they told us.) The roadbed may appear firm enough to the casual eye, but—negotiate it with prayer!

Of course part of the fun was in getting stalled. Those cars which didn't stall were looked upon with suspicion and resentment. Our car was the first to sink in a nice soft juicy rut, which mishap—since we were the second in line—naturally held up all of the machines following. After struggling in vain for a purchase, with the wheels whirling round and round to no purpose, our driver gave up and allowed himself to be towed by the car immediately behind, which feat was accomplished because the driver of that one contrived very cleverly to pass us, though by only the barest margin. A farmer, we are told, would have charged us fifteen dollars, and as authors are notoriously anything but wealthy—well, the question answers itself, does it not? The driver who did the rescue act was a

slim young girl, by the way. She was in this section of the West for the purpose of doing driving stunts for a movie company and she had been commended for the occasion. Guiding a carful of poets into the camp of the Redman must have seemed to her a tame task in comparison with her ordinary duties.

shake hands with us. We were one and all made welcome by this delightful couple and ushered up the shaded walk to the rectory lawn, where a large tepee stood. The poles which held the wigwam up protruded above it several feet and were decorated with several luxuriant horses' tails and a set of buffalo horns. The Indians were drawn up around

it in the most picturesque array, the braves in full regalia and war-paint and the squaws gay with head-shawls of scarlet and yellow and purple and green, and with moccasins encrusted with bead-work. There were numbers of charming little papooses too.

Pacing up and down before the group was the great chief of the tribe wrapped in meditation and a scarlet, all-enveloping blanket. Great beads of perspiration chased themselves down his painted old cheeks. At once a battery of kodaks opened fire upon him, whereupon he deigned to smile faintly and proceeded to strike a variety of majestic attitudes. His lieutenant stood nearby and received the visitors. This gentleman was garbed in a suit of white leather, fringed along the edges, and he didn't appear to be much cooler than his chief, for he, too, perspired prodigiously. (Have we not mentioned that it was a warm day?) We drew up in close formation facing scene, anxious for the ceremony to begin which should make our president an honorary member of the tribe. There was some little

delay and a good deal of impatience thereat. What were we waiting for, anyway? A handsome young brave, resplendent in chaps, beaded vest, high ornate moccasins and huge black sombrero, answered: "Some more cars come yet. Mebbe stuck in mud. Ha!"

The president, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, thought he might as well kill time with a little smoke, so he walked forward and said: "How do, Chief," at the same time tendering his packet of cigarettes. The Indian grunted sociably, annexed four smokes at once and proceeded to light them in a little bundle. Dr. Roberts fastidiously took one, leaned forward and got a light from his red brother. They did the peace-pipe act in silence for a few moments. The mosquitoes had also turned out in force for the epic occasion but they seemed to prefer the flavor of the visitors for never a one appeared to pester the redskins. The younger squaws, by the way, wore silk hosiery and while our own feminine contingent practically never left off swatting their ankles, these dusky flappers were happily immune, at least to all appearance. Why this discrimination on the part of the skeeters? The question furnished a lively topic for conversation on the way home. Meanwhile we kept moving about in the hope that the incessant swarms would become discouraged, and quit. Passing largesse about among the papooses—shiny nickels, peppermints, chocolate bars, gum, etc.—helped to fill in the waiting minutes.

Finally it was agreed that everybody likely to be coming at all must by now have arrived and the ceremonial began. It was a simple enough affair. Two gentlemen of the Press led Dr. Roberts forward and placed him in front of the receiving line, which consisted of the big chief, his lieutenant, and



In the Front Row are: Mr. Wyatt Johnston, Miss G. H. Mackay, Mrs. Gertrude Pringle, Miss E. G. Bayne, Mr. Arthur Stringer, Miss Helen O'Connor, Dr. E. A. Hardy, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts (President), Dr. Kirby, Miss M. Folinsee, Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy, Dr. A. A. Graham, Miss Helen Creighton, Mrs. Mary Alexander and Dr. Watson. Others in the Group are: Mr. Donald French, Mrs. Alice MacMillan Thurston, Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, Mr. Gerald Wade, Miss Eugenie Perry, Mr. Lawrence Burpee, Miss Amy Roe, Miss Erma Fraser, Mrs. Enoch McKowan, Mrs. M. Waagen, Mr. J. Thompson, Mrs. Marion Wathen Fox. Many of these writers are contributors to *The Western Home Monthly*.

But we do not mean to unduly emphasize the state of the roads, and anyway most writers are philosophical and have a sense of humor. (Any sort of acquaintance with editors and their rejection slips is bound to develop such qualities!) So we laughed our troubles off with merry quips.

"Ten miles as the crow flies"? murmured one of Canada's well-known novelists, a gentleman who is said to have tried all of twenty-two publishers before having his first novel accepted. "More like ten miles as the duck waddles! But I don't mind. I'd rather be here than at home reading proof."

And even a lady novelist preserved her good humor, when, having minced daintily over the ruts to what she thought was a safe spot, her car in threshing its way through the wet gumbo sent her a baptismal shower that all but ruined her nice new summer suit.

"A few dollars will clean it," she said, cheerfully, "but you couldn't buy another morning like this. Just smell that clover!"

The trail had been blazed for us by the Indians, which means that every hundred yards or so a small stake had been driven into the ground from which fluttered a scrap of red bandanna hanky. At one point instead of this red flag there appeared an old moccasin hung on the stake—a hint from poor Lo that walking might be best here.

The remnant of the Sarcee tribe are under the beneficent care of Reverend Archdeacon Tims and his wife, veterans of the trail who have been in Western Canada more than thirty-five years. When we had passed across a series of fenced fields, each with its gate to be opened and closed immediately, we caught a glimpse of the charming rectory half-hidden amongst the poplars in the distance, and of the venerable Archdeacon himself standing at the entrance to the long box-hedged lane, waiting to

Continued on page 70



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236 M

QUALITY IN EVERY BOX

When Work is Fun

By Constance Travers Sweatman

SOME time ago, somewhere, I read an article by somebody, the title of which stayed with me after the context had dissolved in time.

"There's no fun like work."

To suit my own philosophy, I would amend that title thus: "There is no fun like work with one's heart in it."

This summer, I have seen proof of this philosophy. I have seen the joyous labor of a man who was, in France before the war, a sculptor. In that interlude of horror, 1914-1918, he gave himself to his country as did so many millions—and came out of the maelstrom nerve-racked, body-worn—and with a spirit indomitable; as did so many of those who came out at all.

He came to Canada. He was lonely. He was lost. His life had been the creation of pure beauty; his necessity was to earn a living for himself and his wife in any way that he could find.

He found a way—but the beauty in it was not obvious. He found a livelihood at Matlock, managing the general store. It sufficed, but did not satisfy—at first.

But now!

He did me the honor of personally conducting me through the materialization of his dreams.

He drove me on his old Ford truck, and told me of practical details as we followed the signs which marked the way. The signs themselves were promising; no square-cornered solid blocks of wood bluntly telling the wayfarer, "This way to Colledge's park"—but a bird in flight, colorful, seducing one to follow after, to Sans-Souci!

Watching him in the rapt unfolding of his vision, you know he must succeed. There is that sparkle in the eye—that alertness in the voice—that quick turn of phrase which goes with clean-cut thinking—the diction and enthusiasm of the practical dreamer—the creative artist.

With what small store of money he had, he bought one hundred and forty acres of cheap swampy land on the lake-shore south of Matlock. To the strictly utilitarian mind that land would have suggested just one possibility—swamp hay. The practical side of the artist—the side which demands creation in some form or other—saw "hay," too; and on the meadow stretch, his hay is cut and stacked—most business-like!

But I saw that only after I had seen everything else.

A turn in the road, and the truck slowed down.

"Hyde Park Gate!" I marvelled, and there it was, in the woods of Manitoba! All the grace, the dignity, the mellow charm of that great entrance in London—reproduced with what labor, what patience, what rich imagination!—in cedar logs, cut with exquisite care, to carry out in fine simplicity the beautiful idea. A lovely memory, no doubt, made tangible.

Piqued by that charming approach, I followed my guide past a quaint lamp-post—no lamp, as yet; but never mind that, art is long, and the lamp will come in time—carved from a great tree-trunk with a noble spreading root as it's firm base.

There is a low building on the right, made of whole cedar logs, a thing of easy flowing lines, of gently-sloping roof, jutting over an unorthodox booth in an unusual setting—for even in Sans-Souci, thirst assails us, and the sound of popping bottle-tops must be.

Here, there, and everywhere are seats of delicate design. Here is a crooked root, ingeniously carved to comfort; there is a curved bench of tiny cedar logs, in original and lovely pattern.

There is one note in Sans-Souci which I rather fancy jars on its originator; there are wild animals in captivity, than which I think there is no more depressing thing among the many depressing things planned in the name of "Amusement." There must, I suppose, be some "amusement," even in lovely Sans-Souci. Wherein, I wondered, lay the attraction in those captives of the forests, shut in behind netting, forever pacing to and fro, forever gazing out into the spaces that are theirs by every right of nature. Is it that we others, we captives of convention, we slaves to necessary rules and laws, to the struggle for existence, like to feel by foolish contrast that we, the never-to-be-free, are at large while those who might be really free, are ensnared for our "amusement?" If those wistful-eyed and nervous ones behind the bars but knew at what they gazed with envy!

Along the sandy pleasant path, there are twin giant mushrooms. See them—and feel as small as Hop-o'-my-Thumb, of whom you loved to hear when you were very small indeed. And there's the great spider watching always in his silky web—if you feel no delicious shiver of loathing down your spine at sight of him, you have missed one of Sans-Souci's most alluring thrills.

There are shady by-paths to cool dells of fern; there is a thatched roof on a small two-story house with a lean-to at its side, a thatched roof also there, and brave cedar posts supporting it. You will be transported to the farm lands in the south of France, and fancy you hear the cluckings and the scoldings of fussing hens with broods.

And along another winding path is a fountain in embryo, and the promise of a lily pond beside it.

"Drainage; many things, yet to be done. It is nothing yet, my park," says its creator, in that odd English which is never wholly English on the French tongue. "It is yet but my thought of what I hope some day it may be. I may never live to see it finished—and to carry out my ideas there must be money. But some day, I know there shall be beauty here."

Money, yes. But of what use would endless money be, without that gift of vision which sets such men as this apart?

There is for the creative artist but that one sacred rule—that one never-to-be-forgotten stern commandment, whereby in the keeping of it, work becomes fun, and bitter toil sweet consecration to a dream.

"There shall be beauty here!"

Sir Autumn

By Mrs. R. N. Matheson

O, Autumn climbed the cliffs today
And Autumn roams the Plain,
He trails his gown of gold and brown
Through every field and lane,
And all the trees in wonder sing
A new song to the sky,
While flowers to the chorus bring
Their last faint melody.

But June has grown very wise
And silent counsel keeps,
Nor will surmise nor show surprise
Though leaves be piled in heaps,
Nor is she envious of her
Who danced with Autumn's king,
"Assuredly" she will aver
Will come another Spring.

When Autumn comes with sombre face
New sounds ring out in air,
—A lullaby, a plaintive sigh—
A sadness everywhere,
He takes the hand of Summer fair
And to a stately tune
They pass along through gardens rare
Before the face of June.

"And Spring indeed belongs to me,
He wins me with his smile,
His eyes that shine look into mine,
His kindly ways beguile,
Though Autumn may Dame Summer take,
I know a secret rune—
That Spring will all the flowers wake
Then seek the hand of June."



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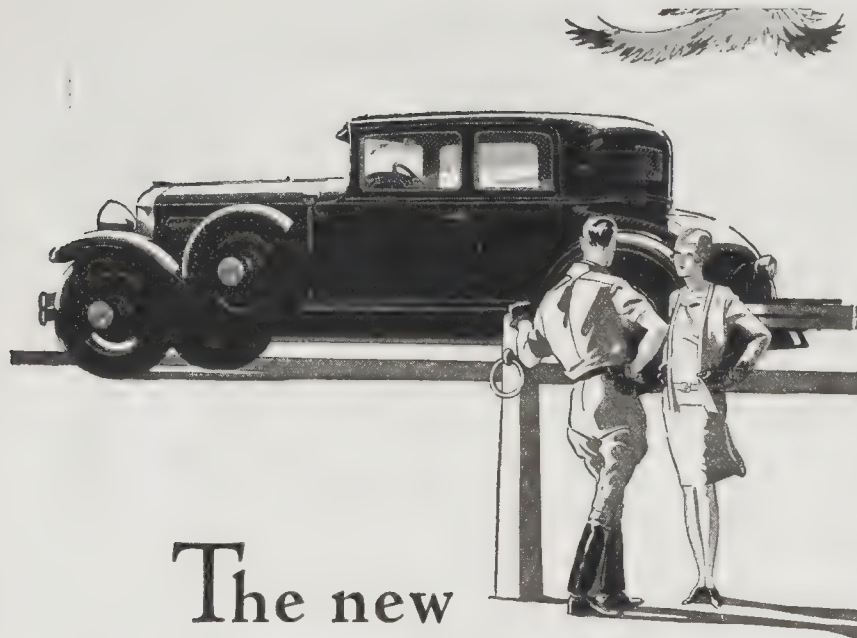
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CENTURY

SIX AND EIGHT

Lucky Kid

By Howard S. Smith

"YOU know, the Boers were deadly rifle shots," Colonel Edward L. Ponsersby, retired, of the 47th Royal Lancers, broke off in the middle of a sentence, allowing himself to be interrupted by his own lips as he sipped appreciatively at his brandy and soda, "and," he continued, "even at the distance of a mile, if our men were lighting a cigarette, by the time the flame from a match had illuminated the features of the third smoker those Dutch Devils invariably had him on the sights and dropped him. There's your superstition of 'Three off one match'."

"Very interesting, Colonel," remarked Raoul De Coucé, editor of "La Vie Petite," as he too lifted his glass.

"Yes, its funny how these superstitions and expressions develop out of ordinary incidents," said Big Jim Byrnes, head of the Byrnes Detective Agency. "But let's get into dinner, and I'll tell you a story along the same line when we finish."

The three men who rose from their easy chairs around the fireplace of the International Club lounge seemed to be men of entirely different types with nothing in common excepting their wealth.

Colonel Ponsersby was a typical English Army Officer. Good humored blue eyes, a face reddened by the wind of the farthest outposts of the Empire, close cut iron-gray hair and close-cropped moustache. The only child of a wealthy banker, he had taken to the army as a career.

Raoul De Coucé whose dark hair and black eyes marked him as coming from pure French stock had made a name for himself in the field of letters.

Big Jim Byrnes first pounded a beat as a member of a large city's police force till now at the age of forty-five his shrewdness had brought him to the proprietorship of the Byrnes Detective Agency. His keen gray eyes mounted by a high forehead and a wealth of red-brown hair, held his secret of success.

An hour elapsed before the trio returned to the lounge and resumed their chairs.

They sat looking into the fire until De Coucé interrupted the reverie:

"Well, Jim, how about the story you promised us before dinner?"

"Oh! yes," smiled Byrnes, "I hope it won't bore you."

"Don't worry about that. Go ahead."

"Well, to start with, before I went into business for myself," he began, "I worked for Tom Kelly who ran the Kelly Agency. My job there was a sort of specialist in pickpockets. That is why I left him, I wanted more variety. To get back to the story. The race tracks throughout the country have suffered and I suppose always shall suffer, from these sneak thieves, and at every meet they had six or seven men from different agencies mingling in the crowd, with two or three others standing at the gate refusing admission to any known pickpockets."

"For almost a year and a half," he continued, "it was part of my job to move from track to track, wherever our firm had a contract."

"After the first six months, I had picked up a fair knowledge of the horses and friendships with many of the owners and jockeys. I made it a point to bet on the races as little as possible. But I used to get a tip once in a while and I did place bets."

"We were at a track in California at the time and I had become friendly with Bill Page, an old timer who owned a string of six mediocre horses."

"One of his racers, Lucky Kid, had been purchased at auction for \$150. She was a little chesnut filly, built for speed, but no amount of schooling seemed to make her break fast at the barrier. Her distance was six furlongs and many the time the clockers had caught her at 1.11 1/5. During the workouts, she was as fast as a jack rabbit before a prairie fire. Lucky Kid was game and, other than the fact that she was left at the post ten times out of ten, she would have been a big money horse."

"One morning, while I was watching the workouts, old Bill came up to me. 'Be sure and get a bet on Lucky Kid, she's running in the fifth today,' he said, 'be sure, I ain't kiddin', that's a hot tip.' 'I told him I would, for I knew that that filly was meat and drink to him—home, wife and child—education, love, tobacco and sleep. However, I had no intention of keeping my word—the filly's reputation was too bad.'

"That afternoon was an exceptionally quiet one for me. Toward the end of the fourth race, I walked over to the Odds Board and saw that the odds on Lucky Kid had been brought up from their usual 30 to 1 to 80 to 1, due to the fact that there were fourteen horses in the race. The temptation was too great. A five dollar bill would bring me \$400 and perhaps the old-timer did have something up his sleeve. I weakened and bet a five on Lucky Kid to win. I no sooner had my ticket than I cursed myself for a fool."

"Oh! well! It was done. I might just as well, I thought, see my five dollars get left at the post, so I walked over to where I could get a good view of the start."

"They were parading when I arrived and Lucky Kid looked as pretty as a royal straight-flush. But there is many a pretty woman has a vile temper."

"I noticed as they lined up at the barrier that Jockey Enter, one of the best boys on the circuit, was up on the filly. He ought to be able to win with her if anyone could."

"As I watched, Lucky Kid jumped and quivered—Enter had all he could do to hold her from breaking. If she would jump like that when the barrier was sprung there wasn't a horse in the race that could head her. The thought of dope ran through my mind but the filly's actions were not those of a doped horse. Then I noticed Loop, the horse on Lucky Kid's right, go through the identical motions which had drawn my attention to the filly."

"Being a detective and having that sixth sense necessary in my business, probably accounted for my ensuing actions."

"I saw a rustle in the long grass beside the track. My eyes left the line of horses and focused on the spot where I had seen the movement nor did they wander when the barrier was sprung and the cry 'They're Off,' resounded over the track."

"They told me after that Lucky Kid broke fast, outclassed and outgamed her opposition. The only real threat was in the early stages when Loop drew up to challenge her but was raced into submission before the stretch, Lucky Kid winning by a length and a half."

"As the beating of the hoofs resounded in my ears I saw a young negro leap from the grass carrying what was apparently a stick, and make for the paddock."

"I gave chase and caught him as he was about to enter a deserted stall in one of the stables."

"Well, what have you got there?" I asked him.

"'Nothin', boss, jest an air-rifle. I weren't doin' no harm,' he answered."

"I laughed, I could not help it. 'So you were taking pot shots at Lucky Kid from the rear, eh?' I demanded."

"At first he denied, but eventually confessed. He pleaded with me not to tell old Bill. Some of the colored boys had worked out the scheme, he told me, and playing on Old Bill's superstitions informed him that they had consulted a Voodoo doctor who had assured them that Lucky Kid would win. During the shooting, the boy told me, he had missed once and hit Loop by mistake. 'Ma heart went into ma mouf, boss.'"

"The story circulated around the track," Byrnes concluded, "and that, gentlemen, is how the common racing expression, 'They're shooting her over today,' originated."



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they're
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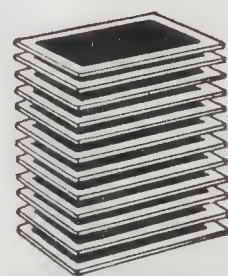
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The Luck of Thin Women

ANNE RITTENHOUSE in "The Well Dressed Woman" states:—
There was a time in the scheme of fashion when the pale, anaemic type of woman had no hope to make her impression as a smartly-frocked person. She had reason for discouragement. Suddenly, out of the sartorial skies, her chance came when France made it fashionable to look anaemic after four years of fighting, because a well-nourished face was not patriotic. Paris, always dramatic!

As France sways the world in dress so she sways the physical appearance of women, and one of the many things the first battle of the Marne did was to bring into fashion the pale women. Red cheeks were whitened, even if lips were reddened. The women who looked anaemic might be as strong as iron, for doctors have proved that color in the cheeks is not necessarily a sign of health; but sick or well, the pale woman was suddenly swirled to the pinnacle of fashion. For years she has held her position as the enviable type, the kind for whom smart clothes are built. In our present historical era she is the one who can make the most of fashion as it exists, because fashion is designed especially for her, let follow who will.

It may be discourteous to suggest in this connection that every dog has his day, but the phrase slips out when discussing the attenuated, whitened class of women. After the fall of Jane Austen's heroines the world pedestaled the vivid woman. Now it looks askance at her coloring, but it demands a fine measure of health in her successor.

The remarkable fact concerning pale women is the amazing virility, endurance, and evident organic health of this type. It is difficult to explain. Doctors take it under serious consideration. Those who write at length on the ever-absorbing topic of health—which is the outstanding fetish of this generation—never fail to settle upon the new, frail type of fashionable woman as the basis of argument.

Those who speak according to tradition and write of the past and not of the present, point to the thin, pale type as one to be avoided. Such as these counsel fruit, fresh water, open air exercise, making the commonplace utterances of those who do not move along with world currents.

The truth is that as a rule this type can stand more punishment than the florid women, or one of large structure, or of red cheeks and well-covered bones.

Frail as she appears, she is usually more enduring than the pronounced athletic type. Women of this drooping, undulating structure often bear children of strength, weight, and health without devastating their own physical structure. They are able to stand nervous strain better than the full-blooded woman.

The reasons behind such amazing endurance have not been explained. Probably the type confuses students, for it disproves that which they wish to urge upon our sex. But that phase of it lies with the doctors; why her type governs the output of clothes is easily explained. She is the delight of the creative dressmaker because one can take any liberty with her lack of coloring and her slender, swaying surfaces. She presents the ideal skeleton.

As a rule this type has a narrow, shallow chest; rounded, sloping shoulders; a spinal column rarely straight and never rigid, an absence of curves, but strange to say it has sturdy legs. Below the knees the body presents a striking contrast to the portion above the knees. In this fact, say the doctors, lies the strength of the type. Those who study anatomy say the legs indicate bodily endurance, not the size of chest or waist. Thus is another tradition thrown to the waves as superfluous ballast.

The middle-aged version of this emaciated type, however, is usually thin from neck to heels. Her body was not developed through the open-air activities of modern life. She did not dance several times a week, nor play golf and tennis, she did not walk a certain distance every day for her health. The Daily Dozen were unknown.

The thin, white youngster glories in her structure, but the old woman of this type has not learned to realize she is in the best of fashion and that there is no need to bolster up her figure, that all she need do is

to offer her structure as it is to the whims of designers of modern clothes.

Designers of clothes encourage pale, thin women of today to make the best of cosmetics. One wonders why they should use rouge when they are avoiding the look of vigor. The short cut to a conclusion is nearer the truth than most argument; it is that the French have taught Americans that Nature puts its color in the wrong place and Art rights that wrong. Most Americans know this secret now and abide by it. They put color where it gives the best facial expression, which is an ancient art of the Orientals.

Americans have learned they can make up their faces to suit any type of costume, provided they have a bony white structure to work on. Such a face is easily used as a foundation for applied art, whereas the woman with florid, vivid face can only apply whitewash which, whatever its value on a fence, is not attractive on a face.

Pulpiters and reformers, in their tilt against modern vanities, like to limit the painted faces to the rich and fashionable or to those without character or industry. Often they mention, loosely, the name of the Biblical Jezebel. But those who know women realize they will buy cosmetics even if they must go without lunch; and they use them in the name of art, not in the name of perversity.

It is in prohibition of applied cosmetics that the old-fashioned anaemic type differs from the new fragile type. The woman of fifty years who was brought up in the old school of convention would not or could not turn herself into the dashing thin woman who follows the fashions of the hour. She would not wear strikingly cut clothes to exploit her emaciation, nor put a line of red on her lips to soften their contour, nor have her hair permanently curled to tumble it about her face in the coiffure which the French invented after the Great War in memory of escape from the guillotine.

Fashion designers say to pale, thin women: Dress up to your type. Wear striking clothes. Do not be Jenny Wrens. Accentuate your thinness, your whiteness. Exploit the droop of the figure, the slope of the shoulders. Do not eat to grow fat. Do not exercise to bring red to the cheeks. Keep down the blood pressure. Then, and only then can we dress you as we dress no other type in the world. For you we can design the amazing clothes to make you envied of all women.

A young woman willingly takes such advice. Older woman will be fearful of it. Yet if the latter would succeed in their clothes they must make the best of themselves according to the dictates of the dressmaker. They must learn to be aware of their merits and virtues. They must not conceal, explain, or be ashamed. It is the new creed.

If they dress demurely, if they avoid a touch of rouge or powder, if they let wisps of hair hang limply over a white bony face, if they put frills across the bust and padding in the shoulders, they put themselves out of the picture in this era. They are failures. They have lost their chance.

An anaemic woman must avoid neutral tones unless she is an artist in applied cosmetics. She must omit gray, mauve, and black unless they are brilliantly enhanced and conspicuously cut. If her hair has not color and lustre, she must go against scarlet, purple, and vivid green; if her hair permits and her eyes have not lost their keenness, she should swing these colors defiantly in the public eye. A softening line of red on the lips permits her to do much with colors once forbidden her type.

Her skirts must be short or trail on the floor, but they must do one or the other. Her sleeves may be wrist length or two inches from the shoulders, but they must not be elbow or three-quarter length. Such compromises are ugly.

Her hats may cut many capers and dash out at many angles, provided she knows how to arrange her hair, but she should remember that brims to shadow the eyes add to the lure of her face.

She can dare to wear jewelry which the large and highly colored woman must regard as a peril. Her thin neck and small shoulders are unsubstantial but artistic foundations for strings of pearls or colored beads. The thin arms can hold many bracelets. Her small face, with its bone structure outlined, permits extravagant earrings.

She can adopt crinoline or reduce her draperies to Grecian simplicity. The bizarre was invented for her. Her life need not be one of elimination and self-sacrifice in costumery. It may be one of accumulation and self-indulgence. She is a lucky woman. Yet thousands of her type need to be convinced of their luck. They still despair.

Where the attenuated women no longer young, encounters difficulty is in the half-low afternoon frock or the wholly low evening frock.

Often the neck and upper chest present too much framework of bone to be attractive. When the collar bones stand out in rigid lines, when there are ugly hollows on each side, when bones do not merge into the shoulders with grace and smoothness, one is compelled to treat the chest and neck with dexterity and sophistication.

The task is not as difficult as that which confronts the stout woman whose shoulders are too well-padded, who carries a ridge of flesh at back of neck, whose skin is purplish. Yet each woman must contrive to conceal the defects that exist, choosing different methods.

The scarf of tulle, of figured silk, of fluffy marabou shuttles in and out the web of fashion as first aid to the overly slender chest and shoulder, but when out of style it is so utterly discarded by those who mold fashion that it cannot be depended upon for aid. There are few eras, however, in which a fur scarf is not permissible, although weather and temperature are important factors in its use.

Women who steadfastly cling to a high collar of net to conceal a scrawny neck are not wise. It is an ungracious adjunct to the figure and to the costume and it pushes whatever flesh there is into an ugly line under chin and ears. A jeweled dog collar, a band of black velvet often give the same ungracious effect. A slender ribbon of black velvet, not too tightly drawn, and fastened with a flat jeweled slide, has merit if it is not worn in the middle of the neck. To get its full benefit, it should be worn nearer the chin than the chest.

Any rigid line around the neck is not good. This fact should be accepted by the thin and the stout woman. The shoulders stand hard lines better than the neck. The best disguise to wrinkles, hollows, and bones are necklaces. Three or four strings of pearls can be worn, also any softly toned jewels that appear to sink into the flesh. Artificial pearls are exquisitely fashioned these days and not even the most haughty women refuse to wear them. Several graduated strands are better than a single rope.

A long string of small pearls carelessly wound around the neck several times, the loops successively longer in front, most graciously conceals defects of the neck. It is as ancient as Babylon, as artistic as China. It was revived into modern fashion during the post-war period when women adopted the Oriental fashion of covering the bare spaces of the body with jewels, real and artificial, doing it with such abandon and lack of good taste that all jewelry was commonized.

A careless winding of small pearls around the neck is a fashion that many women should indulge in the day as in the night. It is the salvation of the thin and wrinkled neck, but it should be avoided by one whose neck is short and stout.

It is necessary for a woman with a full or short neck to wear graduated pearls, the tiny ones placed behind the ears, but the woman with a thin neck need not choose so discreetly. The small size of of her neck permits large pearls to go at the back without disaster. By the same reasoning she can wear round stones and need not limit necklaces to flat ones. The woman with a stout neck must pick the tiniest jewels for that part of the necklace that reaches above and behind the collar bone, and if she has a bulge of flesh at nape of neck the clasp of the necklace must be flat, oblong, inconspicuous.

On a thin neck the clasp may be large, circular and protuberant, for it is better to see jewels resting against bones than sinking between rolls of flesh.

The Suspicion Seems Reasonable

One spoon of whisky, found in a grocery store, was enough to make a case, a new Brunswick judge ruled. Bootleggers, we suspect, could make two cases out of it.—Montreal Gazette.



Beauty Wins—Beauty Keeps

The secret of keeping beauty lies in keeping that schoolgirl complexion, as millions know who follow this simple daily rule:

*In Paris, too,
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Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.



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BEAUTY is not mere regularity of features, or a shade of hair. It is an ensemble in which a good complexion plays a vital part.

Many otherwise unattractive girls have "lovely eyes," or "a good nose." And many girls are called beautiful whose greatest claim to beauty is a lovely skin.

To be *really* pretty one must keep her natural charm. For even though you use powder and rouge, *naturalness* is your aim. And no beauty can seem natural that has not the base of a naturally lovely skin.

Those authorities who know the most of dermatology—of skin culture—will tell you "washing the face for beauty" is Nature's surest rule.

*Wash with lather of these famed
beauty oils—daily*

The soothing, cleansing oils of olive and palm, as embodied in the famous beauty soap, Palmolive, are recommended, if natural beauty is what you seek.

These gentle cleansers soothingly penetrate the pores, remove accumulations which, if left,

would form into blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

They bring the charm of natural loveliness because they keep the skin cleansed *Nature's* way. To keep that schoolgirl complexion through the years, do this at least once daily:

Do this for one week, then note results

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

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While travelling, as at home, enjoy the delightfully different flavor of this rich, creamy cheese. You'll never tire of it.



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FOR use in home recipes, Chateau Cheese adds new, piquant zest to old, familiar dishes.

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Get a half-pound package today. You'll be delighted with its creamy, golden appearance. You'll like its delicious flavor. That's the real difference in Chateau Cheese.



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Chateau Cheese

A tasty summer snack

Take slices of bread about $\frac{1}{4}$ " thickness. Butter, then spread on Chateau Cheese.

Cut strips of breakfast bacon and lay on cheese.

Heat under broiler until bacon is cooked and cheese will melt readily into the bread.

Women tell us they find these bacon-and-cheese sandwiches a most delightful summer treat.

Chateau Cheese Co., Limited., Ottawa, Ont.

Something for Busy Fingers When the Shadows Lengthen

The Children of Today Advance to a Degree of "Grown Up" Ideas Very Young—and Nowhere is This More Evident Than in Their Desire to Dress as Smartly and Fashionably as Their Older Brothers and Sisters. A Few Moments Spent in Studying the Simple Instructions Which Accompany Each Design Will Demonstrate How Any of These Beautiful and Serviceable Garments May be Knit With But Little Expenditure of Time and Effort, and the Delightful Results Obtained Will Amply Reward You for What is, in Reality, a Surprisingly Easy and Pleasant Task.

Four-piece Outdoor Suit—160

Size 4 years—Down—12 balls Camel; 1 ball each Tobacco and Polo Tan; 1 pair each No. 7 and No. 9 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 9 needles (pointed at each end).

Sweater. Back—On No. 7 needles, with Tobacco wool, cast on 72 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting as follows: 2 rows each Tobacco, Camel, and Polo Tan. Repeat in this manner for 4 inches. Then with Camel continue to knit 1, purl 1, ribbed knitting until work measures 11 inches. Then cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 needles, then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 4 times. Continue to knit until work measures 4¾ inches from cast off sts. On following row cast off 26 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. Knit 8 rows for shoulder. Break wool. Repeat same for other shoulder. Then cast on 32 sts. at neck end. Knit sts.

all on one needle. Continue to knit, and when coming to under-arm increase in same manner as decreased. When work measures 4¾ inches from shoulder then cast on 4 sts. at each end of needle for under-arm. Knit to foot of sweater. Cast off.

Sleeves—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire armhole. Knit 1, purl 1, ribbed knitting for 9 inches. Then on No. 9 needles, knit in pattern as border for 3 inches. Cast off.

Collar—On No. 9 needles, with right side of work towards you pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around entire neck (sts. now on 3 needles). Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 3 inches Camel, then in pattern as border for 4 inches. Cast off. Sew up seams neatly.

Cap—On No. 9 needles, cast on 32 sts. on each of 3 needles. Knit in pattern as border for 3 inches. Then with Camel knit 1, purl 1, ribbed knitting for 7 inches, then knit 2 sts. together, knit 1 st., repeat around row. Knit 1 row plain. Knit 2 sts. together around row. Knit 1 row plain. Draw wool through loops on needle firmly, draw tightly together. Finish with pom-pom on top. Overalls—On No.

7 needles, cast on 84 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 8 rows, then 1 row as follows: Slip 1, *, wool over needle, knit 2 sts. together. Repeat from * across row. Knit 1 row plain. Knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 8 rows. Now knit entire overalls of rib knitting or knit 1, purl 1, which will not be referred to again. Knit 48 sts., turn and knit back. Knit 52 sts., turn and knit back. Knit 56 sts., turn and knit back. Continue knitting 4 more sts. each time until you have knit back all sts. on needle (84 sts.). This forms shape at back. Now increase 1 st. towards back every 6th row until 94 sts. are on needle. Continue to knit until work measures 12 inches on straight edge of work. Now knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every 6th row until 54 sts. are on needle. Continue to knit until work measures 13 inches from start of decreasing. Now knit 39 sts., turn, knit 24 sts. Knit on these 24 sts. 2 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row until 12 sts. are on needle. Break wool. Foot—Tie on wool at side of vamp, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. across side of vamp. Keep 12 sts. on needle. Pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. on other side of vamp. Knit to end of needle (all sts. now on needle). Knit around entire foot 1¾ inches then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle and twice 2 sts.

together in centre of needle every other row 4 times. Cast off. Repeat same for other leg. Sew up each leg as far as decreasing. Sew each side together. Run elastic through holes at waist.

Mitts—On No. 9 needles, cast on 50 sts. Knit 2, purl 3, ribbed knitting for 3 inches. On next row knit 2, purl 2 sts. together, purl 1, repeat across row. Continue now knit 2, purl 2 ribbed knitting for 2 more inches. Now knit 1, purl 1, ribbed knitting for

Thumb—Now put the 14 sts. on the needle, knit 12 rows, then knit 2 sts. together across row. One row purl. Draw sts. through as in hand of mitt. Sew up side seam. Repeat same for other mitt.

Two-Piece Dress—655

Size 6 years—Radiant. 12 balls Pine Green; 3 balls White; 1 pair No. 7 and No. 9 needles.

Back—No. 7 needles, cast on 130 sts. Knit 1, purl 1, 1 row. Purl 1, knit 1, 1 row. Repeat these two rows 5 more times. Now tie on White, and knit in pattern as follows: 1st row—knit 2, *, make 1, knit 2 sts. together, make 1, knit 2 sts. together, make 1, knit 2 sts. together, knit 2. Repeat from * across row, ending with knit 2. 2nd row—knit 2, purl 2. Repeat across row. Repeat these 2 rows twice more. Now in Pine, knit 1, purl 1, 1 row. Purl 1, knit 1, 1 row. Repeat these 2 rows twice more. Repeat these

12 rows twice more. Now with Pine continue in seed stitch as border

until work measures 15 inches, then knit 5 sts. (knit 2

sts. together 60 times).

Knit 5 sts. (70 sts. on

needle). Knit 6 rows in

White as border. Then

with Pine cast on 14 sts.

each end of needle 3

times each end. (42 sts.

extra each end). Con-

tinue to knit in seed st.

until work measures 4½

inches from under arm.

On following row, cast

off 24 sts. in centre for

neck, very loosely. On

one side now knit front.

Knit 3 inches. Break off

wool. Repeat same for

other front. Then cast

on 24 sts. in centre. Knit

sts. all on one needle.

Continue to knit 1½ in-

ches more. Then cast off

sleeves same way as cast

on. Continue in White

pattern for 6 rows. Then

with Pine knit 5 sts. In-

crease 1 st. in each of

next 60 sts. Then knit 5

sts. (130 stitches now on

needle.) Continue to knit

in pattern same as back.

Cast off.

Cuffs—No. 9 needles,

White wool, right side of

work towards you, pick

up and knit 1 st. in each

st. across sleeve. Knit

2, purl 2, rib knitting 3

inches. Cast off.

Neck—With White

wool, right side of work

toward you, starting at

shoulder pick up and

knit 1 st. down one side

of yoke, across front, and up other side of yoke.

Knit 1 row, then 1 row as follows: Wool over needle,

knit 2 sts. together. Repeat across row. Knit 3 rows

plain. Cast off very loosely. Repeat same across back

of neck. Sew up seams neatly, and sew two shoulders

together.

With White wool used double, crochet a chain long

enough to go around yoke, and tie. Finish with

crochet balls on ends.

Sleeveless Sweater—21.

Size 36 to 38—Down. 5 balls Camel; 1 ball each Lemon, Green, Red, Blue, Black; 1 pair No. 7 needles.

Back—Cast on 90 sts., knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 4 inches. Then * knit 3 ridges, 12 rows stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row). Repeat from * in this manner until work measures 16 inches. From now on keep 5 sts. knit plain, each end of needle on purl rows to form border around armhole. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle (6th and 7th st. from each end) every 4th row until 50 sts. on needle. Continue to knit until work measures 8 inches from start of decreasing. Then knit 1 inch but keep 28 sts. in centre of work, knit plain on purl-row as well as its border edges. This forms edge

Continued on page 38



entire hand as follows: Knit 8 rows, on next row start gusset for thumb. Increase 1 st. on 1st st., knit 2 sts., increase 1 st. on 4th st. Knit to end of row. Knit 1 row. Next row increase 1 st. on 1st st., knit 4 sts., increase 1 st. on 6th st. Knit to end of row. Knit 1 row. Repeat these two rows, having 2 more sts. between the increasing sts. until you have 10 sts. between increasing sts. Now slip the 14 sts. off on a thread, knit to end of needle. Cast on 4 sts. Knit 28 rows. To shape top of mitt: 1st row—Knit 2 sts. together, knit 2 sts., repeat to end of row. 2nd row—Purl. 3rd row—Knit 2 sts. together, knit 1 st., repeat to end of row. 4th row—Purl. 5th row—Knit 2 sts. together all across needle. 6th row—Purl. Break off wool. Thread darning needle and run sts. off on to thread. Draw together tightly, fasten on wrong side.

Although teeth are white

STILL..

Pyorrhea strikes

4 out of 5



SO few people realize that dread Pyorrhea attacks even when teeth are snowy white.

And as a result, this foe of health takes heavy toll from 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. A needless sacrifice!

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. Every morning and night use Forhan's for the Gums. As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it.

Without the use of harsh abrasives, it keeps teeth clean and white and also protects

them against acids which cause decay.

Moreover, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. As you may know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's. Use this dentifrice every day. Massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following the directions in the booklet that comes with tube. Teach your children this good habit. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

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Protection Against Typhoid Fever

TYPHOID fever may occur at any time during the year, but it is most prevalent in the late summer and during the autumn months. Typhoid fever germs are taken into the body through the mouth with the food or drink, or by means of direct infection with flies.

Among foods other than milk that are most likely to be exposed to infection and liable to convey typhoid fever are those eaten raw or uncooked. Well-cooked food or properly pasteurized or boiled milk or milk products are safe from the danger of conveying typhoid or other milk-borne or water-borne diseases. Of course, any article handled by a carrier or these diseases may convey the disease, and cooking is no protection, if one should be so unfortunate as to come in contact with food prepared or served by such a person. A "carrier" of a disease is a person who, although not sick with the disease himself, harbors and discharges the germs of a particular disease from his body. The part played by the fly in the spread of typhoid fever and other diseases must, of course, be always kept in mind.

The natural question arises as to how these typhoid germs get into water, milk and other foods. The answer is simple. They come from the bowel and kidney discharges of persons who are suffering from the disease, or who are carriers of the germs. Typhoid fever prevalence, therefore, depends upon insanitary methods in respect to the disposal of the body wastes of the human being.

Typhoid germs, or typhoid plants if you prefer to call them that, may live for some time outside of the body; and in milk which is allowed to stand at moderate or summer temperature, they will increase in large numbers within a few hours, because milk is an ideal food for their growth, as it is for the growth of most germs.

It will be understood, of course, that these little plants are so small that several million of them can be spaced very comfortably in a drop of water or milk, or that a typhoid carrier might harbor enough of them under his fingernail to infect half a dozen people. Flies also carry these germs on their feet if they have had the opportunity of getting them on their feet.

It must be remembered that typhoid germs are living, reproducing plants which grow in and derive their nourishment from our bodies. In their multiplication and growth, they not only take their nourishment from our body cells, but they produce poisons, which are called "toxins," that make us sick and often kill. This, of course, is true of many, in fact, of most, disease germs.

The pasteurization, or the boiling for a few minutes, of milk and the boiling of water when it is of doubtful purity, will remove all danger from typhoid fever and other water-borne diseases. This is an important thing to remember. Not every person who swallows typhoid fever germs has typhoid fever; neither does every

person who comes in contact with poison ivy develop an inflammation of the skin. Just why this is true, we do not definitely know.

The necessity of inoculation against typhoid fever should be emphasized at this period of the year. This is particularly necessary today when so many people go on automobile trips through the country, often visiting out-of-the-way places where due precautions in regard to infection are neglected.

Even those staying in the city should not neglect it; for in those cities where an effort to trace cases is made, it is found that many cases may be traced to "carriers." A carrier may escape detection for a long time, causing perhaps only an occasional infection, which has not aroused suspicion, and then, through coming in contact with milk or some other article of food, start a small epidemic. Again, many carriers excrete typhoid bacilli only intermittently; and this makes their detection extremely difficult.

It is an established fact that a person may be rendered comparatively safe from typhoid fever by inoculation. The duration of this immunity is not exactly known, but it is certainly safest to be vaccinated at least once in three years. The slight inconvenience attending the inoculation is a small price to pay for protection against so prolonged and so dangerous an illness as typhoid fever.

The injections of typhoid vaccine are usually given in the arm under the skin at intervals of a week for three doses.

After receiving the typhoid vaccine following a lapse of several hours, a local and general reaction of varying intensity may develop. The local reaction consists of a red and tender area several inches in diameter, though in some instances it may be more extensive and marked. The general reaction consists of discomfort, headache, and a rise in temperature.

There is no cause for alarm in regard to the reactions, either local or general, as they are of no importance except for the discomfort. Severe reactions are met with in less than one per cent of those injected. An advantageous time for the injection is about four P.M., so that if a reaction occurs it will be while the patient is in bed. For those employed in business, successive Saturdays are convenient.

The history of the remarkable control of typhoid fever which has taken place in the United States within the past twenty years is one of the striking examples of the value of public health work. Typhoid fever which only a few years ago took a toll of more than 50,000 lives annually of the population of the United States, is now responsible for the death of something less than 10,000 each year.

Preventive medicine has developed to such an extent that we are sometimes prone to have a false sense of security and to neglect important fundamentals of sanitation. Eternal vigilance is the price of sanitation.

Something for Busy Fingers When the Shadows Lengthen

Continued from page 37

across back of neck. On following row cast off 18 sts. in centre for neck. On one side now knit front. From now on reverse stripes so that they will match the back. Knit 6 rows in shoulder. Keep 5 sts. at neck end as well as sleeve end, knit plain on all purl rows to form border down front. Then increase 1 st. on 6th st. from neck and every 4th row, 12 times, and increase at armhole end same as decreased. When increasing at neck end is finished, break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then put sts. all on one needle. Continue to finish increasing at armholes. Then knit in pattern same length as back. Cast off. Sew up seams neatly. With colored wools, embroider in cross stitch all over sweater, as illustration.

Bonnet—240.

One ball Pink Silvertwist; 1 ball White Brush Wool; 1 pair No. 10 needles.

Cast on 7 sts. Knit 1 row plain. 2nd row—increase 1 st. in each st. (14 sts. in row). 3rd row—knit plain. 4th row—

increase 1 st. in 1st st. Knit 1 st., repeat across row (21 sts. in row). 5th row—knit plain. 6th row—increase 1 st. in 1st st., knit 2 sts., repeat across row. 7th row—knit plain. Repeat these two rows alternately, having 1 more st. between each increasing every other row until you have 12 sts. between each increasing (98 sts. in row). On following row cast off 4 sts at beginning of row. Knit to end of row. Next row cast off 4 sts. at beginning of row. Knit to end of row. Now knit in pattern as follows: Knit 1, purl 1, 1 row. Knit 1 row plain. Repeat these two rows for 4½ inches, then knit 3 ridges. Break off Silvertwist and tie on Brush Wool. Knit 4 ridges. Cast off. Sew up seam at back of bonnet. Turn back flap. With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. across back of bonnet. Knit to within 4 sts. of centre back. Then knit 2 sts. together 4 times. Knit to end of row. Knit 6 ridges. Cast off. With wire brush, brush up Brush wool to give Angora effect. Trim with ribbon bow, as illustration.

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Use Lux for washing all of baby's little clothes—be kind to his sensitive, rose-leaf skin. Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

Baby's bottles washed in Lux are so sparkling clean you know they are safe!



Jean Gilbert and her Piano Instructor, Mrs. Gladys McKelvie Egbert

Youthful Achievement

By Freda Graham Bundy

IT APPEARS that this is the age of heralding achievements; of no particular kind and often of no particular merit, yet they are flashed forth for the world to read—sporting contests of all sorts, endurance tests in the Terpsichorean art, even gastronomic feats, but how little we hear of achievement in the various Fine Arts.

There is here set forth, not a prophetic tale of genius or future greatness, for who among us can accurately foretell the future, we relate, rather, a record of past achievements—history already made.

To have elicited praise from such outstanding figures in the musical world of Great Britain as Hugh S. Robertson, conductor of the Glasgow Orpheus, Dr. Edward C. Bairstow, organist of York Minster; and J. Peebles Conn, orchestral conductor, Glasgow, and professor of music at Glasgow Athenæum, is indeed an achievement, as is also the fact of becoming a gold medalist in the senior piano class at the age of eleven years.

Longfellow has said, "Fame comes only when deserved and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny."

Fame has already come to little Jean Gilbert for this very reason, she has proven herself worthy of it. Jean was born in Calgary, eleven years ago on the ninth of March and when only two years and four months old, she surprised her parents by playing, "God Save the King," on the piano. Just before her sixth birthday, Jean was taken to Gladys McKelvie for piano instruction. She was then playing by ear, the Czerny etudes and Clementi Sonatinas that her older brothers were practising and the amazing part of it was, that she was playing them all in the right key, even though she did not know one note from another.

Jean's piano instructor is well known in two capacities—as Gladys McKelvie, noted musician and as Mrs. Gladys McKelvie Egbert, daughter-in-law of Alberta's lieutenant-governor.

Mrs. Egbert states that from the very first lesson, Jean's progress was remarkable, showing abnormal talent; while on the other hand, Mrs. Gilbert informs us that Mrs. Egbert's personality and

sweetness of disposition have had much to do with Jean's rapid strides in music.

When only six years old, Jean gave a whole programme over the radio and so dubious were the "listeners-in," that it was a six-year old child playing, Mr. Carleton, the announcer had her speak into the microphone to assure the unseen audience that the statement was true.

At the age of seven, she played the "Romance," from the Mozart Concerto in D minor at Mrs. Egbert's recital in the Grand Theatre.

When just nine, she entered the Alberta Musical Festival in the primary piano class and won with 94 marks. This same year, she wrote the Theory examination set by the Associated Board of the R.A. and R.C. of Music in London, England. This examination covers all the Theory up to Harmony and in passing this, Jean showed that her knowledge of music was not confined to the piano alone.

At the age of ten, she tried the Intermediate grade examinations held by the above Board. In order of grading, this examination is fifth and is usually tried by pupils much older than Jean. She passed this with 147 marks out of a possible 159.

In February of last year, Jean started her lessons on the violin with Elaine Dudley Smith as instructor and in four months time passed the second grade examination, with honors, 143 marks out of a possible 150.

This year, at the age of eleven, she won distinction for herself at the Alberta Musical Festival. She entered in the senior piano class, for pupils under twenty-three years of age and won the John Gilmore gold medal with marks of 90 and 91. It was an exceptional performance and won remarkable praise from the adjudicators.

J. Peebles Conn, adjudicating this contest, put down his usually busy pencil after hearing the first few bars of Jean's rendition of "Perambule," sat back in his chair and listened, his eyes fixed on a distant object. When he came to the platform to give his remarks, he said, "One can always sense true artistry. She will some day be a great musician, she has all the gifts."

In the junior piano sight reading, Jean came first, winning praise for her excellent tempo and melody.

With but a year's instruction on the violin she proved herself efficient and won the junior violin event with 96 marks for each composition. This entitled her to the shield given by the Edmonton Musician's Association and in the adjudication the following remark was made, "Here is a born violinist interpreting this piece 'Cavatine' for us."

The junior violin sight playing was the best that the adjudicators had heard on their tour. So excellent were the performers that they had to play a second, more difficult number and in this event Jean captured second place.

At the grand concert on the last evening, Jean was given a place of honor. She won the hearts of all, not only with her finished performance at the Chickering grand piano, but also with her sweet, modest way. She played numbers that called for great mastery of technique and was called to the stage again and again to answer the waves of applause and very appropriate seemed those lines of Emerson's—

"Born for success she seemed

With grace to win, with heart to hold
With shining gifts that took all eyes."

Mrs. Egbert says that Jean has, what is known as "absolute pitch," that is, she can name any note that she hears played or sung and can even tell the note that a train whistle is sounding. One might surmise that Jean is working very hard at her music. Her mother says that she usually spends four and a half or five hours a day on both instruments—piano and violin. While she does very serious and thoughtful practising during her working hours; it is soon forgotten when she is out on her pony or playing with her kittens. She is a happy, normal, little girl who loves childish pleasures, such as her dolls.

The high praise which all the examiners and adjudicators have given her has not "turned her head" at all. She is very anxious to become a good musician and realizes that medals and prizes are

Continued on page 44

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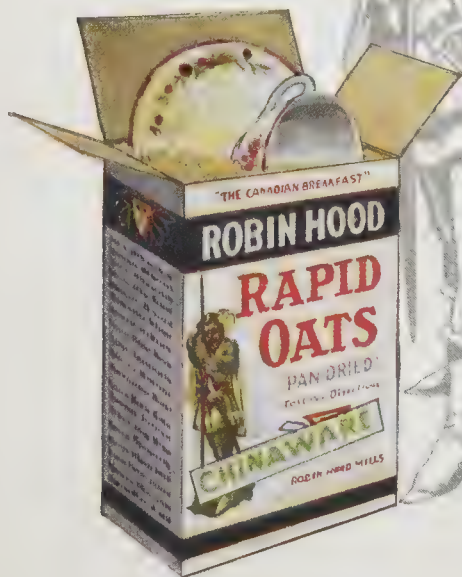
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Kiddies surely do enjoy their breakfast when they have Kellogg's - and they are good for them-and for you too-at breakfast, lunch or supper.

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CORN FLAKES

Nagging Women

By Julia W. Wolfe

A WELL-KNOWN judge, who has handled several thousand divorce cases, told the writer that nagging has caused more marital trouble than anything else; he said "incompatibility" was a polite word for nagging.

Now, there are seven good reasons why you should not nag: it wastes time; it scatters your energy; it spoils your disposition; it mars your beauty; it makes you unfit to live with; it makes home a plague-house; it accomplishes no purpose.

Which last covers the ground; nagging serves no earthly purpose—unless it be a method of relief for distempered nerves. In which case it would be cheaper to call in a "specialist" on nerves.

Just how much nagging a man ought to stand must be determined by his spirit. A good husband is ninety per cent. tolerance. He puts up with many things. He is a model of patience. He is rare—and coveted, which is his reward. There are likewise other rewards—if his patience lasts till he reaches them.

Every cloud has its silver lining, if it only be plated. Every cross well borne, has its compensation, if it be only imaginary.

All feminine woes and weaknesses, except one, have redeeming accompaniments to offset them, and this one is nagging. The husband of a Nagger is lost. Usually he knows it. You can tell he knows it by the corners of his mouth, which go down, and the bend of his head, which is down, and the inflection of his voice, which is down. You can likewise tell it by the trend of his footsteps, which is out.

There is an old saying which applies to our subject: Mrs. Nag: "I wonder what I can do to keep my husband home nights?"

Mrs. Jagg: "Try going out."

The fact is, somebody must go out. There is no known cure for nagging.

There is a generally accepted formula for temporary relief, which is "going out." This relief applies only to the nagged. Practical application of the formula has never been known to have a soothing effect upon the Nagger. Nothing has. Everything that happens furnishes food for further nagging.

Yet time was when she was not a bad sort. It is a poor thing for a young wife to be over-concerned. It bodes no good. The steps of retrogression are easily traced from: "George, dear, put on your rubbers; you'll catch cold," to "George, for goodness sake, put on your rubbers; haven't you got any sense?"

Why do women nag? Do they ever consider the waste of time? In the advanced stages they have been known to nag fifteen out of sixteen waking hours, and there is not ground for supposing they quit nagging in their sleep. Fifteen hours a day! What might not they have accomplished if they had turned that energy to science?

Nor is it the futile spending of only their own time and temper, for which the Nagger must account; she wastes the time of her children. The child who is nagged never obeys. He is spoiled for the bit, just like those horses that are constantly nagged. He learns to procrastinate; he knows no value of time.

But there is one good thing: the child can flee from the mother who nags; but the husband! His doom is written. He must serve life sentence. His spirit is too often crushed. Does the Nagger realize it? Of course she does not. If there was a cure for the mania it would be less fearful. But there is none.

The only possible help lies within herself. It is perfect self-control. She must realize that within the boundaries lie other worth-while things; roads leading up to culture and content; paths cut through chastened and poised, and leading straight to places where happiness is, where duty dwells, where youth drinks deep of new springs.

Youthful Achievement

Continued from page 40

very small compared with the vastness of the work that lies ahead of her.

It often happens that a child possessing abnormal musical talent is indifferent to the regular studies of the school routine, but this does not appear to be so in the case of little Jean Gilbert. To be thorough in all things is apparently her nature, for her school-teacher, Miss Cherry of the McDougall School says of her, "Although a great deal of Jean's time is spent with her music, yet her school lessons are not neglected. I find her to be an interested pupil, just as painstaking over her lessons as over a difficult passage in her music. She has finished Grade 5 successfully and is starting on Grade 6. She is very fond of reading and in her lessons shows a marked preference for the history stories of the grade."

From six to eleven—five short years and yet how much those little hands and brain have accomplished during that period, such an amazing amount that it forced the professor of music, from Glasgow to utter the startling suggestion, "She may be the reincarnation of one of the great musicians—it really makes one wonder!" Be that as it may, we must admit that this youthful achievement leaves to the imagination an endless vista of future possibilities.

Jean's latest and perhaps, most outstanding achievement was reported a few days ago, when, with only fourteen months tuition on the violin, she passed the fifth grade examinations on that instrument, making a record of 149 out of a possible 159, nine of the latter marks being for theory.

Come to the West Dearie!

By Robert Watson

Come dearie! Come to the West with me.
—Beauty pines in the shadow—
Weep no more o'er the ways that be;
Love is our El Dorado.
Over the waves where the wild birds shriek;
Over the barrens vast and bleak;
Up, and over the mountain peak,
Till again we scent the sea;
There, dear heart, is the land we seek.
Come, O come with me!

Come dearie! Come to the West with me.
—Voices afar are calling—
Thistledown on the wind blows free,
And perfumed cones are falling.
Bees are droning in homeward flight;
The sun caresses the hills good-night;
The wild cat purrs to her forest wight;
And the stream croons on to the sea.
Our cabin glows with a cheery light.
Come, O, come with me!

Ties That Bind

By A. Allison Kennedy

Once, long ago, I shouted "Liberty!"
So loudly that the little children heard;
And Youth approved and came along with me,
Charmed by the triple accent on a word.
So loud my shout, and long, of Liberty,
"Oh, Liberty! Mine own sweet Liberty!"
That even 'thoughtful age was roused to see
And, smiling, more than half commended me.

But, now, that lightsome word I scarcely name;
Instead are these, the many ties that bind;
And Courage squares for every task the same
Though shoulders stoop some from the daily grind.
Now, too, such strange new thoughts within me wake
Likes echoes from some rarer, loftier mind.
Ah! Freedom's matchless worth whereby I take
More closely to me these,—the ties that bind.



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Pepsodent also firms and hardens gums, thus gives that healthy coral tint.

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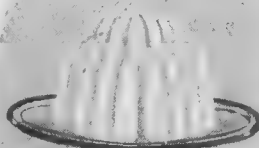
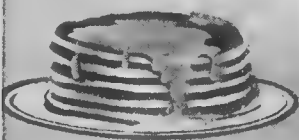
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Arnaud celebrated its 13th anniversary with a birthday party.

Balmoral entertained the members of the Gunton Institute, the visitors giving the programme.

Belmont entertained the Grandmothers at a picnic; thirty-six were present.

Birtle—The rest room has been moved and redecorated, the Institute paying about \$125 to have this done.

Carman entertained the Grandmothers; thirty-two ladies were present. The eldest guest, 83 years of age, was presented with a little gift.

Cartwright appointed a committee to call on the new settlers in the district.

Cromarty entertained the Rochdale W.I. The Institute decided that the proceeds from the social evening would go to a fund to send a visiting delegate to the Annual Convention next year.

Culross entertained the Carman Institute at their meeting; part of the programme was given by members from Carman.

Elkhorn will hold a white elephant tea. Each member will bring a small parcel valued at not less than 15 cents and not more than 25 cents; these will then be sold, after which tea will be served.

Elphinstone has made arrangements that the school children may have something hot with their lunch when the cold weather comes.

Elva celebrated its 10th anniversary in August; letters were read from members who have moved away.

Endcliffe had a paper on the work of the League of Nations.

Gimli held an apron sale and silver tea, at which articles were sold for the Institute of the Blind.

Great Falls held a baby clinic, at which thirty-two babies were examined, out of which twelve were 100 per cent babies.

Gypsumville—The Institute has eight dolls dressed, and six aprons embroidered for the 1928 Xmas tree.

Hartney had a "re-union," attended by 57 ladies. An interesting paper on the organization of Hartney Institute 14 years ago was given by one of the first presidents.

Kenton—The members enjoyed a talk by the local doctor; 16 visitors attended this meeting.

Makaroff entertained the Cromarty W.I., the visitors giving the programme.

Napinka has ordered a new gate for the cemetery.

Oak Point—The Institute has purchased a new piano and will dispose of the old one by a raffle.

Ochre River donated \$250 toward the community hall, which was built by the community club. The hall is now paid for.

Reston made two quilts for a family, whose home was destroyed by fire; the members donated the material.

Roblin held a tonsil and adenoid clinic.

Rochdale—The members will hold a bazaar. Each member is being given \$2.00 with which to buy materials for the things she wishes to make.

Rosser donated \$15.00 to the Boys' and Girls' Club.

Russell held a grandmothers' tea; thirty-eight grandmothers were present.

Swan Lake entertained the Grandmothers; the oldest and youngest Grandmothers were presented with gifts.

Valley River gave a picnic; the Grandmothers of the district were guests of honor.

Whitewater raffled a quilt made by the members and made \$19.00.

Winnipegosis is purchasing seats from the Church of England for the Institute building.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Bonnington and South Slokan have awarded prizes to the students obtaining highest marks in the district for the Entrance Examinations. Donations were made to the Boy Scout Camp and the Nelson Rest Room.

Burton City entertained the Edgewood, Maple and Arrow Park Institutes at a social.

Cedar reports a satisfactory balance from the recent whist drive. Members enjoyed Miss Tait's account of her experiences in Japan and Formosa. Arrangements were made for a Home Cooking Stall at the Fall Fair.

Otter reports good work by the Hospital Committee.

Creston and District have given \$20.00 towards the Fall Fair expenses. The Flower Show Committee presented a satisfactory report showing a good balance. Over \$36.00 was raised by the Tag Day for the Crippled Children's Hospital.

Hornby Island is sponsoring a petition for a steamboat service to the Island. Mrs. F. Campbell, President of the Vancouver Island District Board, visited the Institute and spoke on Legislation.

Kaslo and District and Keremeos Institutes each held flower shows.

Mackenzie has purchased a mattress and a number of cooking utensils for the hospital from the proceeds of a whist drive.

Mount Ida held a successful flower show, which also showed a good balance financially.

Mount Lehman held a purely business meeting to discuss school matters and the question of a district nurse. Grand-

mother's Day was held in August, when over fifty were present and each received a beautiful favour made by one of the members. An Old Time dance was held in the evening and greatly enjoyed.

North Shuswap report the payment of another \$50.00 on the piano, leaving a balance of \$60.00 still to be paid. The Institute is undertaking to clean up the district graveyard. A bazaar will be held in the Fall.

Port Kells has sent two crates of fruit to the Crippled Children's Hospital. Plans were completed for the Flower Show.

Qualicum Beach and District raised over \$100.00 for the District Nurse's car and Institute Funds, by the Fete held in July. Eva Valley was the winner in the District Girl's Judging Competition. A Potato Show is to be held in October.

Sayward is taking charge of the refreshments and the Women's Section at the Fall Fair and gave \$10.00 towards expenses.

Westbank—Miss A. Stevens gave useful demonstrations in Canning and Food Values. Mr. Flemming gave a talk on Flowers and possibilities of seed growing in the district. The Education Committee are arranging to fence the school grounds, obtain a first aid kit for the school and provide hot drinks for the children in the winter. The Community Betterment Committee are collaborating in this and considering other community work.

Wynndel spent most of the meeting discussing Community Hall plans. Mrs. Cameron gave a short address on the work of the Institute in Coleman.

The Home Road

By Roberta Edwinna Clare

There's a road I love to travel,
It's fringed with palms and laced with trees;
There's a brook which runs beside it,
And a cool refreshing breeze.

There's the lilting of a songbird,
As singing to his little mate
He watches me with anxious eye,
When I listening—slow my gait.

There's the perfume of the wild rose,
Pervading sweetly, summer air;
There's the beauty of the violet,
And the slim fern Maiden-Hair.

There's the glory of the sunlight,
Filtering through the rustling trees;
There's the blue of skies above me,
And the humming of the bees.

It's a road that has a turning—
Down a crooked and leafy lane,
Where with love someone is waiting,
Till I wander home again.

I know many roads I'll travel,
But there is never one I'll roam,
That will give me half the pleasure,
As the one which leads to home.



Do your nerves "stay up" when you go to Bed ?

SLEEPLESSNESS . . what a depressing misery it is! Nerves so excited by the exhausting demands of modern life that they simply will not be quieted . . long, tedious and trying hours of waiting for the sleep that never comes . . hours that find you going over the day's troubles again and again, wide awake when you should be sound asleep storing up new strength and energy.

Nerves that insist on 'staying up' every night are starved nerves. The sooner you feed and soothe them the quicker will you be blessed with sound, natural sleep again.

OVALTINE assures you sleep—OVALTINE will feed, soothe and invigorate your worn nerves. Will bring you natural, refreshing sleep. OVALTINE is really wonderful, not a mere haphazard mixture of its several ingredients, but is manufactured by an exclusive scientific process. OVALTINE retains, *unimpaired*, all the essential

elements of its valuable ingredients,—ripe barley malt, fresh eggs and creamy milk from England's richest pastures.

Every particle of OVALTINE can be absorbed even by the weakest digestion. There is more nourishment in one cupful of OVALTINE than in three eggs or 12 cups of beef tea. *All* the vital food elements and vitamins are present, in correct ratio.

Before going to bed take OVALTINE. It is delicious. Notice how quickly sleep comes to you . . how refreshed you feel in the morning . . ready for anything the day may bring.

OVALTINE is the best natural 'pick-me-up' in the world. Splendid for children, convalescents, aged folk and nursing mothers. It is made in England.

OVALTINE is Sold at 60c, 90c, \$1.50 and special \$5.25 family size. Purchase the larger tins for economy. Drink OVALTINE for health the year 'round.

OVALTINE

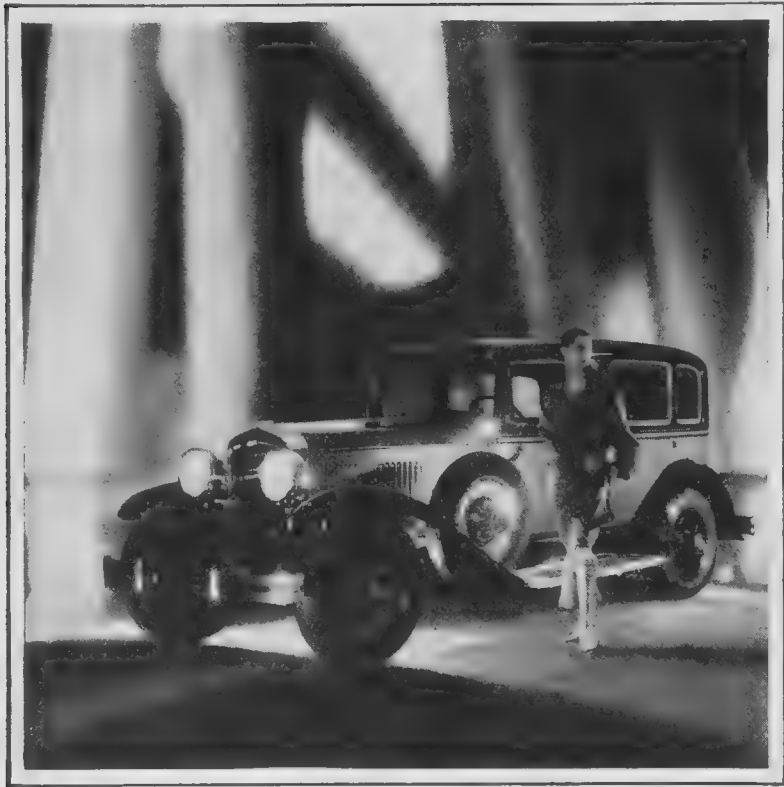
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

ENSURES SOUND NATURAL SLEEP

OVALTINE Rusks are more appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits. Made from finest Canadian wheaten flour.



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Available in six distinguished body types ranging in price from \$2075 to \$2395, f.o.b. Toronto Factory, taxes extra, spare tire included.

DODGE BROTHERS
NEW SENIOR SIX

Alberta Travelling Clinics

Continued from page 13

the services of the clinic. In 1927 it was possible to include only 43 visits in the itinerary. With an increased staff this year and a service of two examining clinics and a surgical team the route includes 88 centres.

Through the years of the clinics the women's organizations of the province have given invaluable assistance. Realizing the value of the project to children in their communities they have organized the five or more school districts necessary for the "centre" and have in many cases arranged for the use of a hall, church or school as hospital, and have co-operated with the municipalities in the payment of fees. Women's Institutes, U.F.W.A.'s, Red Cross branches and church organizations have been among the foremost of these. It was a rather strange coincidence that the woman who assisted in the first of the 1927 Travelling Clinics should have been among those to receive the greatest benefit. Through examination of her three children by the Clinic doctor a condition was discovered necessitating their immediate removal from that altitude. This woman has expressed her deep gratitude for the advice which she feels meant the saving of her children's lives.

During 1927 the Clinic visited 43 centres and served 285 school districts. The work at these clinics included 2,575 physical examinations, 663 operations for tonsils and adenoids, 89 circumcisions, 1,311 extractions and about 500 other dental treatments. Besides these some 580 patients were either given prescriptions or referred to their family physician or dentist for surgical, medical or dental treatment. Yet the entire cost of the clinic, serving hundreds of poor people who could not afford even the nominal fee, was less than \$2,000 above receipts, to the government!

What price health?

Traces of prejudice which sometimes greeted the Clinic have faded rapidly. No clinic is sent into a district without a request coming from the district, and medical men in that area are asked to co-operate with the government. Welcoming this opportunity, one doctor who had never done tonsilectomies co-operated with the Clinic and gained the necessary technique and confidence. Such operations are now a regular thing in his district. In the case of a dentist who also co-operated increased practise and greater popularity have resulted. In hundreds of cases patients are referred to their family doctors for further treatments or major operations. Naturally the formation of health habits, following upon the constant preventative and educational work of the Clinics, bring increased practice on every hand. Many children make the acquaintance of a toothbrush for the first time!

By using the medical men and nurses already in the service of the government the cost of operation is greatly reduced. Dr. R. T. Washburn, in the front rank of the province's surgeons, is superintendent of the University Hospital at Edmonton, and has accomplished great things in his orthopedic work among crippled children. He is the senior member of the surgical team on tour in travelling clinics.

By gathering children from five school districts into one clinic, by receiving the utmost cooperation from municipalities and by doing as many as a hundred examinations and fifty operations in a day the cost has been reduced to the amazing figure of \$15 for removal of tonsils and adenoids, forty cents to \$1 for extractions and \$1 to \$2 for fillings. Examination and vaccination against smallpox are given free of charge.

Hundreds of letters pour into the department yearly expressing the gratitude of parents for the clinic service. Districts and school boards pronounce the movement an absolute success and women's organizations eagerly offer co-operation for future years.

"Some of the parents were a little doubtful about the clinic and said they would have their children examined only" writes the secretary treasurer of the Gleschen district on the occasion

Continued on page 58



Wives of the younger set often hold a wrong view of feminine hygiene

THE young married woman enters a world of new interests, new friends and new confidences. She finds a helpfulness, a community of spirit, concerning the most delicate matters. Hygiene matters which bear heavily upon the health and happiness of every woman.

Unfortunately much of this confidential information is inaccurate. Many a woman suffers through *wrong or misleading information* because some friend does not have the simple womanly frankness to tell her the truth as it is known today.

Risks can be banished thanks to Zonite

Feminine hygiene is a recognized regimen of health, endorsed by physicians and nurses. The thing that has caused many women to avoid it is the danger in using poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid preparations.

But today there is a product which banishes all risks. Its name is Zonite. This remarkable antiseptic can not injure delicate membranes. It causes no area of scar-tissue. It carries no danger of accidental poisoning. Yet Zonite is actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the body.

Free booklet gives the facts

Send for the booklet on feminine hygiene. It gives the facts in a refined, modern, scientific way. Zonite Products Corporation, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, insect bites or chapped skin. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form. Large tubes, 50c.



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165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

Name.....

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City..... Prov.....

The Windsor Chair and its Origin

By Dorothy E. Dickson

THE ever increasing popularity of the Windsor chair is possibly due largely to the fact that simple chairs are being appreciated by people of taste as never before. The chair, which until quite recently served as accommodation in servants quarters and taverns may now be found filling a considerably more genteel position in many of the smartest homes.

Concerning the origin of the Windsor chair there is much speculation. One of the more interesting versions, based wholly upon tradition, and variously reported, runs something like this. The king of England (Geo. I or II, as both have been credited with the adventure) was out hunting in the forest one day. By accident, he became separated from his followers, and to add to his misfortune a storm arose. He hastily sought shelter in the only available refuge the rude hut of a woodsman or swineherd. The humble abode boasted but one single chair, which had been fashioned by the rustic. The king seated himself in this and found that it afforded great comfort. Indeed he was loath to leave it, and ordered that a duplicate be made and sent to Windsor Castle. This chair



The "Stick back" or early type of Windsor chair

he frequently used in preference to more costly and pretentious pieces of furniture. If any value were to be attached to this anecdote, the type "Windsor" would be accounted for as being a designation under royal "hall mark," so to speak. However, this may only be regarded in the light of a tradition.

FROM the point of view of style the characteristics of the chair partake more of the nature of invention than development, and were thought out with the object of producing a cheap, comfortable and serviceable seat at a time when considerable numbers were required by a rapidly growing middle class who took their relaxation in the coffee houses and older inns. As such the Windsor is regarded as one of the most important developments of Queen Anne's reign, although earlier and more primitive efforts are found in the 16th and 17th centuries.

High Wycombe, the centre of the industry, is well situated, in that the wood about the town is particularly adapted to the requirements—being sufficiently pliable for the bent wood top. The suggestion has been made that Windsor was the place of origin of the chairs, which were mostly made of elm at first, as it was a better district for elm than Wycombe. Hence the name Windsor.

TO ONE who is not familiar with the general characteristics of the chair, a few descriptive points might be of interest. The seat, scooped or hollowed out of plank seems to have been shaped by the peasant, to conform with his own anatomy. Possibly he arrived at the idea of hollowing the thick piece of wood to make it more comfortable, by studying the impression he left after being seated on a hay rack or bank of soft clay. However, the shape of the

seat, combined with its slight dip toward the back, is the secret of the chair's comfort. The weight is inclined back and the body is rested. The method of construction distinguishes the Windsor and had not been used before. Circular holes were bored in the plank seat into which were fitted cylindrical spars or legs, which were fastened by wedges and glue. As to the back, the Windsor was the first English chair to be constructed other than by the combination of the back legs up to form the supports of the cross rails, the spindles being fitted into the seat in the same manner as the legs. There are numberless different Windsor back styles, both with and without arms—the "stick back" an early type, with its simple turned spindles running into a curved top rail; the "fiddle splat" and "pierced splat" backs, with the solid or pierced splat in the centre and spindles on each side; the "comb back" with the projection on top resembling a comb, and so on.

In this country the Windsor chair was first made in Philadelphia where there is record of it early in the 18th century. Although the Colonial craftsmen turned to England for their inspiration, they improved the design and execution and achieved a lightness of effect hard to compete with. The splat back never appears among the New England styles being characteristic of the English Windsor. The Colonial-type legs also are placed well in toward the centre of the seat, at an angle, in contrast to the English which are placed well out toward the four corners.

Until lately Windsor chairs have been made of inexpensive woods suitable to their uses. Of fairly recent years a better grade of material has been used and where good workmanship is employed to fashion graceful models, true to type, the Windsor chair seems costly—but only when compared with many pieces of furniture which are being turned out, in which beauty of design and workmanship are sacrificed to cheapness.

Windsor chairs provide an interesting field for the collector of furniture of moderate means. He may feel that his particular object of fancy is one which has played an important role in the history of English furniture and inasmuch as the type has persisted and the tradition of making has survived to the present day, it is evident that it is to find its place as a permanent institution.

The Way

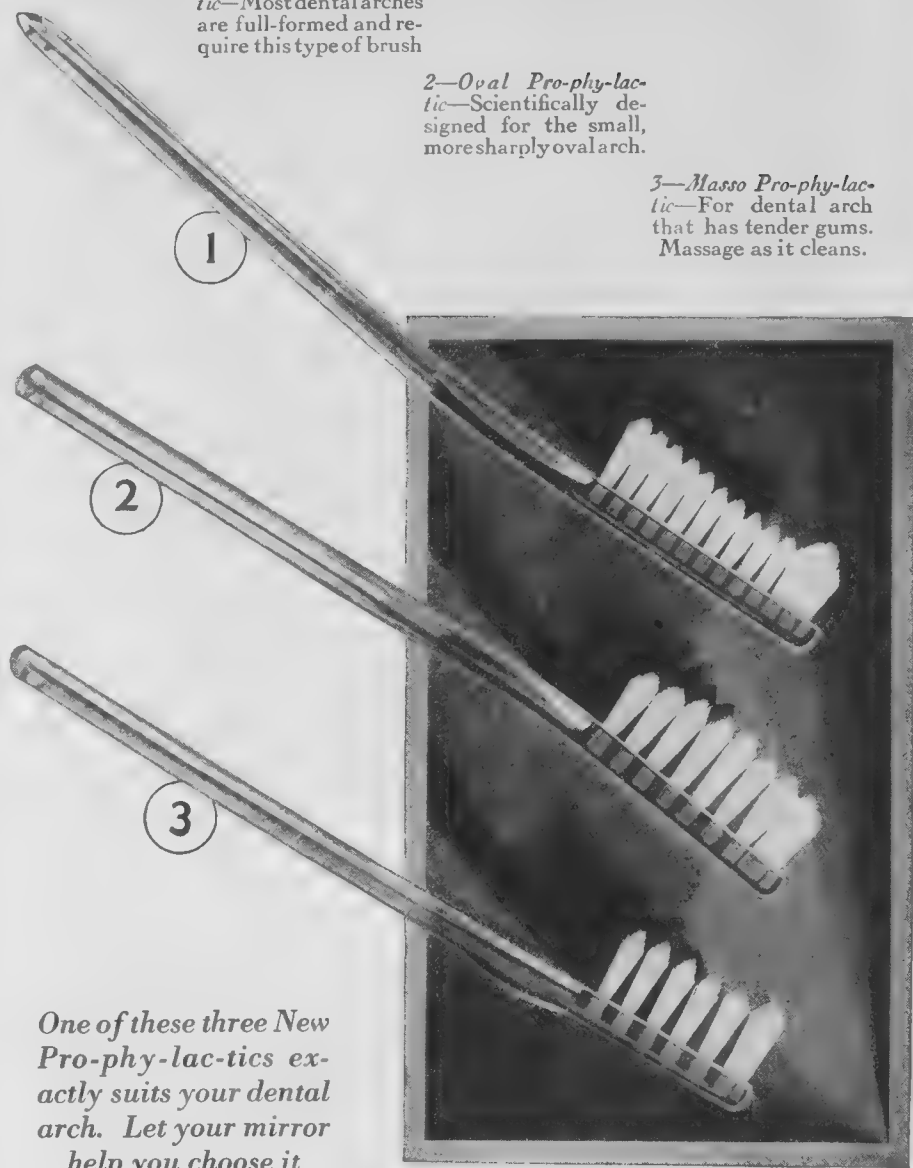
By Alice B. Fisher

*The game's not to the quick,
The battle's not to the strong.
The fort's not to the sick
Nor heaven to the wrong.
In whom the will of good abide
There's strength to meet the rising tide,
So up and on in truth today,
There waits the strength to make our way.
He who hath music in his breast
Can pipe a tune to any play,
And walk his way a cherished guest,
Nor heed the thought of night or day.*

1—Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic—Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush

2—Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic—Scientifically designed for the small, more sharply oval arch.

3—Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic—For dental arch that has tender gums. Massage as it cleans.



One of these three New Pro-phy-lac-tics exactly suits your dental arch. Let your mirror help you choose it

All Different All New

For the first time Pro-phy-lac-tic designs tooth brushes to suit different types of dental arches

TEN seconds today with your mirror . . . and you know exactly what tooth brush will do the most to help you gain gloriously white teeth, coral-firm gums.

Your mirror quickly reveals that your dental arch (teeth and gums) is one of three types. Yours, like most, may be full-formed, as shown by a face and mouth of average size. It may be small, tending toward the oval. Or . . . still a third condition may prevail—that of teeth and gums that call for special brushing care.

Whatever type of arch you have, Pro-phy-lac-tic now makes a brush that exactly suits it. . . Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic for the full-formed mouth and dental arch; Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic for the smaller, more sharply oval dental arch; Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic for teeth and gums that need mas-

sage as well as cleaning action.

All Pro-phy-lac-tics are alike in one respect—their uniformly high quality. All have special bristles, transparent handles in new and beautiful colors, and are packed in individual packages delivered to you perfectly clean and sterile.

Give your teeth this chance

Look into your mirror. Decide what type of dental arch you have. Then buy the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush that suits you best.

Use your new Pro-phy-lac-tic for several weeks. Then examine your teeth and gums again . . . if you want to see how much the right brush can do to give you white, sounder teeth—firmer, healthier gums.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. [Canada], Ltd., Montreal
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, [Florence, Mass.]

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

different in shape and size . . . alike in quality

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The Beauty Powder Supreme!

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Lightly dabbed on, this wondrous powder gives the softest glow to the skin imaginable—a loveliness that has no suggestion of make-up. Just try Ashes of Roses and marvel at the lovely transformation. Its fragrance is a delight to the senses.

Buy it at the better shops in smart
Leatherette Boxes and dainty
Parisian Compacts.

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Breathes There a Man?

By Eva Calder

SHE'D just come to look at Canada, she said, her sunken blue eyes bright in her long, white face, framed by wisps of colorless fair hair. Yes, that was why she had left Finland and her Mama. Her Mama, who had cried and cried. She had cried very much too.

Finland was so very beautiful. In summer all trees and lakes and in winter all white snow and blue sky. But not so cold as Canada. No, not nearly so cold. One got up at five o'clock to drive six—seven—miles to church. Lots, lots of snow and wind and black but the sleigh bells were so pretty.

But she wanted to look at Canada, to learn English. She would be so proud when she went back to Finland. She would walk with her head in the air for she would be able to speak English like she could speak Finnish. Her Mama would be so proud too. Then her Mama would be glad she had come to Canada and her boy friend, he would be glad too. He was so mad when she had come but she and her friend, Tuna, her friend since she was a little girl, had come together to see Canada before they got old. They must hurry up . . . Next birthday, they would be twenty-five.

They had come on a big boat. Now, Tuna cried and said it was a bad boat that brought them from Finland, but they would work hard and make money to go back to Finland. It took a lot of money, such a lot of money and it took a long time to make a lot of money.

Sometimes, she was so lonesome for Finland she would cry and cry. Then she would sleep and dream she was in Finland and she would be so happy but morning would come and she was in Canada. So lonesome . . . So sad . . . But she would work hard. She wanted to work. She liked to work . . . to make money to go back to Finland. Any kind of work . . . hard work. In Finland, she had lots of books and hand-work. Her Mama had a servant. In Canada, she was a servant. But soon she would go back to Finland.

Cook . . . ? Oh, yes . . . She could cook. In Finland, she had cooked when the Russians had come. She had stayed on the farm. Her Mama took her little brother and hid far away. So many Russians had come. They burned the houses . . . Shouted . . . Stamped . . . Red . . . Red . . . Everywhere red . . . No good, no good.

Every day the Russians put a gun to her heart. "Where Mama?" they would say. She would shake her head and hold her lips tight. Then they would put the gun harder against her heart and they would laugh . . . It wasn't nice . . . She would hold her lips tighter and pray . . .

The Priest would pray. Pray and cry . . . Cry all the time. Then the Russians went away and Finland was so beautiful. A rapt, far-away expression suffused her gaunt face.

She arrived, breathlessly at the busy restaurant whose spotless window bore a fresh sign, 'Help Wanted.' She stood anxiously before the dark, passive-faced white-aproned proprietor. "Cook?" he inquired abruptly.

"Yes . . ." she replied eagerly. "Oh, yes."

"Sixty dollars a month." She quivered. So much money . . . Soon she could go back to Finland.

"Swedish?" "Finnish," proudly, head high. "Speak some Swedish."

"That'll do." His dark head nodded. "Start now. Mostly Scandinavian around here . . . We come from Russia . . ."

Suddenly the girl's eyes burned like live coals. She attained a towering height. She drew back . . . Superb in disdainful denunciation.

"We're Canadians," the proprietor added with child-like simplicity. The disdain changed to amazement. He continued, "You stay . . . Canada good . . . Finnish girls good . . ."

As the rays of the setting sun illumine a rugged mountain peak, so a light rippled over her face. 'Finland good . . . Canada very good too.'

Winners All

Continued from page 15

"Cap was a changed man, but few knew it. During our recent chats he had shown a tendency to talk mostly of our early days in Bloomfield. He seemed to have forgotten the Jane Moodie of late years, and spoke only of the girl we had known years before. When he did speak of her it was always as 'the poor kid,' but at that it took me quite a while to tumble.

"A few days ago I had occasion to go into his room. On his table I found something which showed me how things stood. It was just a very ordinary, old-fashioned salt-cellar, but it brought back memories. Thinking of Mrs. Nesbitt's boarding house of thirty-odd years before, I held it to the light. Then I noticed the new engraving.

"Just three words. The same three words that had been the cause of so much comment when found on Jane Moodie's tombstone: 'Victory After Death!'"

FOR some time we sat silent, staring out into the storm. Suddenly I remembered my train!

"Sorry we're dry, Mr. Walker," Ed. apologized again as we shook hands. "Stringing along with Cap, that's all. Might be a possibility of raising something at the depot. I can give you a note if you like."

"No thanks, Ed." Somehow I found myself saying, as the first blast of the storm met me half-way, at the door; "I think maybe I'll just string along with old Cap, too."

Lake Ontario

By Eva E. Hamilton

Edging, creeping, splashing, leaping,
Huge waves fringed with foam,
Topping over, see them hover,
Ere they scurry home.

Urge unceasing, power increasing,
Back to wash the shore;
Undulating, flirting, mating,
With a soothing roar.

Sparkling, darkling, opalescent,
Sweet the song they sing,
Dancing, prancing in the freedom
Of another spring.

Prying, spying out each hollow,
Where they played last year;
Seeing who can jump the furthest
Up the grey old pier.

Meeting, greeting, crooning secrets;
—As the swallow dips,—
Reaching out to catch the fragrance
Of her thirsty lips.

Kissed by sunlight, loved by moonlight,
Flecked by stirring breeze,
Bringing tales of great adventure,
To the soul that sees.

Rocking, mocking man-made giants,
Cradled on its breast,
Luring deep the rainbow beauty
Of the golden West.

Telling, swelling out the anthem
Of the Hand that guides,
Glowing, showing how He masters,
Land and wind and tides.

Dental Business on the Trail

Continued on page 7

right incisor was inlaid with gold—an expert job.

"Get that work done in Los Angeles?" asked Stinnis of Patton quickly.

"Yes, Rogers did the job—"

"Shut up!" yelled Webb, glaring. "Remember what I told you!"

Stinnis turned upon the officer an indignant, astonished gaze.

"Do sheriffs always forbid their prisoners to speak," he snapped.

Webb fidgeted. "If you'd taken as much lip from this guy as I have, you'd make him shut his trap, too!" he justified himself.

Dr. Stinnis maintained a contemptuous silence and his round blue eyes blazed queerly. Distinctly, he did not cotton to the sheriff.

The bacon sizzled demandingly, the smell was ravishing. Webb cast a covetous eye upon the pan. The slices needed turning. Dr. Stinnis walked leisurely to the creek and commenced to wash out his rag.

Webb kept his gaze upon the frying-pan.

Stinnis returned leisurely. "You watch that," he suggested, "and I'll cut some bread." He shoved a pie-pan near the officer and Webb began laying in it the slices of bacon.

"Ready for fish, Doc." announced Webb, sounding cheerful.

"Just a minute," mumbled Stinnis. The grease grew hot and started to smoke faintly. Webb looked worriedly at the trout. Patton gazed at both men, wondering, no doubt, if he, too, were to be fed crisp trout and coffee.

Stinnis moved the coffee pot nearer the frying-pan. "Start putting the fish in, Mr. Webb," he requested and stooped to shove farther into the fire the long stick.

Webb bent over the skillet and dropped in a trout morsel. Then, for an expert camper and dentist, Stinnis proved himself unaccountably clumsy. As he pushed the length of wood up under the simmering coffee-pot, he awkwardly tipped it up. The nozzle of the vessel was directly over the frying-pan. A rich amber stream of liquid spouted out, hit squarely into the middle of the volcanic grease.

A mingled explosion of steam and tiny globules of red-hot fat flew upward. The awful mixture hit the sheriff full in the face.

"Ow!" his yell roared into the peace of the moonlit night.

By the pine tree, a sudden excitement overtook the prisoner. His mouth opened. He closed it.

"You clumsy fool!" howled Webb, jamming his hands to his tortured eyes.

Little Dr. Stinnis burst into action. "Hold still!" he shrieked. "I'll put some cold lard on! Hold still!"

Webb, wracked with torture, obeyed. Stinnis passed behind his back. With his left hand, he thrust a handkerchief into the sheriff's fist. With his right, in one smooth, flashing movement, he snatched from its holster the sheriff's revolver.

By the tree, Patton relaxed. Once more a grin exposed his marvellous teeth and the golden incisor twinkled.

Behind Webb, the little dentist trembled. He raised the forty-five. As he did so Webb missed the weight against his leg.

For a second, his tall body radiated the tense surprise of a startled, dangerous animal.

"What the—!" he shouted, and started to whirl.

"As you were!" shrilled the little dentist, forcefully sticking the gun muzzle into the sheriff's side.

A cheer broke from the hand-cuffed robber.

Webb remained perfectly still. Then, slowly his hands left his burning face and stretched heavenwards.

"I—suppose—you know what this means!" he choked. "Interfering with an officer of the law!"

"Bosh!" said Dr. Stinnis, his voice quivering his joyous excitement. "Where's that handcuff key?"

A contemplative silence descended upon Webb. He was meditating. That this mild tooth-puller might interfere had never entered his head.

"In his left shirt pocket!" contributed the robber in a high tone. "And watch him, Doc., watch him!"

Doc. watched him. With rapid, deft

motions he found the key. "Now back until I tell you to stop," commanded the sheriff.

Webb tried to see out of his right eye, moaned with pain and backed. Step by step the two men progressed to the prisoner. Never removing his gaze from the sheriff, Stinnis knelt by Patton, fumbled for many tedious seconds.

"Thanks be to the Lord!" remarked the bandit, taking the key from Stinnis and unlocking his other bracelet. "Now, Patton," he ordered, apparently addressing himself, "lower your mitts as if they was eggs, back up to this tree, and reach around it."

A growl rumbled in the lithe man's throat. He shivered slightly. Stinnis prodded him with the forty-five. "No tricks, officer," he warned sarcastically.

DR. STINNIS went to the fire, retrieved the tilting coffee-pot from its perilous position, and sat down abruptly. He shook. Guns and sheriffs and postal robbers had been foreign elements in his humdrum life. He got a grip upon himself, took out a comforting cigarette. He muffed the package. The precious weeds fell upon the coals. A blaze immediately surrounded them.

"Oh, dear!" he said plaintively. "That was my last package!"

The bandit came over to the fire, lighted himself a smoke from a full, new package and handed one to the little dentist, eyeing him keenly as he did so. He spoke abruptly.

"This Patton there," he gesticulated toward the tree, "he jumped me as I was handcuffing him. I sneaked up on him as he was picking a stone out of his horse's hoof. We'd both passed your camp and knew someone was here. Mighty few people come through here and I must say he was decent enough to figure out this bluff of passing me off as him and leaving me with you. He could have left me tied up to starve."

He stopped and waited. Dr. Stinnis said nothing. An irritated amazement grew upon the rescued criminal.

"Well, for Pete's sake!" barked the free man, "How in blazes did you figure out I was Webb and he was Patton? Did you ever see me before?"

"Oh, no," explained Dr. Stinnis, realizing his guest had done the courteous thing by explaining first. "No, I didn't know you from Adam. But when I washed your face and you grinned at me with that gold incisor, I recognized the work. My office is down the hall from Rogers and one day, a year ago, he called me in to help a bit. He had a man under ether and was having difficulties with an impacted wisdom tooth. I helped him for a few minutes. That was all. I recall he said you were a sheriff. I've no memory for faces, but I couldn't forget that inlay work of Rogers—"

"You don't need a memory for faces!" interrupted Sheriff Webb. A profoundly respectful admiration boomed from his voice.

"The devil!" cursed a voice from the tree. "If I'd a-known that, Webb, when I bashed your nose, I'd of busted out every tooth in your mug!"

"And," snarled the cat-like prisoner, "if I hadn't been mush-hearted, I'd of left you to starve instead of acting like a softy!"

Stinnis completed his professional ministrations and returned to find Webb frying fish and muttering something about brands and teeth. Stinnis ignored this and announced bitterly his own worry.

"Now, I'm glad you're successful, Mr. Webb," he said primly, "but my vacation's spoiled by your coming—"

"My Lord! How so?" demanded Webb in consternation. "If there's anything I can ever do at any time, you know—"

"You can't help," said Stinnis sadly, "this affair made me nervous and I burnt up my last package of cigarettes! I'll have to go home tomorrow instead of later and I won't get another vacation until fall!"

"Thunder!" exclaimed Webb. "Why, that's simple! I've got half a dozen packs in my saddlebags."

"Oh!" said the little doctor, joy bubbling from him. He could forget a sheriff and his bandit, but he HAD to have his smokes!

What your Dentifrice Should do—



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The
Danger
Line

LET'S get down to facts. Your dentifrice is a truly important thing. Not only sound teeth and healthy gums, but health itself, may depend upon effective oral hygiene. What, then, constitutes a good dentifrice?

A good dentifrice should contain no gritty substance, no strong antiseptics, no astringents. It should cleanse the soft gum tissue without irritation and polish the enamel without scratching. And it should neutralize the dangerous acids which cause tooth decay or dangerous gum irritations.

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well they turn out, and that is the common experience of Ciné-Kodak users. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie making equally simple for you. And the result is that the Ciné-Kodak is the simplest of all home movie cameras.

As for Ciné-Kodak Film, it is extremely inexpensive because the cost of developing is included in the price. Projection is just as easy as photography. That, too, has been simplified by Kodak methods. It takes no more skill to operate a Kodascope than to run a phonograph, and the movies are so lifelike and distinct that you marvel at having taken them yourself.

You will find a demonstration of home movies extremely fascinating. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and ask him to tell you about the Ciné-Kodak.

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THE eyes of Canada have been centred on the grain crop of Western Canada for the past two months and the early expectations of a large crop seem now to be slowly materializing into definite realization that this year will witness the largest crop ever grown in Canada. Within the week of writing this article there have been given to the public two estimates, one by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and the other by the Manitoba Free Press, estimates which can confidently be relied upon, representing as they do arduous and careful work by skilled and efficient compilers.

The Dominion Report states that present figures would indicate a wheat crop of 550,482,000 bushels being the largest ever reaped. The report continues: "For the first time the wheat crop has passed the half billion mark. The largest crop in any former year amounted to 474,199,000 bushels in 1923. The area sown to wheat this year is also the largest on record being 24,114,846 acres, an increase of 1,654,692 acres over 1927. Barley also gives the largest yield on record showing 144,875,000 bushels from 4,879,588 acres as compared with a previous record of approximately 100,000,000 bushels in 1926. The yield of oats 474,242,000 bushels is distinctly better than the average of recent years".

The Manitoba Free Press in commenting on its estimate says as follows:

"With practically a billion bushels of grain, including 534,621,412 bushels of wheat, the Prairie Provinces have this year established a new and remarkable record in production. The above figures are the Free Press estimates, carefully prepared and based on intimate knowledge of conditions in all parts of the three provinces."

"This estimate of the wheat crop is 115,000,000 bushels above last year's production, and 82,000,000 bushels above the previous high record of 1923."

"Some years ago, when the wheat crop began to go over 100,000,000 bushels, Canada was described as the bread basket of the Empire. The basket has grown enormously in the last eighteen years. Here are some of the high spots in the history of increasing production:

	Bushels
1910	112,778,000
1911	181,751,000
1915	366,904,000
1923	442,033,000
1928 (estimated)	534,621,000

"The yield varies from year to year with climatic and other conditions but, with increasing acreage, new high records are established every few years. The size of this year's crop is due to an increase of 2,000,000 acres in the land sown to wheat and to crop conditions that were quite favorable on the whole."

The only fly in the ointment seems to be the prevalent price on all grain. At the beginning of August, October wheat was quoted around \$1.20, May wheat at \$1.26, whereas at the date of writing the prices are respectively \$1.10 and \$1.16. A variety of reasons are given for the low price but the main one appears to be the existence of a generally good crop over the whole world. The American Government Report shows a total of 901,000,000 million bushels of winter and spring wheat and this added to the large Canadian crop, plus the carry over from last year will leave a very large quantity for export. One of the large investment houses in its Monthly Circular which we have received comments at length upon the situation and in particular makes the following pointed remarks:

"Not since 1923 have wheat prices reached the low levels established during August. In the middle of the marketing year it appeared likely that Canadian wheat would go out at very good price

levels, but the willingness of the Argentine and Australia to shade our prices gave them the business and resulted in Canada being left to face the last two months of the crop year with abnormal stocks. This latter fact, reinforced by the big United States and Prairie Province crops, caused the severe decline, and, while recently, our wheat moved out in considerable volume, it has done so at disappointingly low prices."

"To all appearances the prospect is not any too encouraging for Canadian wheat growers, but it is well to remember that neither "Supply nor demand" are fixed, or even easily determinable, for more than very brief periods, the former changing from time to time with the harvesting of the world's crops, and the latter expanding or contracting in response to numerous influences, not the least of which is the vagaries of the most uncertain of all factors—man."

"The story of 1925-26 is too recent, with its startlingly abrupt Argentine failure and the consequent effects on prices, to allow too fixed opinions as to supply; while demand, depending on some people who eat wheat products, because they have the habit, on others who only do so when prices are low, and on those who will buy wheat products if short of some other preferred staple, can be determined in the main only in the light of after experience."

"While the present situation has many features closely resembling conditions in 1923, there is at least one important difference in that the financial weakness, which was the lot of both exporting and importing countries in 1923, does not exist today. It is hard to get good prices when the other fellow knows you are in a tight position and that is just as true in the selling of wheat as it is in the marketing of personal services or other commodities."

In dealing with the question of Canadian Wheat there is quoted from the Food Research Institute of Stanford University the following:

"The chief superiorities of Canadian wheat, apart from cleanness, higher percentage of vitreous kernels and low count of deteriorated kernels, lie in the heavy weight and higher protein content. On the average, Canadian hard spring wheat is several pounds heavier per bushel than American hard spring wheat. This higher weight finds direct expression in a heavier yield of flour which has the effect of making the heavier wheat cheaper for the miller. Average No. 1 Manitoba Northern will yield per five bushels in different years from 11 to 15 pounds more straight flour than may be secured from average United States No. 1 dark northern spring."

WHERE does the humble match used by the ordinary person in so many different ways come from? It is interesting to note from a recent bulletin that the match industry of Canada is in a creditable shape. There are now three factories engaged in its manufacture, representing an investment of close on five million dollars. Wages paid to employees amount to over half a million dollars each year and considerably over one million dollars is paid annually for the products used. Almost the entire product is used in Canada, the exports being very small. The supply of Canadian made matches is, however, inadequate to satisfy the local demand. Recourse has to be had to foreign countries, the largest of which exporters is, of course, Sweden. It is a matter of interest that of the foreign purchasers of Canadian matches, one of the largest is the Irish Free State.

Lively Goods

Several salesladies, between the ages of 23-35, with a pleasing personality who have had experience selling boys in juvenile furnishings. — Ad. in the Chicago News.

LEGAL INFORMATION

This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

TWO very interesting cases have been decided recently by the Supreme Court of Alberta, dealing with infractions of the criminal code. Under the code it has been declared that a person is guilty of an offence "who disposes of any goods, wares or merchandise by any game or mode of chance or mixed chance and skill in which the contestant or competitor pays money or other valuable consideration." A certain individual advertised a dance for which tickets were sold, each ticket having a coupon attached to it for which nothing was paid and which entitled the holder to make an estimate of the number of passengers to be carried on a certain street railway at some future date just before the competition closed. The prize offered for the nearest estimate was a motor car. The competition was held on behalf of the Red Cross in connection with its work for crippled children.

The promoter of the dance was prosecuted on the grounds that he had infringed the section of the code referred to above. On his behalf it was argued that this section of the code was never intended to apply to purely charitable organizations. The court held that as the society did not fall within any of the exemptions this defence could not be upheld and the only question to be decided was whether the disposal of the car was by a mode of chance or mixed chance and skill. The party who won the car gave evidence that he had bought \$11.00 worth of tickets which gave him the right to make forty-four guesses and he further stated that at the time his guess went in there was nobody who could know what was going to happen at that time. He was frank in his admission that his first object was to help the crippled children but it was held that it was not a question of his intent but a question of the method in which he won the car. The court then held that undoubtedly the estimate did not depend purely on skill and was largely a matter of chance and the promoter was found guilty.

IN a second case decided by the same court a motor car was also disposed of to the person who could estimate the number of grains of a certain grade of a certain kind of wheat which were contained in a glass jar. It is to be seen that this case is a little different in as much as the wheat was actually in existence whereas in the former case the chance of estimating was left indefinite until the last moment of the closing date. In this case the winner guessed the exact number of grains which was 19,784 but the evidence showed that she had made several guesses running from 17,000 to 25,000 purely by guess work. It was further shown that "at least 288 similar jars similarly filled were sold to persons, who no doubt were using their skill and judgment but not one of them apparently arrived at the exact number" and the judgment continues as follows: The evidence of a university professor as well as that of one's own common intelligence is that it would be most unlikely that the exact number would be found when there are so many grains in a single receptacle.

Answers to Queries

Q. In December 1927 my wife died leaving no will. In the City of Winnipeg are two lots deeded in her name, viz. lots 76 and 77, Blk 15, D.G.S. 41½ St. John, plan 1164. These lots are 25x91 on the north side of Redwood Avenue between Wilson and Fife. Do you consider there is any sale for them and at what value approximately. In the Province of Ontario on estates under

\$400. papers of administration can be taken out for two or three dollars they tell me. What would it cost me to take out papers of administration in Manitoba for these lots and what would be the proper procedure to take. Do you think they are worth the trouble and expense. Kindly advise me through your legal department and oblige a subscriber, F.S. Mt. Pleasant, Ont.

A. It is impossible for us to advise you accurately as to the value of real property and it would be advisable for you to obtain this information from some real estate dealer; however, we know that these lots are a long way out from the centre of the city and perhaps might be worth \$5.00 per foot with very few buyers.

The probate fees on a small estate such as you mention would be more than \$2.00 or \$3.00 but the fees payable to the Surrogate Court would be small. You should allow not less than \$75.00 for solicitor's fees and disbursements in taking out letters of administration and transmitting the title to your name. We would suggest that you first endeavor to sell the property and with the money so obtained arrange for clearing the title.

We are pleased to receive a letter from J. Boyd McBride, Esq., Barrister at Edmonton, reading as follows:

"I happened to be looking over the August Issue of The Western Home Monthly, and noticed your answer on page 39 to S.O.S., Jasper, Alberta. Did you overlook the "Maintenance Order Act, Chap. 103, R.S.A.?"

In this case there are eight sons, four living in the United States and four in Canada. If any of the four in Canada are in Alberta, my impression is that they could be compelled to do something towards maintenance, provided the Attorney General's Department or the Municipal authorities could be induced to act. Personally I have never had occasion to invoke the terms of this Statute, but I think it is being regularly used.

We have written him in appreciation of this letter and desire to publish the following statement:

In the August Issue of this magazine we published a query from S.O.S. of Jasper, Alberta. In making our answer to the question we overlooked that in Alberta there is a special Act, the Maintenance Order Act, which provides that where a parent is unable to support him or herself then the parent may make application under the Act for support and maintenance from any child who is financially able to give assistance. This Act is of course only in force in the Province of Alberta.

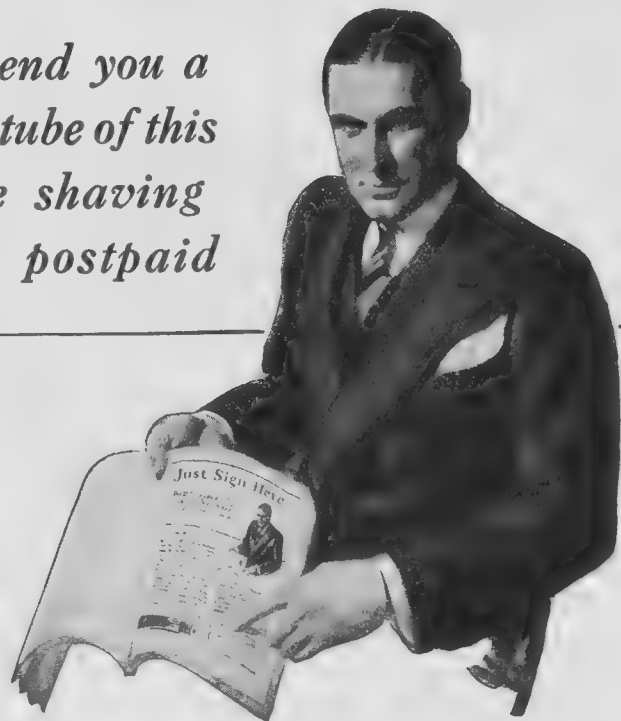
If the widow referred to by S.O.S. has any children residing in the Province of Alberta they could be made to support their mother under the Maintenance Order Act. The widow could apply to the Mayor or Chairman of the Municipal District where she or any child resides, and that official then makes application to the District Court for the necessary Order of Maintenance.

Q. Will you be so kind as to let me know either through the Western Home Monthly or by letter the address of the Supreme Court—London England. I have to pursue several crimes. E.E., Freedom, Alta.

A. The Supreme Court in London, England, is the Supreme Court of Judicature, Royal Courts of Justice, W.C.2. You state that you have to pursue several crimes so that it may be that any correspondence should be directed to the Department of the Director of Public Prosecutions, 1 Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, S.W.1.

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

6264—Dress for Junior and Miss. Cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on the shawl collar, if made as pictured in the large view. If made with small collar $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material is required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Price 25c.

6248—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material 35 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

6250—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on revers, cuffs and belt, cutting the facing crosswise. If facing is cut lengthwise $\frac{3}{8}$ yard is required. A sash of ribbon as illustrated will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. Price 25c.

6249—Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch lining and 4 yards of 35-inch material if made as illustrated in the large view. To face girdle with contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 35 inches wide. To make the dress with long sleeves and without collar will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material. To finish with bias binding requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. Price 25c.

6253—Ladies' Coat. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3 yards of 54-inch material. A facing of contrasting material on the belt requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32 inches wide, cut crosswise. For collar and revers facing of fur or fur cloth, 3 yards 12 inches wide is required. Price 25c.

6246—Ladies' Dress with Slender Hips. Cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. To face the vestee with contrasting material will require $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 12 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Price 25c.

MARRIED...

Yet They Met Only Three Months Ago

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By Mme. Jeannette de Cordet

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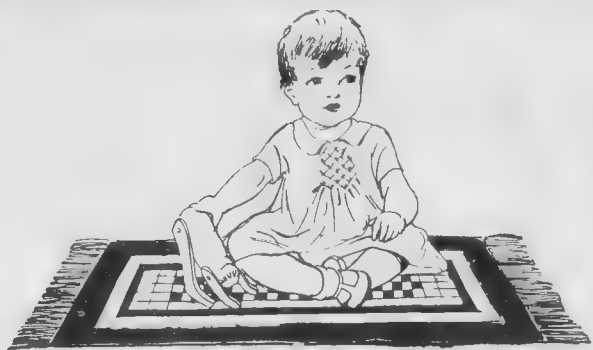
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This year we have determined to demonstrate to the people of Western Canada the superiority of Holt, Renfrew quality and value in fine Furs in a way never before attempted. For over 90 years Holt, Renfrew Furs have been recognized in the East and in an ever-widening circle in Western Canada as the finest values obtainable anywhere. To broaden our field of service, and make those values known in every corner of the Prairie Provinces, we have prepared the most outstanding series of remarkable fur coat values we have ever offered.

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You will find in it a most comprehensive selection of Holt, Renfrew Fur Coats and Scarfs at prices that are truly remarkable.

Suggestions for Home Dressmaking

6236. Nainsook, cambric, or crepe as well as crepe de chine may be used for this model. Lace or a hem edge finished with veining will be an attractive finish. The front is cut with waist and body in one. The waist portions of the back close at the centre. This style has comfortable lines. The fulness of the leg portions is gathered into narrow bands.

The Pattern for this desirable garment is cut in 6 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make this model for a 10 year size will require 1 3/4 yard of 36 inch material. To trim neck and arm-scy edges as illustrated will require 2 5/8 yards of lace or edging.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6217. Silk crepe was used in this instance, with filet edging for trimming. This style is also good for crepe de chine, with a finish of hem stitching or in batiste with edging of lace. Pongee in a natural shade with pipings of a contrasting color is nice, as is also voile in any pastel shade or white with bindings of organdy. This model has shaped shoulders, and a pointed front outline on the upper portion of the garment, to which the wide step-in sections are joined.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make this pleasing style for a Medium size will require 2 1/4 yards of material 36 inches wide or wider. To trim neck, arm-scy and step-in edges as illustrated will require 6 3/4 yards of lace or edging.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6265. Materials in nursery designs, flannel, outing flannel, crepe, crepe de chine, long cloth and madras, as well as pongee and albatross may be used for this model. The garment has a convenient drop back, and may be finished in knee or ankle length. Shaped facings trim the fronts and the neck edge. A small pocket is arranged on the front. The sleeve has fulness at the wrist above a narrow band cuff. As pictured, crepe in a nursery design was used with facings of white lawn.

The Pattern for this style is cut in 6 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 6 year size, in ankle length will require 3 3/4 yards of 27 inch material together with 7/8 yard of contrasting material for facings on fronts, neck, pocket and cuffs. If made in knee length 3/8 yard less of the figured material will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6254. Here is a model for an excellent undergarment, fashioned with body fulness, which is gathered into leg bands at the lower edges, and which has convenient side openings. The upper part is fitted with underarm darts and finished with a camisole top. Batiste, crepe, crepe de chine and radium silk are popular materials for this model. It may also be made of georgette or voile. Bands of lace insertion or embroidery will form an attractive finish.

The Pattern for this pleasing model is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 2 3/8 yards of 32 inch material. To trim with lace bands as illustrated will require 2 7/8 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

MY ROSEMARY IS NEVER MIXED
WITH RUE

By G. Arthur Hallam

Not while my hand yet finds some task to do,
Nor though mine be the yellow leaf and sere,
Nor while remaineth yet a heart to cheer;
Nor while my spirit unrestrained may woo
All that is good, and beautiful, and true;
Nor while the Pilot my frail craft doth steer,
However stormy be the night, and drear:
Ah, not while I the harbor lights may view!

No, not until my devious course be run,
And safe in haven I the anchor weigh;
Recalling all the work I left undone,
Lamenting then the brief but glorious day,—
The golden moments lost, and laurels too,—
Ah, mingle then my rosemary with rue.





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Autumn Fashion Notes

ELEGANCE and animation mark the Fall Styles, each in its own individual setting of Sports, Afternoon and Evening modes.

Formality designates the sports types, enlivened by plaiting, scarfs, gay streamers and flattering panels.

The afternoon silhouette appears exquisitely quaint and feminine.

Evening fashions stand out in fullness in both skirt and bodice, much width is expressed, dippings, and puffs, at the hips, and uneven hem lines are in evidence.

Coats for general or utility wear are made with loose and rather straight lines. They are shown in woolens of diagonal and large chevron weaves, trimmed with collar and cuffs of long haired fur like badger, or with caracul.

A coat of bouclette woolen is lined with stitched satin, others have fur lining or lining of crepe. A sports model severely tailored and untrimmed is also unlined.

Afternoon coats have line more fitted and flare below the hips. Profuse fur trimmings mark these coats, with collars that are high and stand out from the neck. Deep cuffs of fur are also added—which sometimes are replaced by bands of fur.

Skirts are slightly longer.

Sleeves vary in formation; some are cut straight from shoulder to wrist, others flare below the elbow or are lengthened by gathered flounce sections.

Scarf effects are continued from fancy yokes or are cut in one with kimono sleeves.

In afternoon ensembles coat and frock are matched not only in color, but in lines as well. Frocks of wool crepe, or crepe satin, and velvet, are accompanied by coats of broadcloth, velvet like woolens, corduroy and velveteen.

Black satin is smart for dinner and for evening gowns, as are also plain and printed velvets. Lace moire and taffeta are also in evidence.

The two piece sports dress is shown in jersey combined with kasha or crepe. Two materials are combined in the jumper, and skirt or cardigan is one of the materials employed.

Ruffles are extensively used in flare, gathered or plaited effects. Very new is the method of leaving a space between each tier of ruffles, revealing the foundation skirt which may be of contrasting material.

In an ensemble the ruffles and coat lining would be of the same material.

Panels which once owed their popularity to the fact that they were slenderizing to stout figures are now employed in dresses and coats for figures small or broad, tall or short. Sometimes they start from the shoulders and again from the hips or places between hip and shoulder, and may terminate at or below the hemline. A smart evening dress, cut low and in pointed outline over the back has a panel cut in two deep points, hanging loose from the point of the neck opening, and forming a very attractive dip.

The girle is an important fashion feature, appearing more often as the waistline mounts higher. A girle defines the hips, and lends itself well to the use of sash ends, bows and ornamental buckles. They may be fashioned of the material of the dress or of contrasting fabric in a lighter or darker color.

Plaits have escaped the confines of belt and girle and flutter and spring gracefully from below yokes.

Accordion plaitings are popular for skirts, boleros, and scarf effects.

Border effects are shown, in two cross-wise tucking bands and insets that may be of a darker shade or contrasting color, which is again repeated elsewhere on the frock or ensemble.

Diagonal seaming is a popular and attractive finish for gown or coat.

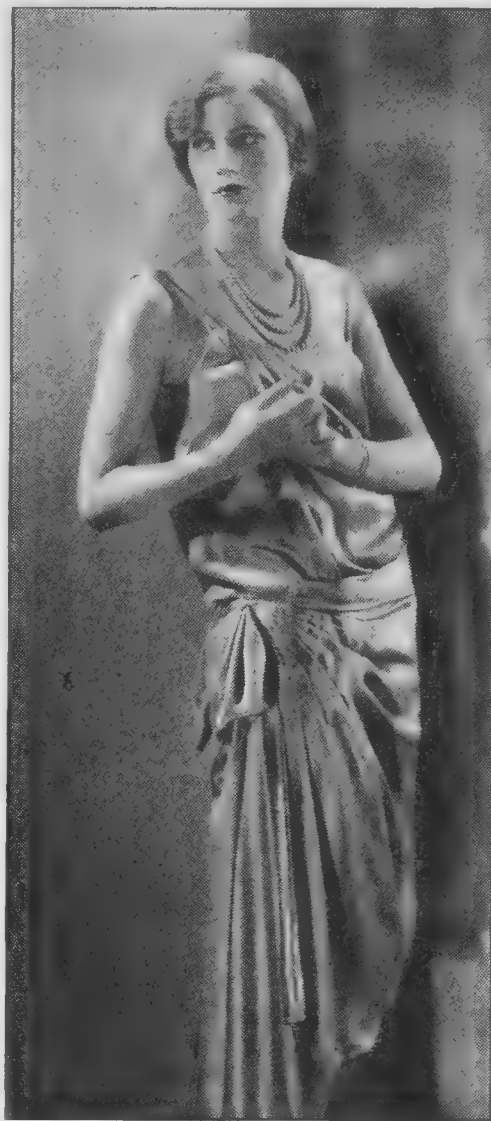
A new tuck-in blouse has a tie band collar above a V neck line, and two small patch pockets on the front.

Insets of various shapings trim coats and dresses, quite replacing most artistically the old time folds.

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Endorsed by Doctors
Scientifically Deodorizes*



*Kotex is the only sanitary napkin that deodorizes with scientific accuracy. This ends an important fear—that of offense to others.

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IN every drug, dry goods and departmental store in the country today you will find the New and Improved Kotex.

The New Kotex is unbelievably comfortable. It is softer than ever before, cool and light to wear. Yet its absorbency is unchanged, its effective area the same.

Deodorizes* . . . and 4 other important features:

- 1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing, pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
- 2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered, no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;
- 3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly by a new and exclusive patented process;
- 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

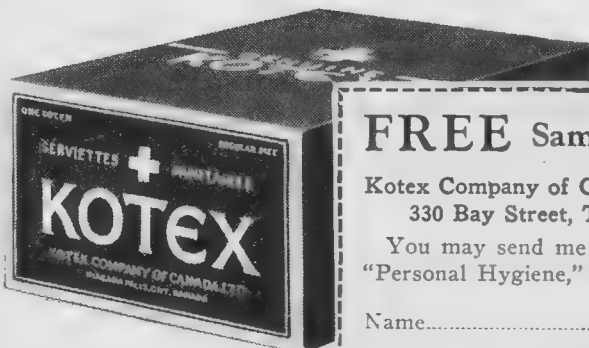
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- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

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During those first vital years

ROSY cheeks, sparkling eyes, good disposition, steady gains in weight, these are characteristics of a healthy baby who sleeps all night and is happy all day. Such a child is a joy to himself and to his parents today, and he is building a rugged constitution that will be a splendid asset to him in later years.

He must have the right food now, properly prepared. You cannot do better than to select for this important cooking the safe, efficient, hygienic, "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Utensils used every day by the leading Canadian hospitals for the preparation of infants' food.

The kitchen of the *modern* home is completely equipped with

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Kitchen Utensils



ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA
Limited
TORONTO

Over

One Hundred Million "Wear-Ever" Utensils Now in Use

Alberta Travelling Clinic

Continued from page 48

of the first clinic, "but after meeting Dr. Washburn they all decided (except one) to bring their children the following day and have done whatever he advised!"

"If it wasn't for this clinic I am sure I would not have been able to have those operations performed, as the expense outside this clinic is very considerable" writes the father of a family who received the benefits of the surgeons' work at Michichie.

The U.F.W.A. president at Rumsey writes "the travelling clinic has been with us for two days, and I can assure you that on every hand there are expressions of appreciation and gratitude in what the doctors and nurses have done for the community. It seems almost impossible to believe that in so short a time so much could have been accomplished."

A member of parliament from Gliichen says "I never saw in my life a service rendered which evoked such universal expression of gratitude from all the parents of children operated on."

"In our own family we suspected one case, but when Dr. Washburn examined the children he found four requiring tonsils and adenoids operation. The fee was such that we could afford it, and when we think of what it would cost us to go to Saskatoon to have the operation performed by a specialist, well, it likely would be left till something else turned up where we would have to" writes a grateful mother from Naco.

"I think your operation was the saving of our boy's life" is the simple tribute of a New Brigden mother.

Hundreds of letters, sometimes a scarcely intelligible scrawl, other times the graciously expressed thanks of a cultured woman, arrive at the department. In a scale drawn up it was figured that the total cost of a tonsils and adenoids operation for a child having to go to Lethbridge from the town of Champion, visited by the Clinic, would be \$66.59, including railway fare, hotel bill of parent and hospital fees.

In regard to the McLennan Clinic it was discovered that the cost of bringing a child to Edmonton for the same operation would be \$102.15.

Besides the service given to the poor, the government runs an extensive "charge account" with those who are unable to make payment at once. Notes are issued for the amount owing, and the children thus receive needed attention while parents retain their self-respect. Of a large number of such notes issued last year practically all have been paid in full.

All summer long the two clinics and the surgical team travel through the country from one centre to another, the surgeons alternating between the examiners. School houses, halls and

churches are used as hospitals. So large was the clinic held at Raymond, a town largely devoted to the growing of beets and manufacturing of sugar in the south of the province, that all three clinics converged at this point.

One sees the nurses and doctors driving into town in their little government cars, followed by the truck bearing their equipment and instruments. Usually they arrive on the evening before the clinic, as one day is allowed between towns for travelling. Clinics may be anywhere from fifteen to one hundred miles apart. Cozily established in their little umbrella tents near the building which is to be used for their work, the travellers enjoy the sleep of the just, in preparation for the heavy morrow's work. By early morning doctors and nurses were receiving scores of children in the big schoolhouse which was used for the Raymond Clinic. All day long the procession came, and parents waited close by while their children received a full physical examination, including ears, eyes, teeth, throat and nose. On the following day the surgeons were on hand and the modern equipment and instruments which are taking everywhere had been set up in a separate room. Beds brought by the parents and supplied by helpful friends had been set up in the little hospital room, and children ready for operations were put to bed for a quiet hour.

Afterwards they returned to a separate compartment for the night.

The basic idea of the clinic is service to the people, and by this gauge its success must be measured. In response to forms sent to families where operations had been performed, it was discovered that fresh mental alertness resulted from correction of physical defects in the great majority of cases.

Perhaps the greatest general effect of the clinic is of that subtle kind which works as the "leaven in a handful of meal," and which acts rather on the mental than the physical nature. To isolated people is brought the equipment, if not the convenience, of modern city institutions; to the new citizen, in many cases still halting in his English, is interpreted the importance placed on good health by the government of his adopted country; to the poor is offered the privilege hitherto reserved for those in more opulent circumstances; and to all is exemplified the spirit of good will and practical service. All of which can have no less effect than to allay whatever suspicions of neglect or indifference on the part of government bodies might have arisen in the minds of people in isolated districts. Surely in the last analysis will develop a type of patriotism and promote a measure of contentment with rural life that will have far-reaching, permanent and beneficial effects on the future generations of the province.



Before and after operations children are put to bed in cots brought by their parents or lent by kindly friends. A school room becomes a hospital ward overnight

ON THE TABLES OF AMERICA'S FIRST FAMILIES SINCE



EIGHTEEN FORTY-SEVEN

There Is But One!

So recognized is the leadership of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate in the field of fine silverware, that others often seek to suggest its quality by similar sounding names . . . But sateen is not satin. Those who go part way in name, seldom go all the way in quality and craftsmanship.

The *complete* trade mark enched on every piece thus: 1847 ROGERS BROS. insures your complete satisfaction through a lifetime of silver service. . . . There is but *one* 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. In service for 80 years, it is guaranteed without time-limit.

Nothing so bespeaks the refinement and distinction of the home as a silver service of matching pieces. Such a service . . . in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate . . . may be assembled in a leisurely, inexpensive manner, as your needs and your purse dictate.

The *PIECES OF 8 Set* forms the logical basis of a matching service . . . eight of each in knives, forks and spoons . . . (Priced at \$51.35) . . . Then *PIECES OF CHARM* in the same pattern . . . butter spreaders (8 for \$9.65), salad forks (8 for \$11.35), bouillon spoons (8 for \$11.00), serving pieces and the other incidentals of the well-appointed table. These may be purchased separately or as a set . . . Finally, appropriate hollowware; dinner and coffee sets, handsome ornamental pieces . . . to complete a service of matching and matchless beauty.

The *AMBASSADOR PATTERN*
Cold Meat Fork . . . \$3.00
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Both MacLaren's Cream Cheese and Pimento Cream Cheese—favorites for 38 years—are sold in 10 and 15 cent packages.

Which is Your Favorite Variety?

Perhaps it's Canadian? If so, we suggest you try Kraft Pimento, as a pleasing variation. Velveeta is our newest line—as “smooth as velvet” and with a nut-like flavor that women and children particularly enjoy. Not to know the different kinds and flavors of Kraft Cheese is to have missed one of the greatest of food variations.

That is the surprising thing about cheese. There are so many kinds and varying flavors that we need never tire of this wholesome food. One may have a different kind for every day in the week. And this makes it pleasingly possible to have cheese on the menu of at least one meal every day, as we are told by dietitians that we should.

KRAFT Cheese means many different kinds of cheese. But regardless of the variety, you will find that the Kraft label means a flavor true to that particular variety, while texture and all else that makes for quality will be unsurpassed. Say KRAFT before you say cheese and look for the name on the carton.



For a book of choice recipes write Dept. W. H. M. Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co., Montreal.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company



CHEESE INSTEAD OF MEAT



Cheese may be molded into artistic apples and carrots for decorative purposes

THE largely increased cost of meat during recent months, has made it necessary for many housewives to find a substitute for it for several meals during each week. For this purpose, nothing could be better than cheese. It is obtainable in enough varieties to suit all tastes, is available all the year round, and is one of the most convenient foods we have.

The history of its use is very interesting. No other prepared food, with the possible exception of butter, dates so far back into antiquity. We hear of it in ancient Greek and Egyptian writings, as early as 2000 B.C. It is so old, that we do not know with certainty, who discovered it, or how, but an old legend tells us that an Asian traveller, when preparing for a journey, filled his water-bag with milk. That night, on attempting to take a drink of the milk, he found it had coagulated. For his water-bag he had chosen a sheep's stomach in which the digestive juice we know as rennet, was still present.

In Bible times, cheese was a very important food. We read of the boy David being sent by his father with food to his three brothers who were in King Saul's camp, fighting against the Philistines. Jesse told him to take for his brothers, "an ephah of this parched corn and these ten loaves, and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare." It was at this time that David killed Goliath.

Cheese was a great delicacy during the days of the Glory of the Roman Empire. After the fall of Rome, cheese-making was carried on under the protection of the church. The art was taught to the peasants by the monks. Even today, a special cheese, "La Trappe," is made by the Trappist monks at their monasteries, one of them being in Manitoba.

There is an interesting story of the discovery of Roquefort cheese, one of our most delicate and expensive varieties. We are told that several hundred years ago a French peasant left his lunch of bread and butter and cheese made of sheep milk, in one of the cool damp caves so common in that vicinity, then forgot all about it. Some time later, when he returned, he found that

instead of spoiling, the cheese had developed a new and delicious flavor.

In this country, cheese has been made from the beginning of the early settlements, first on the farms, later in factories. Most of Canada's cheese is made in Ontario and Quebec, although there are factories in the other provinces, also.

There are in use today, over two hundred different kinds of cheeses, which may be divided into two classes, those made by the action of rennet, and those made by lactic acid. The lactic acid cheese with which we are most familiar, is that known as Cottage or Dutch cheese. It is made of sour skim milk, which may have cream or butter added for flavor and increased food value. Such cheese must be used within a short time, or it will spoil.

The rennet cheeses are of innumerable varieties, depending upon the kind of milk, the amount of moisture left in the curd, any flavors which may be added, the temperature and conditions of ripening, and the presence of such organisms as molds and bacteria, which may be normally present, or may be added for flavor.

The rennet cheeses are either hard, semi-hard, or soft, determined by the amount of moisture left in the curd.

The best known hard cheese is the Cheddar. It is made, usually, in round form, in sizes varying from 5 to 80 pounds. A 5 or 10 pound cheese is the most suitable size for family use. It is the kind spoken of frequently, as ordinary "store" cheese, and is probably the most popular cheese made. It was named from the old English village of Cheddar, near Bristol, where it was first marketed. It is made of fresh whole

milk, with the addition of vegetable coloring to give the yellow shade we like, and a little rennet to cause coagulation of the protein. The whey, which contains a large proportion of the water in the milk, is removed, salt is added, the curd is then pressed into any one of several shapes, then ripened. Some months are required for Cheddar, Swiss and Cheshire cheeses to reach their best condition. The early process of manufacture is practically the same for the different varieties of rennet cheeses.

The Goudas and Edams are made from whole milk, usually, although some grades of Edam cheese are made of part skim milk; they are dyed either red or yellow on the outside. More salt is used than in ordinary Cheddar cheese. These are mild, pleasantly salty cheeses, coming chiefly from Holland.

Pineapple cheese is a New England invention. Cheddar cheese is cooked till quite hard, pressed, then dipped in warm water, then hung up to dry in a net, which gives the pineapple shape and the diamond shaped marks all over the surface. While ripening, linseed oil is rubbed on the outside, and finally it is given a coat of shellac, to prevent cracking, and to give it a shiny coat.

Swiss cheese is very old. It contains a number of "eyes" or holes, produced during ripening, by certain acid-producing bacteria. Connoisseurs profess to be able to judge the flavor of the cheese by the shape and size of these eyes, which indicate the state of ripeness.

Among the Italian cheeses, one of the best-known is Parmesan. It is ripened for two years before



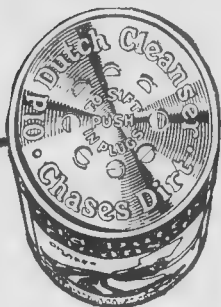
An appetizing cheese and ginger sandwich

being considered ready for use, which makes it extremely hard. It must be grated before using, as it is too hard to cut. It, along with certain other Italian cheeses, such as Provolone and Reggiano, are used for flavoring soups, macaroni, etc. They are dark on the outside with streaks of green running through them.

Gorgonzola is an Italian cheese made from fresh whole cow's milk, and is marbled with streaks of mold. As it ripens it becomes slimy on the surface. This slime is scraped off, and holes made in the cheese, to make air spaces for the growth of mold. After

Green Peppers and Cucumber stuffed with cheese

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Simply open the little port-holes in the top of the package and out comes Old Dutch Cleanser to bring you Healthful Cleanliness—so important to every home.

Old Dutch simplifies housework, it is safe, thorough, economical. There's nothing else like it for porcelain and enamel, aluminum, glass ware, cooking utensils, tile, painted woodwork, floors, windows, refrigerators, stoves, etc. Protects the surface and assures its longer life.

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Velvety cream soups full of flavor, breads of extra-fine texture, smooth, rich creamed dishes—all made with Borden's St. Charles Milk.



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Always Reliable — Sold by all Grocers



Continued from page 61

the cheese is properly ripened, it is covered with a mixture of barite and tallow or lard, to prevent further growth of mold, and shrinkage.

Romano is a very hard, salty Italian cheese, which must be grated before using. It is made from goat's milk.

Gruyère is a delicious Swiss cheese, flavored with sage.

Stilton is one of the best of English cheeses. It was made originally near the village of Stilton. It owes its flavor to the development of green mold within the cavities of the cheese, and is not fully ripened for use in less than two years.

Roquefort, as mentioned earlier, is usually considered the finest of all cheeses. It is white, open-grained in texture, and mottled with green molds. Its high cost is due to the scarcity of sheep's milk, from which it is made, and to the labor of making it. Nowhere but in the caves of Roquefort, France, does it seem possible to ripen it successfully. At the back of the caves, is an opening, through which cool air comes down over dripping rocks, which seems to provide the right temperature for ripening the cheese. The curd is sprinkled with specially prepared moldy bread, made of wheat and barley flour, whey and vinegar. This bread is kept in a damp place for a few weeks, till thoroughly permeated with the mold. Air holes are made in the ripening cheese, to permit of the growth of the mold.

The soft cheeses are much more perishable than are the hard ones.

Neufchatel is a soft French cheese, usually made from whole milk, and is bought in small round or square packages, wrapped in tin foil.

Cream cheese is similar to Neufchatel, but contains a much larger proportion of cream.

Brie is a soft rennet cheese, made for centuries in France, and now extensively in this country. It has a characteristic flavor.

Camembert was first made at Camembert in Normandy and named by Napoleon, so the story goes, when he tasted it on one of his victorious trips across France. It is rich and creamy, and of the consistency of soft butter. When fully ripened, the cheese is covered with a glistening grayish-green mold, with slimy reddish masses in the mold. The peculiar flavor is due to growth of mold, cultures of which are added to the curd.

There are a number of excellent cheeses made in the Scandinavian countries.

In this country we have hundreds of varieties, many of them almost alike, others varying in the cream content, or in the seasonings added, such as pimiento, etc.

The best known semi-hard cheese is Limburger, a native of Belgium. In spite of its very disagreeable odor, it has a really delicious flavor. Most of the odor seems to be in the rind, so this can be avoided by buying the cheese in small tin-foil packages with the rind removed.

WHY EAT CHEESE

WE HAVE not learned in this country, to use as much cheese as we should. In some European countries it is a staple article of diet.

It is one of our most concentrated foods, containing twice as much protein as meat. It is very rich in lime and phosphorus, making it an excellent food for children. Being so concentrated, and having no waste, it is one of our cheapest foods. Contrary to some people's belief, it is easy to digest. After a heavy meal of meat and potatoes, if eaten with rich pie, it is too much, but why blame the cheese? Some people like it fried in butter, which of course makes the cheese tough and hard to digest. But if taken as a main part of a meal, diluted with some cereal product, such as bread, or rice, or macaroni, or with potatoes, it is very satisfying and easily digested, and helps to provide a perfectly balanced meal.

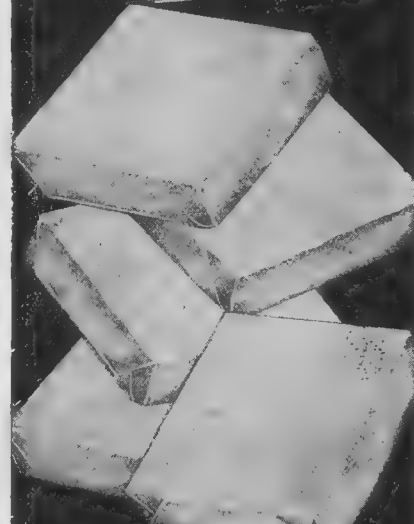
It is because cheese aids digestion, that it is served with crackers, at the end of a heavy dinner.

CHEESE SOUPS

Cream of Cheese Soup

Milk, 1 qt. Cheese, 1/4 lb.
Butter, 2 tb. Salt and paprika
Flour, 2 tb. Croutons

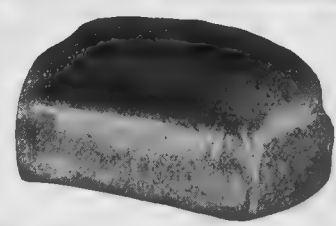
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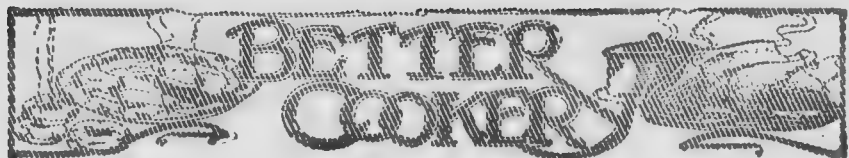


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Continued from page 63



Luncheon Cheese

Make a white sauce of the milk, flour and butter, season with salt and paprika, and just before serving add the cheese, which has been grated if hard, rubbed through a coarse sieve if soft, and serve as soon as the cheese is melted, with croutons, made by cutting stale bread in cubes, and browning in the oven.

Potato Cheese Soup

Potatoes, 2 c. Flour, 1 tb.
Boiling water, 2 c. Salt
Hot milk, 2 c. Pepper
Onion, small, 1 Cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Butter, 2 tb. Parsley, 1 t.

Cook the potatoes in the boiling water, then rub through a sieve when tender, using both potatoes and water for the soup, adding a little more water or hot milk, if it seems too thick. The onion may be scalded either with the milk or the potatoes, then discarded. Add the butter, flour and seasonings and cook, with the milk, for a few minutes. Add the cheese just before serving, and stir till melted and hot. Sprinkle chopped parsley on top for a garnish.

Vegetable Cheese Soup

To make a vegetable soup more nourishing, to form the main dish for a meal, add grated cheese and stir till the cheese is melted, then serve at once.

**CHEESE MAIN DISHES
MEAT SUBSTITUTES****Welsh Rabbit**

Butter, 1 tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Toast or Crackers

Grate or chop the cheese. Melt the butter, add the flour and seasonings, and stir till smooth, then the milk slowly, stirring till thick and smooth. Then add the cheese and stir till it is melted. Serve at once on hot toast or crackers.

Tomato Rabbit

Butter, 2 tb. Grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Tomato soup, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Seasonings
Heat the canned tomato soup, add the butter and the grated cheese, stirring till melted. Add salt, pepper and if liked, a little mustard, if more seasoning is required. An egg may be added if wished. Pour over toast or crackers.

Mexican Rabbit

Canned tomatoes, 2 c. Cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Onion, small, 1 Green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$
Egg-yolks, 2 Milk, 1 c.
Butter, 2 tb. Salt, 1 t.
Toast or Crackers Flour, 2 tb.

Chop the peppers and onion quite fine, and cook with the butter, gently so as not to scorch them, till the onion is yellow, add the flour and milk, cook till smooth and well blended. Stir in the cheese, either chopped or grated, then the tomato, and when it is hot, the beaten egg-yolks, and stir till thick. Serve at once on toast or crackers. Ripe stewed tomatoes may be used when they are plentiful.

English Monkey

Milk, 2 c. Egg-yolks, 2
Butter, 2 tb. Mustard, 1 t.
Salt, 1 t. Paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Stale bread crumbs, 2 c.
Cheese, grated, 1 c.

Soak the crumbs in the milk. Add the seasonings and scald. Stir in the beaten egg-yolks, then the grated or chopped cheese, and cook, while stirring, till the cheese is melted. Serve on hot toast or crackers. Whole eggs may be used, if preferred.

Cheese Fondue I

Milk, 1 c. Eggs, 2
Stale crumbs, 1 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Melted butter, 1 tb. Cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Separate the eggs, and beat well. Soak the soft crumbs in the milk, add the cheese, grated or chopped, the egg-yolks, and seasonings, and mix well. Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites, and pour into a buttered baking dish, and bake till firm in a moderate oven. It requires about half an hour.

Cheese Fondue II

Bread crumbs, 1 c. Egg-yolks, 4
Hot water, 1 c. Egg-whites, 4
Cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Salt, 1 t.
Paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Cheese Fondue III

Bread crumbs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Butter, 1 tb.
Hot milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. Egg-yolks, 4
Cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Egg-whites, 4
Salt, 1 t. Paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Cheese Soufflé

Butter, 3 tb. Cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Flour, 3 tb. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Salt, 1 t.
Eggs, separated, 3

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and milk, melt the cheese in it, and add the seasonings, then the beaten egg-yolks, and cook 1 or 2 minutes. Cool. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites, put in a buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven, till firm. It is wise to set the baking dish in a pan of water, unless the oven is reasonably cool.

Cheese Croquettes

Milk, 1 c. Onion, 2 slices
Butter, 4 tb. Flour, 4 tb.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Paprika
Grated cheese, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.

Scald the milk with the onion in it. Remove the onion, add the butter, flour seasonings and cheese. Stir till the cheese is melted, and smooth. Cool. When cold, form into the desired shape, roll in crumbs, egg, and again crumbs, and fry either in deep fat, or brown in a small amount of fat in the frying pan, or in a hot oven. The egg for dipping is slightly beaten, and has 1 to 2 tb. water (cold), added. Tomato sauce is usually served with cheese croquettes.

Cheese and Rice Croquettes

Cold boiled rice, 2 c. Butter, 4 tb.
Cheese, grated, 1 c. Flour, 4 tb.
Milk, 1 c. Salt, 1 t.
Egg, 1 Paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Make a sauce of the milk, butter, flour and cheese, add the well-beaten egg and the rice, and seasonings. Cool, and shape into croquettes. Dip in crumbs, slightly-beaten egg to which has been added 1 to 2 tb. water, and again in crumbs, and fry in deep fat, or brown in a frying pan, or a hot oven. Pimiento cheese is good.

Cheese Balls

Mashed potato, 2 c. Cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt and paprika Milk, 4 tb.

Continued on page 64

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Sift three times $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour, 6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, and 5 tablespoons brown sugar and add 1 cup bran. Add gradually, a little at a time, 6 tablespoons shortening melted, stirring the dry mixture constantly. The mixture is now a crumbly mass. Beat 3 egg yolks well and add $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk. Add to the dry mixture. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup raisins, floured, and beat for five minutes. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread in a greased square pan about three-fourths inch thick and bake in a moderate oven at 350 deg. F. fifty to sixty minutes. Makes twelve $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares.

**ORANGE SHORTCAKE**

The Shortcake is made from the recipe at the top of page 21 of the Royal Cook Book, using oranges instead of strawberries. The dough is baked in a deep tin, split, and orange sections placed between and on top of layers. The top is sprinkled with powdered sugar before serving.

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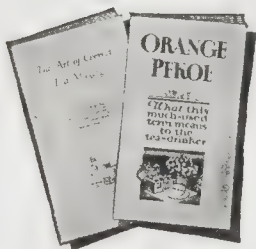
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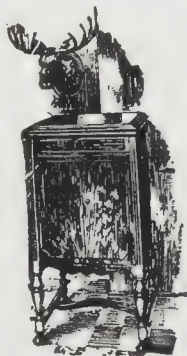
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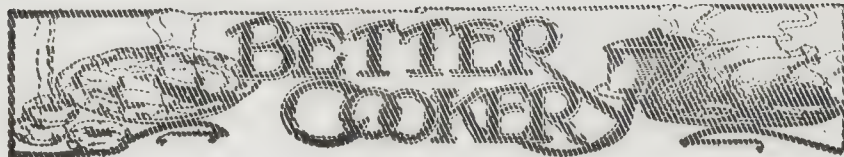
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Continued from page 63

Season the mashed potatoes, add the milk and grated cheese, using the amount of cheese desired. Beat till light. Form into balls with two spoons or with floured fingers, on a greased pan. Brush over with beaten egg, and brown in a medium oven.

Baked Rice and Cheese

Put alternate layers of cooked rice and cheese sauce in a buttered bake-dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in the oven till the crumbs are browned.

Cheese Sauce

Butter, 2 tb. Liquid, 1 c.
Flour, 2 tb. Salt and pepper
Cheese, ¼ c. or more

The liquid may be either milk or tomato juice. The cheese is grated or chopped, and added to the hot sauce, and stirred till it melts. The amount of cheese used depends on its strength or on the amount of cheese flavor wished.

Macaroni and Cheese

Cook the macaroni in 8 times as much salted boiling water. Drain through a sieve, and pour cold water over the macaroni to prevent the pieces sticking together. Make a cheese sauce, using ½ c. grated cheese to each cup of milk, seasoning with salt, pepper, a few grains of cayenne, and ½ t. of mustard. Put alternate layers of macaroni and sauce in a buttered bake-dish, cover with buttered crumbs, and bake till the crumbs are browned.

Cheese and Spinach Timbales

Cooked or canned spinach, 2 c.
Eggs, 3 Cheese, ½ lb.
Butter, 2 tb. Milk, 1 c.
Salt, 1 t. Flour, 1 tb.
Paprika

Make a sauce of the milk, flour, butter, and cheese, stir in the egg-yolks slightly beaten. Mix half of it with the finely chopped spinach, fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites, pour into buttered custard cups, which should be placed in a pan of hot water. Cook in a moderate oven till firm. To serve, turn from the molds, and pour around them the remaining cheese sauce which has been reheated.

Stuffed Green Peppers

For 6 peppers, use ¼ lb. cheese, 1½ c. bread crumbs, ½ small onion, 2 tb. butter, 1 t. salt and ½ t. pepper. Cut a slice from the stem end of the peppers, remove the seeds and membrane, and parboil 2 or 3 minutes. Drain, fill with the other ingredients mixed together, sprinkle buttered crumbs on the top, put in a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes.

Cauliflower with Cheese I

Make a good cheese sauce. Boil a cauliflower in salted water, without separating it into flowerets. Put in a buttered baking dish, pour over it the cheese sauce, and heat in the oven.

Cauliflower with Cheese II

Break the cooked cauliflower into pieces. Put alternate layers of cauliflower and cheese sauce in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake in the oven till brown.

Cabbage with Cheese

Chop cooked cabbage, put in a buttered bake dish with alternate layers of cheese sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs, mixed with grated cheese and sprinkle with paprika. Bake till brown.

Baked Stuffed Tomatoes

Make a stuffing as for the green peppers. Fill ripe tomatoes from which the pulp has been removed, with the stuffing; replace the slice removed from the top, and bake in a buttered bake dish in a hot oven.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

Bake large potatoes. Cut in halves lengthwise. Scoop out the centers, mash, add ¼ lb. grated cheese, ¼ c. hot milk,

ant salt and pepper, to each 6 mashed potatoes. Mix well, and put back in the potato shells. Bake in a hot oven about 10 minutes, till browned on top.

Red Rabbits

On a slice of bread, lightly buttered, place a thin slice of cheese, then a thick slice of ripe tomato or a spoonful of tomato sauce, and on top of that, a piece of bacon. Put in a hot oven till the bacon is cooked. The bread will be toasted and the tomato cooked, and the cheese melted while the bacon is cooking. Place the slices side by side in a flat pan.

Potato Puff

Melt ¼ lb. cheese in ½ c. milk, in a double boiler, season with salt and pepper, add the slightly-beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Beat into 3 cups of mashed potato, fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs, pile on a buttered dish, and bake till brown in a hot oven.

Potatoes au Gratin

Cooked diced potatoes
Cheese sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix together the potatoes cut in neat cubes, cheese sauce, and salt and pepper. Put in a buttered bake dish, and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake till brown in a hot oven.

Potatoes Scalloped with Cheese

On top of each layer of sliced potatoes for a dish of scalloped potatoes, put a layer of thinly sliced cheese.

EGGS WITH CHEESE

Devilled Eggs

Hard boiled eggs Salt
Grated cheese Pepper
Vinegar or salad dressing Mustard

Cut the eggs in halves and remove the yolks. Mash the yolks, add the salt, pepper, grated cheese, a little mustard, and enough mild vinegar or salad dressing to moisten. Mix well, and pack into the cavities in the whites.

Scalloped Eggs and Cheese

Buttered bread crumbs
Hard boiled eggs Cheese sauce

Put a layer of buttered crumbs in a bake dish, or in individual dishes, cover with a layer of chopped coarsely, or sliced, hard boiled eggs, then a layer of cheese sauce. Repeat, then cover with buttered crumbs. Cook till brown in a hot oven.

Golden Rod Eggs

Cheese sauce, 2 c. Hard cooked eggs
Slices of buttered toast

To the cheese sauce add the chopped whites of some hard-cooked eggs. Pour over the slices of buttered toast. Rub the hard egg yolks through a sieve and sprinkle on top. Serve hot.

Baked Eggs

Break the required number of eggs into buttered individual dishes, or one larger flat dish. Set in the oven till it starts to cook. Remove and sprinkle with buttered crumbs mixed with grated cheese, salt and pepper, return to the oven till browned, and serve at once.

Eggs Scrambled with Cheese

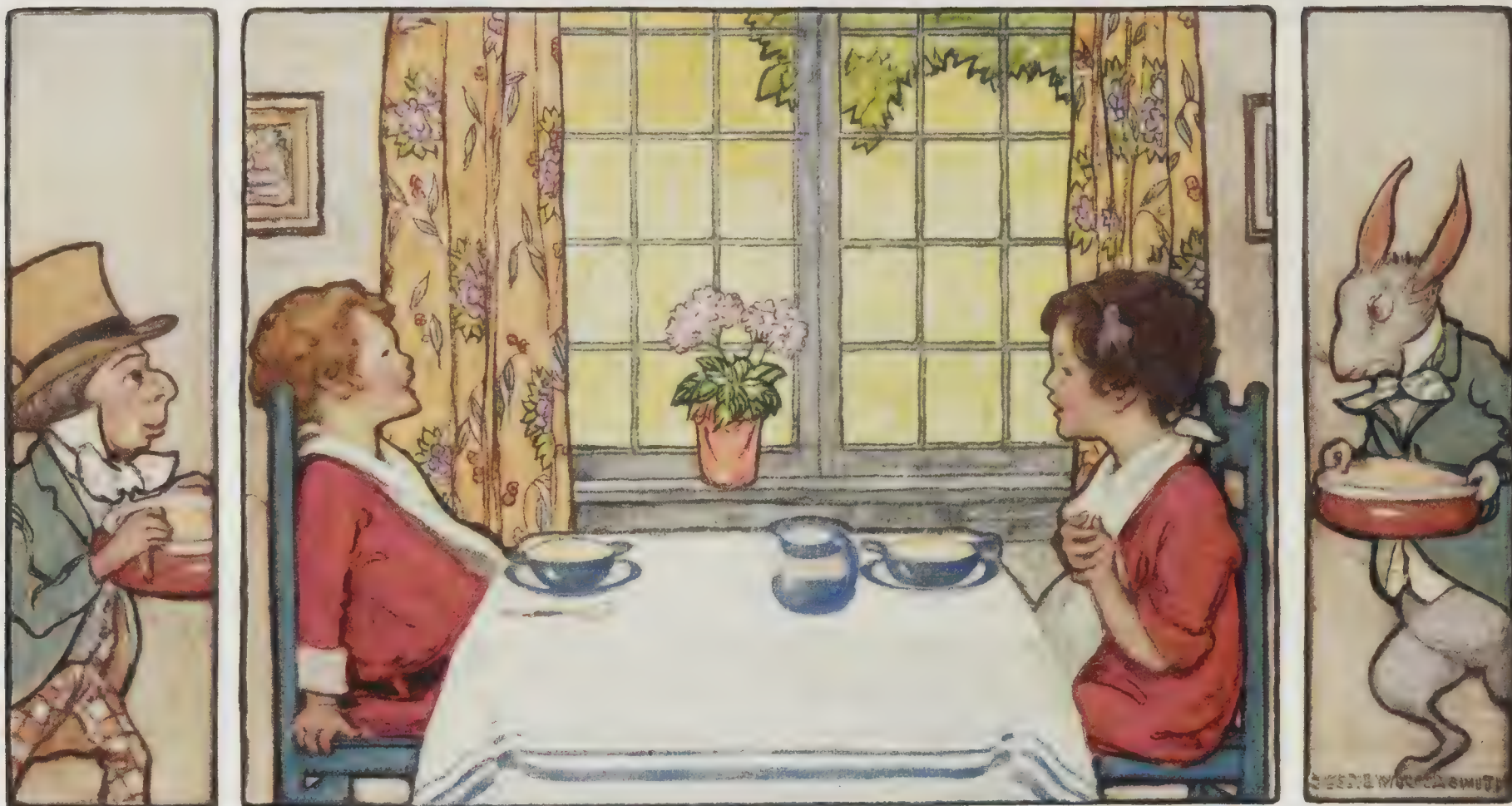
Grated cheese, ¼ lb. Eggs, 4
Salt and pepper Milk, 4 tb.

Beat the eggs slightly, add the milk, cheese and seasonings, and pour into a buttered frying pan. Cook slowly, while stirring, till of a creamy consistency. Serve on toast. Tomato juice or canned tomato soup may be used in place of the milk.

Cheese Omelet

To plain omelet, add 1 tb. grated cheese for each egg.

Cheese may be combined with many other foods to make delicious salads and sandwiches.



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(Left) Serve with a half peach — add sugar and milk or cream.

(Right) Children can't resist Puffed Rice with sliced bananas and rich milk.



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YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST

Does Your House Satisfy You?

Continued from page 27

some other arrangement for hats and umbrellas. Use the walls, rather than the floor, to carry some furnishing—a couple of suitable small pictures or candle-brackets, for instance; a barometer or a clock. If there is space for more furniture, you may go as far as you like in adding it.

Consider the illustration; it is typical of the hall arrangement in good taste. The furniture, of 18th century feeling, is dignified, fine in line and finish, and is grouped in the most pleasant fashion. Console tables of many types are popular for hall use, this shallow, rounded example being very good for the rather narrow hall.

Supposing that your furnishing budget restricts pieces of this quality to the most important positions in the house and that something more modest must answer in the hall, much the same general effect can be gained at a fraction of the cost of these pieces. If you shop about diligently you will find surprisingly good small tables of walnut, maple and so on at prices varying from moderate to a very low figure; the idea of the two chairs might be carried out in a pair of rush-bottom ladderbacks or good Windsors; the mirror might give place to one of the new bright printed cotton wall hangings, that cost a mere nothing, or an inexpensive mirror that can be mounted against a piece of colorful fabric, with fine effect.

Don't hesitate, however, to leave these conventional groupings for something quite different, if you want to do so. If you would like, for instance, to bring a certain chest of drawers from the upper regions and use it here, by all means go ahead; or if you feel that such a chest would meet the needs in your hall and justify your buying one, you will find you have a wide choice and a very interesting mission. Put a brass or iron candelabra or a pair of tall candlesticks on your chest of drawers, or a bright bit of metal or pottery or a basket lacquered in color, to be filled with autumn leaves, flowers, dried weeds in their woody gray-brown colorings; use the drawers of your chest to your heart's content, for the gloves and rubbers and caps and miscellany of the family. Your choice of furniture will lack nothing in dignity or propriety—it is "being done" by most fashionable decorators; and how useful it will be!

Or picture a low chest of the sea-faring or the hope-chest order—just a strong carpentered box with a heavy lid; if it is of plain soft wood, lacquer it dull red or blue or green and fit it with handsome long iron hinges; put a hanging on the wall above it, or a mirror or a picture; then delight in your effect!

ONLY a glance into the living-room. It is rather too big a subject to allow much justice being done of it in

this immediate connection. But if the shortcomings of your room shriek aloud, maybe this is the moment to at least hear and mark them. Is it an honest living room? Comfortable? Warm? Cheerful? If it mourns for a fireplace—could one be managed? It would be worth a lot of effort and sacrifice in some other directions. Not enough comfortable chairs? Maybe one or two might be added, even if they had to be filched from some other part of the house where they do not do so much actual good as they would here.

The occasional purchase of an upholstered chair of good lines and real comfort, this is essentially the day of deep-cushioned, springy, ease-giving furniture; not that the pieces need be over-large or in the least clumsy; there are now many types of delightful overstuffed chairs, ranging from those which match a chesterfield, through all the variations of a wing chair, Coxwell chair, tub chair and any number of other practical shapes that will fill just the space and the need you have for them. These chairs can, if you desire, be bought in their first coverings, so that you can add a slip cover of the chintz already used in your room or choose a covering that will blend with the fabrics already in use. For fill-in, there are also inviting low chairs of reed, wicker and their relatives, which can be made very comfortable by clever cushioning.

French chintz at the windows—or even a dip in the dye pot for old hangings or for some quite humble fabric that would thus turn into a cheer maker; another lamp or two; a high upholstered stool covered to match one of the easy chairs, ready to be drawn up to convert it into a slumber chair (a gloriously restful thing from the Tired Business Man's point of view). Or perhaps you will try dispensing with a few objects that have been merely tolerated; some pictures that really do not give pleasure; the unlovely bits and bobs that we so often allow to collect without quite realizing it, things we put up with because we never look at them directly and challenge their right to be there.

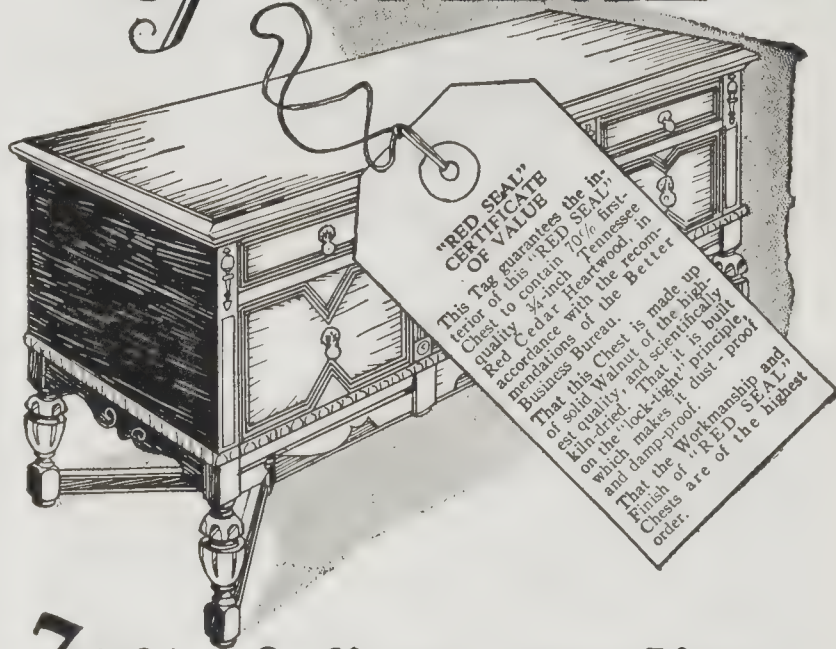
Perhaps you sigh over a too-small living room, the old small parlor-type which modern houses have enlarged into the cheerful living-room. Would it seem too great daring to throw two rooms into one? Even to combine dining and living rooms? This is being done very deliberately in plenty of new houses and apartments; the furnishing of the combination room is not too difficult and can be done very successfully indeed. Of course some families would find this arrangement very awkward; others after the first shock of picturing themselves without a conventional dining-room, might find little practical objection and a lot in favor for the idea.

Continued on page 96

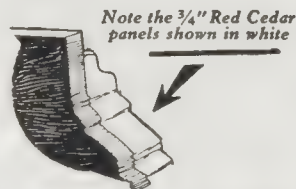


A chair of good lines and real comfort is a sound investment

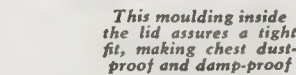
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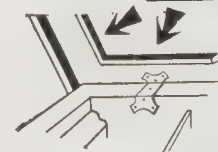
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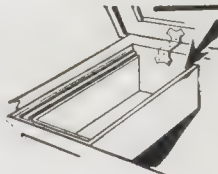
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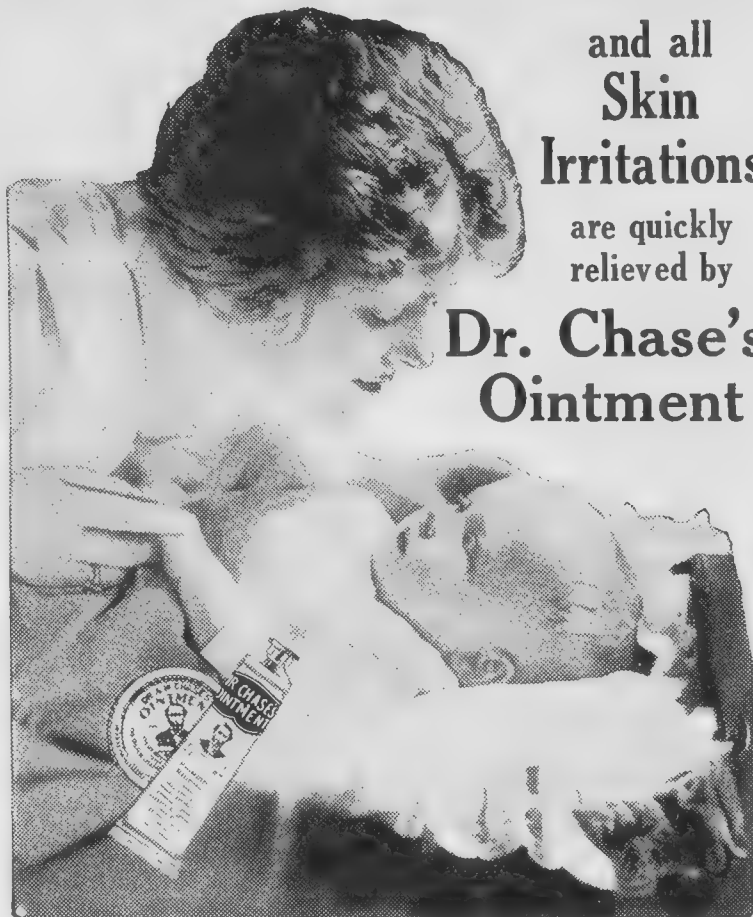
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Medusa's Head

Continued from page 11

The paper fits absolutely. I think she wrote it there."

"And left this for Coggeshall?"

"Probably. Only she seemed to want a message, not a package. Didn't even take it."

"You think she was 'Mrs. Gray'?"

Motherwell shrugged. "Maybe. But who is the older woman? She's the one we want, sir. She didn't get enough pay, you see. And she was alone. Mrs. White was with some one—some one who was hurrying her."

"And telling her what to say, you think?"

"Absolutely, sir. And making her go."

"You still stick to that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"And yet, Motherwell, what was the hurry? The jewels were all out of the way, before; a very quiet, plain dress was arranged; a taxicab was called, not to use her own car. What is there sudden in all that?"

"Something turned up," said Motherwell.

"Or somebody," said the jeweler.

Motherwell turned on him impatiently.

"There you are, sir!" he cried, "there you are! You see, you've got this all clear in your mind—I know you can't help it, but you have. And you can't really think, you see. You've got a complete picture."

"What do you mean?" the older man asked shortly.

"Why, excuse me, sir, but it's so clear what you think!"

"What do I think?"

Motherwell sighed impatiently.

"See here," he said. "Here's a girl. Married at what—twenty-two—twenty-one? That's near enough. All accounted for since then, and, perhaps, from when she got to Paris. Perhaps before. But a lot can happen to a girl before she's twenty-one. Before she's nineteen. Before she's eighteen. Well, suppose it's happened, happened and forgotten."

"Now, here she is, happy and secure. Brilliantly secure. Everything going her way. And then—the old story. It turns up. Or, of course he turns up. A lover? Perhaps. A husband? Maybe. Maybe she thought he was dead. Maybe—in prison. Oh, yes—it happens, you know!"

"Now, in that case, it's blackmail, or it's just plain principle—principle and conscience—or it's sheer funk. You don't know what threats against Mr. White may have been used. Of course, everything she has she'll give up. But maybe that's not enough. Maybe he just wants her, and there's no bribe at all."

The jeweler's mobile face stopped him. "I tell you, yes!" the young man cried, "men are that way about women! It's happened! Anyway, she went. And didn't want to. Because she hoped to come back. That is, according to you, she wants to eat her cake and have it too! And all you want to know, now, is, how much he'll take? Isn't that so?"

Glaenger threw up his hands.

"I'm afraid it is," he said softly.

"I'm afraid it is! And can you see any other picture, you extraordinary boy?"

"I can't see any picture at all," said Motherwell slowly "none at all. There's one, the obvious one. And of course it may be the actual one. I don't say that. But I do say that if I let it get in my way, I couldn't do anything. It's foolish to believe a certain thing, and work like a horse to prove it."

"You think Coggeshall knows all about it," he went on. "Now I don't."

"You don't?"

"I don't. I think she knows something, a little, a lead, a clue. But she's afraid to tell it. Why? I think she had no idea that her mistress had gone. I think she hasn't any idea where she has gone, but believes she can find something out from Wentzel. I believe if she knew, she'd tell me."

Mr. Glaenger shook his head.

"Well," he said heavily, "my head is too old a head to make a new picture, perhaps. That is why I have no flair, undoubtedly. But Clelia would never have parted willingly with this," and he stared, half bitterly, half delightedly, at the frozen smile on the wonderful lips encircled by the tiny tossing ser-

pents. "Whoever took that from her, took the thing she loved the best, Motherwell."

He sighed.

"I'll put this away," he added and opened the box. Lifting out the heavy, opalescent half-globe of onyx, he shook it free from the tissue wrappings.

"I gave her that last Christmas," he said. "See the frame has slipped."

He gathered up a handful of paper from the bottom of the box and stared questioningly at the young man.

"What's this?" he asked and shook it free.

A dark blue flashed from the paper, and as something slipped from his hand he seized another roll of it and shook it out. A three-strand pearl necklace fell on his lap.

"What?" cried Motherwell, and falling on the rest they unrolled them: cool emerald and bleeding ruby, and lace work of platinum and spray of icy diamonds.

"Good heavens above!" cried Motherwell, "they're all here!"

The great jeweler stared at him, pearls in his limp hand, a collar of rubies flaming on his trouser leg.

"And I left them in the check-room at the club!" the young man gasped.

"And she left them in a half-wrapped pasteboard box, on an office table!" said Mr. Glaenger slowly. "Poor Crandall! My poor old boy!"

AT TWENTY minutes after six, a slim young man on a sidecar motorcycle chugged up to the front entrance of Bruce's, parked his machine around the corner and hailed a lounging, lanky boy to watch it for him.

"No nonsense, now," he said "no fussing with her, mind! And give me the horn five times if he, or anybody like him, gets out ahead of me. If I don't turn up, follow 'em yourself. Got your license?"

"Yes, sir. I'll look after it all right, sir. Thank you, sir."

The young man, who wore enormous motor goggles and a sheepskin coat, strolled into the restaurant and peered about among the tables.

Dissatisfied, apparently, he returned to the street, and lounged about near the entrance. At six twenty-five, a stocky little German-American with a sandy mustache hurried in, and the cyclist entered a moment after.

"Anybody for Hunter, yet?" he asked the head-waiter.

"No, sir, would you want a table?"

"If Dr. Schaffner is wanted, I am in the corner," the sandy mustache interrupted. "Schaffner—don't forget. I'll go over there, waiter."

He pointed a stubby finger.

The cyclist, refusing several tables in the center of the room, ended by sitting next to the sandy mustache, his back turned squarely on him. Slipping out of his heavy coat, he pulled a newspaper from his pocket and began to read.

"If anybody's for Hunter, I'm here," he said loudly. "I'll order when my friend comes."

Dr. Schaffner drummed impatiently on the table, and ordered cigarettes.

After a little he dashed out to entrance again, returning triumphantly with a tall, dark man.

"You see," he explained as they seated themselves, "I have so little time. Have you any good news for me? Could you get any?"

"It's my belief, doctor, there's not a gram in the country—not a centigram," the dark man replied.

"Oi, oi, oi, To think of that! Awful! Awful!"

"I wired to Pittsburgh, and they referred me to Baltimore, but—nothing doing. You know, there's little or nothing to be had right now. You might as well ask for radium—"

"Ach! Radium! I can get all the radium I want!" fumed the little man.

"What a country! What a country!" He played with the menu.

"Bring me some ham and eggs," the cyclist commanded loudly, "I can't wait any longer."

Bruce's begins to dine early. The

dark, oak-trimmed room was well filled by now, and the rattle and clatter were under way.

The two lowered their voices and the cyclist shifted his shoulders slightly but gained little by it.

"He's nearly crazy—it's incomprehensible—incomprehensible!" the German's voice emerged in bursts.

"After all these years—to have come on us so suddenly—no warning—not a hint!"

The other murmured unintelligibly.

"It's not the money—we would give it all back—my God, Hennike, she keeps offering—"

Again the murmur.

"It's the reputation! His reputation! What is a settled income, even, to that—for him! And the awkwardness—du Liebe, see what she threatens! She means it, too. Of course, death, that is all very well. That is easy. But where does it leave us?"

The dark man talked for some time.

"And so I say!" the doctor cried. "So I tell him. These things cannot be done! Simply, not. He is as crazy as she is. The two of them together. We are not the only people in the world, eh? We are not in Russia. I am sorry—that is awful. But—there are limits to human power, Hennike. It will have to be explained. It will have to come some time, I suppose? After all—a person's death is his own affair. But if we are not careful, it will be ours!"

Silence, and hasty eating.

"You couldn't possibly get White—even now?" the dark man asked, in a sudden quiet. It was the first time his voice had been clear.

Sandy mustache cackled into irrepressible nervous laughter.

"White?" he mimicked, "get White! That's good—that is good! Man, if you could get White, it would be worth a million to us—a million. He'd make his fortune. Do you suppose he hasn't tried?"

More eating.

"I have to telephone at quarter past seven," Schaffner began suddenly, "I'm getting some one out there. We've only an old woman there, you know, and she's worn out. I'll be back."

The cyclist beckoned his waiter and paid quickly.

"Is there a telephone booth here?" he inquired, and made his way to the front of the restaurant.

When Schaffner slipped into the next but one to him, he was talking loudly.

"Well, I waited long enough," he was saying. "No, I'm leaving. This minute. No, I can't."

He went to the shelf of telephone books and fumbled the leaves while the other man got his number, then went back, but this time to the next booth.

"What?" he heard. "Yes, Schaffner. Did you get her? Not before noon tomorrow? Well, I suppose it must—I say, it will have to do, I suppose. She's free at noon? The bring her down with you—twelve forty-five from Hoboken—can you catch that? I will meet you; wait there at the station. That's the same one you spoke of? I want a very special nurse, you know—no nonsense—oh, yes, entirely mental—a marked case of collapse—she's thoroughly trusty? Oh, yes, every convenience—it's the laboratory, you know—what's that? What?"

There was a pause.

"One moment, doctor—this is the doctor? Dr. Wentzel wants to be sure that it is Dr. L. P. Jarvis and not Dr. Joseph—you're not the brother? You will understand, doctor, it is a little embarrassing for me, not having met you—Of course, of course. No, I can't very well discuss it—Dr. Wentzel will give you all the details—Well, I can't say that, but one night more, I suppose, we can manage.... Yes, he is pretty bad—no sleep at all—No, but sometimes these things cannot be helped, you understand—Twelve forty-five, then, from Hoboken? You and Miss—what is it? Lingstrom? Very well. We shall expect you. Good-by."

He hurried out of the booth, with a quick glance at his neighbor. But the

cyclist was talking in a loud, harsh voice.

"Not at all! I say, not at all! I say, I can't hear a thing! Can't you speak up?"

But the moment his neighbor had left the telephone room, he stepped out and found the lanky boy around the corner.

"Follow the short, sandy one—looks like a German. Has a black satchel. If he goes to the ferry all right, or the Hudson tube. Never mind. Anywhere else, watch him."

"All right, sir."

TEN-THIRTY found the cyclist in the Glaenzer library. The jeweler looked tired.

"Yes," he said, "I went down. I had to see him, you know. He's five years older. But very game, and the cough's much better. Only, if she doesn't come back, I don't think he'll bother to live very long, Motherwell. No, not very long!"

The young man made a sympathetic little noise in his throat.

"I asked if he wanted to see you, and he said no. Poor fellow—he's keeping his conscience clear—for her! As a matter of fact, he has nothing to tell us. He says she was particularly bright and cheery—a little nervous, perhaps, and changeable, but very bright."

"Coggeshall admits she's been worried for a month."

"So you said. I told him that. He's not very fond of Coggeshall, but is quite sure she's devoted to Mrs. White. You think you'll go out there, Motherwell?"

"Oh, yes, decidedly."

"Not alone, my dear fellow, I hope?"

"Police, you mean? I really don't think it will be necessary, sir."

"But the man—this Wentzel—after all we know what he is—what he handles—"

"Oh, I hardly think he'll blow me up, Mr. Glaenzer? How would that help? Explosives would be wasted on me, you know."

"We've got to see where he fits in. I don't believe he has her there, but if he has, why then, we needn't look any further. If he hasn't, why did she and Coggeshall both go there? And who was the woman she gave the Medusa to? Perhaps the old woman Schaffner said they had out there—I cannot get it into my head, Mr. Glaenzer, just why she threw that away!"

"Surely, because the other things could be disposed of, and that—"

"But they didn't have the other things!"

"You mean they didn't know—"

"I don't believe, Mr. Glaenzer, that anybody in that office had the remotest idea what was in that box!"

"Not the clerk, perhaps, but surely—"

"Not anybody," Motherwell persisted. "Why sir, imagine leaving all that there! What piffing idiocy! It's incredible. They have safes, drawers—something! Anybody has."

"But she must have told them, by now."

"Maybe she couldn't," the young man answered thoughtfully.

"She could write—"

"Maybe not."

"I—I don't like to think that," said the jeweler uneasily.

"If only she could know, Motherwell—sometimes I think she doesn't know, absolutely, how her husband adores her! There's nothing in this world—or the next—he wouldn't forgive, understand, excuse, explain. I believe he would take her back in any circumstances in the world—any, any, any!"

"Oh, if only she had been capable of one-tenth of that poor man's affection, Motherwell, nothing would have persuaded her to go like that, without a word, a sign, an appeal for help, even!"

"You think she didn't love him, then?"

"No, no," Glaenzer answered quickly. "I wouldn't say that, Motherwell. She has always been affectionate—affectionate and devoted. You couldn't ask for any more. Heaven knows, he was satisfied. But to compare her feeling to his

Continued on page 70



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Medusa's Head

Continued from page 69

—of course, no one would expect it. The situation was too plain. Think of their ages. Of what he had to offer her!

No, no—he bought her, Motherwell, for her youth and beauty and charm. She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen. There's no breach of confidence in saying that—it is too clear to everybody. How could it be anything else? And she's always been true to her bargain, in my opinion. She did well, and she knew it; she's a very practical young woman. You are going out there alone?"

"I think," the young man replied, "that I shall take Coggeshall."

The jeweler stared. "And I'm going up, now, to ask her," Motherwell continued.

"You—mean you think Coggeshall knows she's out there?"

"I mean if she knows she isn't, she won't go," said Motherwell. "And then I won't go, either."

COGGESHALL was waiting for "the young man who had come to see the effect of electric light on the dressing-table mirror." It was understood that the cross-lights on this important bit of glass had irritated madam of late.

Standing in front of her in the sea-green and ivory room, he threw her an easy glance.

"If you could see Mrs. White to-morrow—would you like to?" he asked her. "Oh, Mr. Wells!"

She flushed a dark red and leaned to him impulsively.

"Could I—can you? Did she—?"

"It's only a guess—a jump in the dark," he said. "There may be a little

risk in it, but honestly I can't see much, and I think you're a pretty good sport, Coggeshall. We're going out to Dr. Wentzel's."

She started nervously and caught his eye for a moment, then averted her own.

"Oh," she said.

"Yes," he announced, "I went there just after you did. All the jewels were there—"

"No, sir!"

"In the same box with the paper-weight. I judged she had left them there. So now we're going out to his place in the country, on the chance. Can you be ready at nine o'clock?"

"Certainly, sir. Have you always—did you know about Dr. Wentzel, all along, sir?"

"No," said Motherwell, "I didn't. But I found out, the day you were there. Was it you who threw away the Medusa's Head?"

"Me, sir? Threw it away? Do you mean it's been found, then? It was Mrs. White's favorite, sir, and it's not likely it would be thrown away. If any one took it from her, you may depend they had to fight for it!"

"Well," he said, "we'll see. It would be a great help—Coggeshall, if you could tell me to just what extent Dr. Wentzel—"

She turned an obstinate profile.

"If you know about it, Mr. Wells, I don't need to tell you," she said in a low voice.

"All right," he said good-naturedly, "we'll let it go at that. Be ready at nine, with a suit-case, will you?"

To be Concluded Next Month

Canadian Authors at Calgary

Continued from page 28

the young brave with the black sombrero, who, it appeared, was to be the official interpreter. Dr. Roberts was formally presented. Then the chief of the Sarcees, with a few preliminary grunts, commenced speaking in high-class Injun—a long, apparently unending discourse that none dared interrupt. While he droned on, one's attention strayed. It was a memorable scene. An acre of the greenest and lushest grass, edged with bushes and flanked all along one side by the colorful group of redskins. One blinker at the dazzle of the sunshine where it struck the bright yellow or green of a squaw's head-dress. The ladies of our own party furnished a scarcely less bright-hued element, with their dainty summer dresses, gay parasols and neck-handkerchiefs. But possibly the cynosure of all eyes was the young Indian interpreter. He was a stalwart young fellow, wearing his trappings with visible pride—albeit his chaps had been fastened on over an ordinary white man's suit, as one could see whenever he turned about. One feature of his attire seemed difficult to explain. Below a brass-studded belt like that of a Spanish matador depended a kind of flat cushion, or thick apron (except that he wore it at the back) made of velvet worked in porcupine quills and beads and edged with white lace. One could only hazard a guess as to its utility while admiring its artistic workmanship.

But suddenly the chief dropped from highbrow language to simon-pure Sarcee and without warning imparted a hearty slap to the back of Dr. Roberts so violent indeed was this amicable swat the white man staggered a little. There was a patter of appreciative applause. At this point the big chief lifted the majestic headdress of eagle feathers from his own head and placed it upon that of the honorary white chief.

"Big chief say," spoke now the handsome interpreter, "you paleface chief now. You just as good as him, see?"

More applause. Bows from Dr. Roberts. The redskin chief said something more, and again spoke the interpreter:

"Big chief say you come again some day. Ha."

Then the ceremony was over. And some of the admiring ladies rushed up to speak to the good-looking young man, even forgetting the great chief in their excitement. Long Arrow was his name, he said. He folded his arms across his chest and stood at ease, like a male movie-idol being interviewed for the press.

"You made a first-rate interpreter," they said.

He bowed gravely. He shrugged.

"But aren't you fearfully warm?"

"Oh yes," he replied, matter-of-factly.

Then it developed that he yearned to be an author—AN AUTHOR. Not just the common—ordinary newspaper man, you know. Ha. He had tried that—tried reporting. A dog's life. (The snobbishness of the real creative artist was apparent in his tone.) He grew a shade blasphemous and consigned editors to a region warmer even than the Sarcee reserve this summer morning. It seemed one of the editorial tribe had fired him—him, Long Arrow! And all over such a trifling matter—he had playfully put a bomb under the editorial chair. Wasn't it absurd?

"But you know, Long Arrow," said one of his audience with an arch glance, "you really don't have to work. Anyone as good-looking as you could get into the movies. Why write?"

"Sure. I know," he agreed, complacently. He drew a wistful sigh and gazed off into space dreamily—off to that far spot on the jagged skyline where the Rockies pierced the heavens. "But they say that even a movie star, he got to work sometimes, eh?" Then sighed again.

He stalked over to the tepee, this bored young sheik, and began to pull up the stakes. Someone called him to come and get the calico pintos out of the adjacent pasture and he waved good-bye to his admirers.

"I like authors," he said, simply, sincerely. "How you get to be one? I dunno. Guess Long Arrow better wait see, eh? Go school some more mebbe. All same you come again some day."

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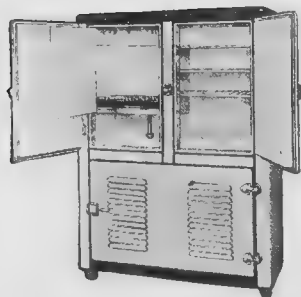
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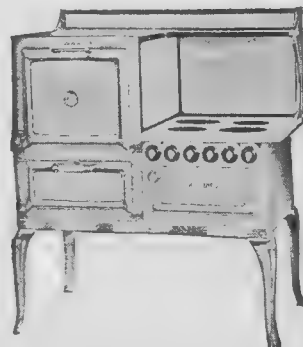
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Be a Western Home Monthly Reader

Toledo

Continued from page 9

art agonized in an endless immense elaboration of curving lines and hieroglyphics. And here in Toledo you find two of their finest expressions in the two synagogues, S. Maria la Blanca, and Del Transito, and the Mosque El Cristo de la Luz, the oldest building in Toledo, finished in 922. At one time, after the Spanish conquest when it was changed to a Christian church, there stood here an image of the crucified Christ. A wicked man wishing to work harm to his neighbors put poison of a very deadly kind upon one of the feet of the image, so that all who kissed the foot in reverent homage would be killed. But when the first person, a shy maiden, came, the nail removed itself from the foot and the foot was withdrawn to save the maiden.

The evidence of Moorish influence is most strongly noticed still today in the houses. These have the same enormous, nail-studded doors you find in Africa. A hallway leads to a court open to the sky, where most of the family life is spent in the hot weather. Wandering about the town, I caught a glimpse of how the old world is made to fit the new. In the open court in a little booth was placed the telephone.

TO those readers who have found great interest in the history and the tales of the wars between Moor and Spaniard, the Church of San Juan de Los Reyes is an interesting sight. Here hanging in long lines from the upper stone wall are hundreds of iron chains. With these were bound Christian captives of the Moors who were found in Moorish dungeons at the time Toledo was captured by Alfonso the Brave. Later in the fifteenth century King Fernando and Queen Isabel ordered the building of this church to mark the end of the war against Portugal. And when it was completed, the chains were brought from the dungeons and hung high upon the walls. And despite the passing of nearly four hundred years they have not rusted away.

The greatest anachronism in this still Moorish city is undoubtedly the Cathedral. Though it towers high, such is its situation in this city of tangled tortuous streets, that it is not visible from most parts of the town; nor in any distant glimpse of Toledo is the onlooker able to appreciate its majesty. It is a magnificent structure, yet, for all that, seemingly out of place. Oddly enough it was nearing completion when Columbus set sail in search of a new land. His return with the good news of the discovery of America occurred at the same time as the completion of the Cathedral. And the two celebrations took place simultaneously in Toledo. There are no words that can convey to a reader this piece of Gothic massiveness: it is like Notre Dame, or the Cathedral at Chartres, a place one needs must look upon with their own eyes. But before the tomb of Cardinal Portocarrero I paused for a long time, reading the words he had engraved thereon. "Here lie dust, ashes and nought." It is refreshing to find such humility in so great a man. It affected me more than the acres of pillars, the fine carvings of the panels, the millions of dollars of church treasures, which latter they lock you in to see, so no person of thieving propensities may crash the glass and make off with a fortune. But after coming out from this church and walking along the main roadway leading to the city, with the thought of all that treasure still in your mind, you come upon another sight. Here in a distance of perhaps two hundred yards are gathered the beggars.

Some reveal the horrible stumps of arms, others are legless, others hideously deformed. They scream and grovel, they wave their stumps and sores. Ah, indeed, life must be sweet, for such as these to cling to it! And there are so many of them. It being a festal time the visitor has an opportunity of observing them in numbers that makes the scene all the more terrible. And back there in that great church is wealth in jewels that would take care of all of

them! Quite aside from this, no country should permit such people to go uncared for. But this is one of the great failures of Europe. You see similar scenes in France and Italy.

Towering on the highest of Toledo's seven hills stands the Alcazar, square and ugly, partially reconstructed building raised on the ruins of a Roman castellum. It has been battered and burned and reconstructed. Yet the eastern facade that looks over the Tagus river, and the northern front, are relics of year 1500. Within is a collection of very ancient Roman coins and old instruments of agriculture. But for some reason the place is not open to visitors. Its chief value to the visitor is the marvellous view to be had from over the parapet of the terrace. Miles and miles of rolling red hills, sun burned and a little depressing in their lonely gauntness, greet the view. Over this sad-appearing landscape marched the hordes of the Goths, the more orderly battalions of the Romans, the Moors upon magnificently caparisoned steeds, and the Spaniards in hand-beaten armor beautiful of design. Ah, the bleeding past! Always conquest and war, and the lamentations of mothers for the sons that will return no more.

A few steps distant stands the entrance to the ancient Hospital Santa Cruz de Mendoza, now empty and still, a National Monument devoted only to the sightseer. It is perhaps the finest of all the buildings set aside for such purpose. It was completed in 1514, and founded by Cardinal Mendoza as a hospital for foundlings. A vast court, where roses bloom on long trellises, gives a view through the great arches of a gallery across the vast bare country beyond. The stonework of the staircase, leading to the balcony and the rooms above, is a marvellous evidence of painstaking energy in intricate carving. Thinking of the foundlings reared in this place, one hopes they received as much attention as the decorations.

One wanders for half an hour through twisting narrow streets, thoroughfares that go up and down. Some are paved with little round cobble stones, unevenly laid, or sunken in places with the weight of years. After a couple of days of travelling over these, the unfamiliar visitor develops a pain in the shin bone, a walking pain I believe peculiar to Toledo, but mightily acute. As you go, you think of Theseus in the Labyrinth. But finally you arrive at a house which is, next to that where Cervantes lived, the most interesting in Toledo, the home where El Greco, the painter lived. The world has acclaimed him great, and he is, if only for one picture which he painted: "The Burial of Count Orgaz," that hangs in the Church of Santo Tome. The remains of the Count lie below the picture. El Greco painted this at the height of his power as a great creative artist. (At least this is my opinion, and also that of others more learned in the technique of painting). There is in it a perfection of detail, a marvellously lifelike representation of a great number of human faces, and something shadowy, too, of unearthly things, without the vagueness, the distortion, the nebulous unreality of the work of his later years when assuredly madness was his portion.

THERE is very little can be told about El Greco. Although the world at large looks up on him as one of the best Spanish painters, he was not Spanish, but a Greek, born in the island of Gandia in 1548. He came to Toledo, however, at the age of thirty, and most of his life was spent here. He dwelt here 37 years, and his finest creations here saw the light. Just how much of the house now standing was inhabited by the painter is difficult to say. But it is a beautiful spot, and must always have been. Standing on a promontory its great garden, where countless roses bloom, looks away to the low mountains in the distance. The underground part of the house is perhaps the most interesting portion. Here lived and practised the black arts of magic, the Marquess

Toledo

Continued from page 72

of Villena. Samuel Ha-Levi, the Jewish treasurer to Peter-the-Cruel, kept in the strong rooms in one of the underground vaults an enormous treasure in gold and jewels. Perhaps something of the ghostly past that hovered about the lower regions of the house affected El Greco, and came out in his paintings during the latter portion of his life. El Greco, during the earlier part of his life, gave to Spanish painting a certain appearance of vivid life, a movement and color, that was a new note, and made him a figure in the artistic world. His design is personal and peculiar, as is always that of the truly great painter, but there is something fantastic in it, an unreality, a something spectral even in his best work. In 1581 Philip II, ordered a picture from El Greco, but did not give it an honored place, although he paid for it. This may not have affected El Greco in any way. Perhaps he was already on the road to madness, something of which shows in his later works. But Hutton says: It is from this time that El Greco's figures seem to lose touch with the actual world; they are ghosts that no longer feel the proportion of earth, beings that tower into a life that is no longer human. You find them everywhere in the old churches of Toledo, vague and eager faces peering into the dark; terrible, insistent figures tortured by some extraordinary restlessness, oblivious of everything but the barrenness of life, a sort of cruelty that is too brutal to be borne.

Today in this spacious home the Government has created a National Monument where a number of the painter's works are on view.

LET us go back to the evening of the greatest day of the week in this fete of Corpus Christi. The hour grows late. At one o'clock the band ceases playing. The crowd moves away from the Plaza. But still from the narrow streets comes the sound of laughter and song. I wander down the narrow streets, presently meeting my American friend who, by reason of his facility in the Spanish language has made the acquaintance of two smiling señoritas. But though they have been attending the fete, they are real modern girls with bobbed hair, and short skirts. I join them and we go aimlessly on, something of the magic of the June night forbidding retiring. Presently we halt. From an open balcony a woman is singing. Low, melancholy, but infinitely sweet the harmony of her voice floats down to us. She might have won fame on the operatic stage such is the timbre, the power of feeling sweeping forth from her vocal cords. She sings three stanzas of the words, which are mere beautiful sound to me. Then again repeats them, and my friend, caught by the mournful beauty of their meaning, repeats the words quickly to me while I hurriedly note them down, covering pages of my note book with big writing in the dark, so it may be legible when I later reveal it to the light of day. And this is the song, one, I later learned, common to the country:

Thou art dead who wast my love
but yesterday

I am alone, alone in the world that
has lost thee,

I am a flower borne in the shadow
of a sepulchre,.....

Ah, let me die.

Let me press my mouth to the
wound of thy mouth,

For my arms ache for thee, and
thou shalt come between them,

And our soul shall be confounded in
a kiss.....

Ah, let me die.

Neither with thee can I live, nor
without thee,

And for my troubles there is no
remedy,

When I was with thee thou killedst
me—

Without thee I shall die—

Ah, let me die.

We see our señoritas to their home,
quite after the fashion of proper young
men in any small Canadian town.

THIS day I am up with the morning sun. Along the streets the garbage is set out in great straw baskets. And now the street cleaning department comes along, a mule with baskets on each side and takes away the litter. Later on I see what seems to be the same mule, but of course it cannot be going from house to house. The baskets are filled with vegetables. Now down the narrow street comes a man with a wheelbarrow upon which is built a frame to hold four enormous earthen jars. He delivers water to portions of the town.

What from the fierce heat and some of the bad water I drank I was sick for some days, and went on a diet of hot milk. The first morning of my beginning this regime, I had an amusing experience which shows that conversing by aid of a dictionary is not always safe. I wanted hot milk. Not knowing the words, I brought out my pocket dictionary and to the waiter first pointed out the word milk, then turned to the word hot, speaking things backwards after the fashion of the Latin languages. When I pointed to the word hot, he started slightly. In puzzled amazement he called another waiter and pointed the word to him. They exchanged considerable gargles of conversation, then gargled at me. (That is the funny thing about language: though you know the other fellow doesn't understand you, you still keep talking at him). And these fellows had no imagination. Fortunately my American friend who spoke Spanish appeared at this moment and saved the day. For you see I had asked as I thought for hot milk, but the word hot in Spanish means violent, ardent, passionate. And these poor dumb waiters, without a spark of elasticity in their brain couldn't possibly fathom what this crazy foreigner could be about who demanded violent, ardent milk for breakfast.

I have said that travel shows you that life is very much the same everywhere. In this ancient city that has seen twenty centuries, they have today actually a Syndicate of Initiative. Something like a Canadian city's publicity bureau or chamber of Commerce or at least so I proudly thought when I discovered it on the Plaza de Zocodover. I went in and found a most charming señorita, her black mantilla seeming to me so incongruous over bobbed hair. She spoke French fluently. So I told her that I was a representative of the Western Home Monthly, Canada's leading monthly, read by a quarter of the population (ADVERTISEMENT) and perhaps she could tell me some little known facts. She brightened all over, as indeed would any town publicity agent or Chamber of Commerce official at such a chance to get free advertising space for his town. Smiling sweetly upon me she informed me she could supply me with the most excellent of guides for 15 pesetas (\$2.40 for a six hour day). So much for the Spanish syndicate of initiative and their ideas of boosting the home town! I pass their method on for the consideration of any live publicity man in Canada.

But for all its heat, its dust that blows through the street with the ferocity of a blizzard at times, for all the sadness of its rolling red landscape, Toledo remains with me a fond memory. I would like to have lingered longer there. To lie as I did several mornings on the grass at the foot of the tower of the ancient fortress of San Servando. The smell of the drying grass and dead weeds was the same smell that had drifted to my nostrils on the prairie land of far away Manitoba in the days of long ago. Only the things about me were different so terribly old, so saturated in blood and story. I sometimes wonder if there is not something in the theory of reincarnation; for as I lay at the foot of this old tower, gazing down upon the yellow Tagus that roared into the canyon beyond me, I felt something strangely familiar in the scene, as though I had been here before in some far off time gazing across the sad hills that lie forever beyond Toledo.



Color invades the home

Furniture styles are changing

Decorations are done differently

How can you face this situation—

without
hardwood
floors?

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Color has invaded the home.... Styles in furniture have changed.... Decorations are being done differently.

Wouldn't it be doubly bewildering without hardwood floors?

What an anchorage to good taste they are!

What a lovely beginning to a lovely room!

Then let color schemes come and go.... let styles have their day.... The floor of Seaman-Kent Hardwood is a harmonious background for them all.

Yet its beauty outlives theirs, and it will still be rendering faithful service when the modes of today are only a memory.

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They are frosted on the inside and give an abundance of soft, well-diffused light that is restful to the eyes.

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EDISON MAZDA INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS

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A Hallowe'en Pumpkin Party

By
Dorothy Wright

INVITE your friends to a pumpkin party by using little cardboard pumpkin cutouts with jolly faces on one side and write the invitations on the other.

"Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater
Has a wife—Come up and meet her.
They're having a party in their pump-
kin shell,

"I'm sure you'll like it very well."
At 750 Park St. Hallowe'en at 8:30
P.M. Peter Says: "Wear Masks".

Pumpkin jack o'lanterns should be used everywhere for decoration. If you have some Christmas tree lights stored away, be sure to bring them out, and if you can borrow some extra one, all the better. String them outside on the porch or in low trees or shrubbery leading to the front door, if it is at all practical. And then cover each light with a tiny pumpkin face of orange crepe paper.

An easy way to make them is to cut two circles of crepe paper in green, white, or orange. Then cut holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth and paste a smaller circle of pale yellow crepe paper back of the features. Sew or paste the sides of the circles, leaving a small opening through which the bag may be drawn over the bulb and tied.

Use the same idea in decorating the indoor lights, and also use real pumpkin jack o'lanterns wherever possible. Hang pumpkin cut-outs over the window and door drapes and have a fringe of the gay yellow faces for the mantle and the piano.

The host and hostess may be "Mr. and Mrs. Peter" with pumpkin masks made from crepe paper or cardboard, or two girls may dress for the parts.

Arrange to have a sight seeing trip through the Pumpkin Shell as the first feature. And plan to make this pathway narrow and difficult. It may be outside between two buildings to the garage, or up the steps to the attic, or to the basement. Have it dim and spooky, with unexpected noises. Use the electric fan, alarm clock, vacuum cleaner and engage two small boys to supply other weird noises. Have a ghost to guard one end and a witch the other. Use pillows on the floor and a network of rope where there will be no danger if one should stumble. Have a small pillow suspended on a rope in the passage. Have curtains of crepe paper slashed in one inch strips through which all must make their way. And cardboard skulls may be hung just inside, each one lighted by a green glow.

The Pumpkin Shell itself in the garage, or attic, may be the main party center, or it may be just a display of ghostly trophies around the walls. Peter can explain that the ghosts were so troublesome that they had to move, and the party may be then led back to the living room.

After all the guests have arrived and a certain length of time has been given to discovering who each one is, all should unmask so that everyone may fully enjoy the evening.

Picking Pumpkins

A lively start may be given to the fun by having everyone form in a circle. Scatter cardboard pumpkins on the floor, there being one less pumpkin than the number in the circle. A lively march is played and everyone dances around. Suddenly the music stops and each person tries to pick a pumpkin. The one who fails to get one must sit

in the center. And as the circle is formed again there is one less pumpkin than before. This continues until there are no pumpkins.

Pumpkin Heads

THE next stunt is to give out pieces of orange paper about the size and weight of writing paper and to tell your guests to tear out Jack O'Lantern faces from them. Fingers are the only tools to be used. At the end of three minutes ask each person to write his name on the back of the pumpkin and then pin it on a sheet of black cardboard fastened

to patch partners. So next you may give each person a small cardboard pumpkin on which is written a trade or an occupation. There should be two alike, one for a boy and the other for a girl. On the boy's slip, for instance, might be "Carpenter" and on the corresponding girl's slip "Your future husband will be a carpenter." At a given signal each boy must act out his trade in pantomime for his partner to discover. It will add to the fun if you line up the boys and girls in two lines facing each other and have the trades acted one at a time.

Refreshments

AND now when the dining room door is opened, a refreshment table resplendent with countless more pumpkin faces are revealed.

The table, and the decorations of the room itself team with Jack O'Lanterns of every shape and size.

Pumpkin men stand around the candlesticks and extend their arms in welcome, but as they are lifted for closer examinations, the fact that they are caps is revealed.

A half of a hollowed-out orange with scalloped edges holds a tempting salad.

And brown bread sandwiches are provided, cut out in a round shape, each with

eyes of cream cheese with pimento centers and a mouth of a strip of pimento with tiny bits of cheese for teeth. Pickles, squash pie, stuffed dates, fruit, ginger ale, or cider may also be provided by "Mrs. Peter".

How To Entertain On Hallowe'en

Use This Coupon For Book on Costumes, Decorations, Games and Stunts. I enclose 10 cents for which send me, postpaid, the book "How To Entertain on Hallowe'en".

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"SLOW DOWN"

By Clarence Clayton Charters

Have you ever stopped to listen
Underneath some swaying trees,
When there was a sound like music
In the rustling of the leaves?

Have you lingered in a woodland
Where the scents of nature dwell,
And forgot about your troubles
When you breathed the fragrant smell?

Have you gazed into the heavens,
On a clear and starry night,
When Auroras lights were gleaming,
And you marvelled at the sight?

Have you roved the mighty prairies,
Of fair Canada's domain,
In the harvest when the wheatfields
Were a mass of golden grain?

Have you stood upon the summit
Of a Rocky mountain range,
In the evening when the moonlight
Made the glaciers look strange?

Have you journeyed to Niagara,
Where the Maid of Mist holds sway,
And stood by the thund'ring waters
To enjoy its misty spray?

Have you wandered on life's highway,
And not taken time to see
All these things that God created,
For to please both you and me?



The table itself may be quickly arranged with natural leaves and fruit and Hallowe'en caps arranged around the candlesticks

Green Pumpkins

NOW divide the company into two groups. One group remains in the room and the other goes to an adjoining one. One at a time the contestants are called in and asked to repeat correctly "Pumpkins without seeds". Of course, their efforts to mimic exactly the gestures and inflection of the speaker will prove amusing to those who sit watching. If anyone happens to be clever enough to say simply "Pumpkins" he is allowed to join the opposite side, but if he fails after three trials, he is sent to a corner to sit with the "green pumpkins".

Jack O'Lantern Ghosts

PLACE fifteen different articles on a table, each one in a securely tied paper bag. Well-known things such as a bar of soap, a potato, a corn cob, a spoon and screwdriver may be selected. All bags should be numbered and each person may handle each bag once, handling all of the bags within two minutes. It will, therefore, be well not to linger long in feeling the contents of any one bag. Slips of paper numbered from one to fifteen are then handed out and three minutes allowed in which to write the contents of the various bags. This isn't nearly so easy as it sounds, particularly if care is taken in the selection of the articles that are put in the bags.

Pumpkin Fortunes

A fortune telling stunt of some kind is an essential part of every Hallowe'en party, and you will also want



Treasure house of Memories

Little garments outgrown yet precious for the wealth of memories they recall. What better sanctuary through the years than in an Heirloom Cedar Chest. Safe storage for all laces, woollens and furs.

HEIRLOOM CHESTS

See Heirlooms at your dealer's. Many designs—walnut, cedar lined or solid Tennessee heartwood. The illustrated Heirloom booklet will interest you. Write for it.



SO many women have said "Had I only known what it does I would have had a Connor long ago. It washes beyond my expectations." You cannot tell what it will do for you until you try it. So we say: Try it in your own home, in your own way, without the slightest obligation. If it does not sell itself to you, send it back! Connor-washed clothes last longer because of the remarkable Connor Gyrator water action. The Gyrator does not drag the clothes through the water; it forces a strong current of water up through them washing a large tubful spotlessly clean in ten minutes, wringing them in three minutes. The extra large Connor copper tub is nickel-plated inside and out—easier to keep clean; safety electric wringer with self-adjusting, cushioned rolls is reversible. A beautiful washer, of rugged strength, easy to operate, (plugs in on any electric light socket), guaranteed in writing for 12 years by the oldest exclusive washing machine makers in Canada. For free trial write to J. H. CONNOR & SON LIMITED 23 Lloyd St., Ottawa 242 K Princess St., Winnipeg N.B.—Same machine, but with built-in gas engine obtainable for homes without electricity.



FROM the falling water's rainbow-tinted mists and the radiant ripples of the sunlit mountain pool came the inspiration for these alluring two-tone Ripple Rubber Waterman's.

There are color values that only ripples can express in these new Ripple-Blugreen, Ripple-Rose and Ripple-Olive fountain pens.

The fact that these pens are made of stainless rubber, light and resilient, is added assurance that they will satisfy.

Ask at the nearest Waterman's dealer to see all three colors in two sizes. There are pencils to match.

PRICES
All Colors

Large pen \$5.00
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Pencils to match
\$2.00 and \$1.50

Waterman's

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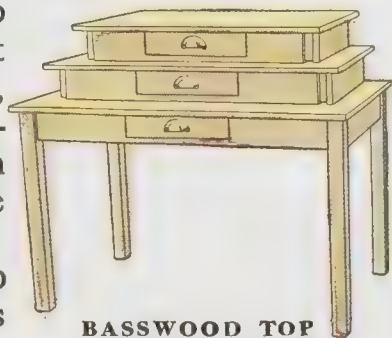


IN furniture and departmental stores across Canada today you will find kitchen ware, juvenile furniture, reed articles and wooden toys carrying the brand mark of the hand of industry in the rising sun and the words

Vetcraft Shops

The articles will be found well made, sturdy and strong—the product of craftsmen. The men who make Vetcraft articles are men, who through disability suffered on War Service, are unemployable. They are men who in the tremendous readjustment of industry and society from “sword to ploughshare” found no place for their maimed minds, their broken bodies. The Vetcraft Shops saved them.

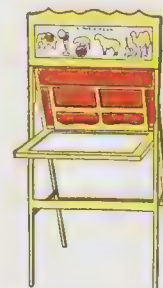
Here in the Vetcraft Shops men who had lost their grasp on the realities of Life have taken hold—they have been



**BASSWOOD TOP
KITCHEN TABLES**
Eight Sizes

trained to do useful work—they are actually producing in ever increasing quantity, good quality merchandise.

The object of the Vetcraft Shops is to rebuild men for industry; to give happy, honest employment to men who otherwise would be a problem to organized society—to produce articles for sale which will command your admiration and your purchase. The articles selected for manufacture are those of simple design which were formerly imported into Canada. Many Canadian industries have been shown the way to new avenues of manufacture—new products—through Vetcraft Shops.



BLACKBOARD
Twelve Sizes

Your local furniture store, and toy dealer, and leading stores across Canada sell the products of the Vetcraft Shops—“Toys that Last” and furniture of sound construction and real value. Ask to see Vetcraft—and buy Vetcraft.



SWAN SHOO-FLY
Eight Patterns

PLAY SLIDES
ROSE ARBORS
BEDSIDE TABLES

KIDDIE CARS
CARTS
FERNERIES



VETCRAFT SHOPS

HALIFAX MONTREAL HAMILTON TORONTO WINNIPEG VICTORIA VANCOUVER

The Last Edition

Continued from page 18

important." "All right, show him in," said Arthur. Henshaw was known to him slightly as a shrewd and none too scrupulous attorney.

As Martin Henshaw was invited to a chair Arthur thought to himself that if it were possible to find in this world a more unpleasant example of humanity than Henshaw he would like to know where.

The lawyer was small and walked with a stoop. Below a broad intelligent forehead were two ferret-like eyes set well into his head. And about him seemed to cling the musty air of disuse so common to old houses.

However, an editor must treat the public with respect so he passed a box of cigars across the flat desk. He thought to himself as he did so that he must remember to take those cigars home when he moved his stuff—they would probably be the last he could afford for some time.

"Thank you, Mr. Maynard," said Henshaw, helping himself. "Last day of publication, eh?"

"Yes, unfortunately!"

Henshaw raised his heavily-marked brow.

"Jobs are hard to get, eh?" he said. "Well, never mind. Maybe something will turn up and the old ship is not worth saving now. Very little advertising and what little does come in is eaten up by the overhead. Got a job in view?"

"Not a hope," Arthur exclaimed, beginning to wonder what Henshaw was driving at but thinking that he might have some idea of buying the wreck or starting a paper of his own, he decided to humor him. "Jobs are not to be found these days. I shall throw up the newspaper game and look around for something in an office."

"Lots of unemployment, eh?" Henshaw said with a grin. "Did you ever think of starting a little paper of your own in some country town?"

Maynard smiled.

"I've thought of it, yes. But then, of course, that is every newspaperman's dream," he replied. "There isn't a fortune in this business, and I'm a poor man. Goodness knows what sort of business I can buy with my few dollars."

Henshaw puffed a wreath of blue smoke from his cigar and then sank back in his chair.

"Maynard, I can put you in the way of making five thousand dollars within the next few days."

"Five thousand! Lord, man, how? Clean money?"

Henshaw grinned. There were many things he could never understand or like about newspaper men. Fools! Clean money! As though any money were really clean and none in a better position to know than themselves.

"That's up to you, Mr. Maynard. I have been retained to bring you this message. If the Press fails to appear today with the story of McLatchy being named as the leader of this dope ring, there will be five thousand dollars handed you a week from today."

Arthur Maynard leaped to his feet.

"You dirty little rat!" he roared.

"Now, Maynard, now! What's the good of calling me names? I'm obeying orders."

"Then go to McLatchy or whomever gave you the orders and tell him that he has come to the wrong place to have his rotten work done."

Henshaw, too, had risen. He took a second cigar and lit it with almost annoying deliberation.

"Don't be foolish, Maynard," he said. "It is for you to decide, and if you won't do it, you won't. The offer holds good. I tell you—"

Henshaw was at the door of the private office.

"I tell you," he repeated, "you're a fool, Maynard. The offer holds good. It will put you on your feet. Why shouldn't you be able to have that country paper and be secure against failing papers? And, remember, this is the last edition."

"And do you think that I'd let people say that I was the one who covered McLatchy—one of the lowest of beasts—lower than a thief or murderer. Now, get out of here and be quick about it."

It was just before press-time—every one from the cub to the news editor was working at top speed — under pressure that only a newspaper man can know when the deadline is only a few minutes off.

"Mr. O'Neil wants you, sir."

The click of typewriters going at top speed, and through the blue haze of cigarette smoke the loud crackling of the telegraph ticker—all brought that noise-ridden, enchanted atmosphere to the mind of Arthur.

"All right, I'll be there," he called back. And went down to the composing room to guide the lightning fingers of the printers in placing the type.

"Tip" O'Neil roared at him through his hands as the linotypes made talking almost impossible.

"We'll have to put a lot of good stuff inside to make room for the McLatchy story and the headlines."

So he and "Tip" took their places together bending over the Page One form. He glanced at his city editor and vaguely wondered whether he had a girl that only liked newspaper men—a girl who had sent him into the game—and he wondered what would happen to "Tip" after the paper closed its doors.

The page neared completion and O'Neil started over to some of the other forms.

Arthur Maynard was alone except for O'Neil. The presses would be rolling within the next half-hour and the edition on the streets well ahead of schedule. Arthur frowned as he glanced over at "Tip". O'Neil would die for him. He had saved the city editor from absolute degradation years ago in Halifax—he had picked him up, without funds and sick. He had given him money, paid for medical treatment and had given him a job—since then they had always worked together.

O'Neil walked over to the all-but-completed Page One.

"Tip," said Maynard, "I'm going to kill that McLatchy story—no use trying a man before he is convicted."

"Going to kill it, Art?" O'Neil stood aghast. "But—"

His hand fell on O'Neil's shoulder.

"Tip, did I lend you a hand when you most needed it?"

"You sure did, Art, and whatever you say goes."

"Then the story is killed. And don't say a word."

There was sweat on O'Neil's brow.

"Right," he said, and turned away.

Maynard started to pace the floor. Well, it was done now. Five thousand in a week and then the country weekly. He could get away with it with safety. Questions might be asked, but no one would compel an answer. After the week he would leave town and look around for a paper in British Columbia. It would be a paradise. He could do a lot of good for the town he would locate in. What did it matter? good would come from the bad. The Mounties would attend to McLatchy.

And if not, the struggle for a job! Perhaps reporting again. A pathetic figure of a man who once had been. The odds were all one way.

What, after all, was the good of scruples? The game had none. It was like a beautiful woman who enticed you with the arms and lips of a siren and the smile of an angel. Once she had you in her clutches she took you and tore the heart out of you, hit you when you were down, jeered at you, mocked you, and flung you, broken and unwanted, on some park bench.

He went over to the form again. The new Page One was being whipped into shape.

"Well, I've done it," he muttered to himself. "What's the good of being poor all your life and being beholden to other men—the slave of the people you hate? What's the good?"

"A lot of good in being an honest man, Arthur!"

He started.

"Who the devil—"

No one was near and he laughed nervously. Her voice!

"Oh, go away!" he muttered.

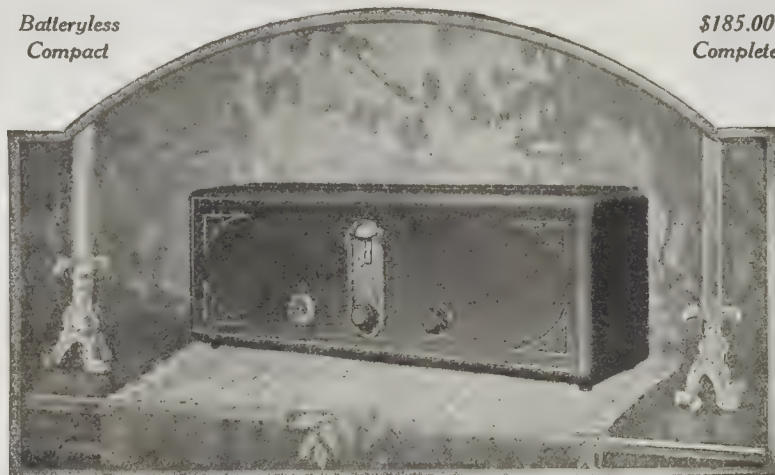
But she was standing close to him. A lovely girl of seventeen. Like a young

Continued on page 78

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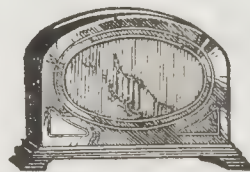
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The Last Edition

Continued from page 77

sapling—tall, slim and vital. The figure of a gallant boy. Her eyes looked at him with derision and shame.

"I never thought of you like this, Arthur," she whispered. "I thought you were a true journalist taking pride in your profession and honor. Killing a story for a pig like that! Ugh!"

Maynard walked away from the form savagely.

"Can't you leave me alone and go away!" he cried to the vision.

"No, Arthur, not till you have ordered the type of the McLatchy story put back in the Page One form."

"I'm not going to do it, not for you! Why should I?" he cried, and looked into the mocking green-blue eyes. "What's the good? You made me a newspaper man, and you mocked me. I loved you, and you didn't remember."

"Any reason you should not be a decent man, Arthur Maynard?"

"Damn you!"

"Oh, curse away," said the voice, "but put that story back. Beat the game, man, beat that rotten Henshaw. You owe it to the people of this city to expose a monster of McLatchy's type."

"And you—you, girl," he muttered. "I've loved you all my life, ever since I've been a boy and you've never even looked at me. I've lost you—lost you!"

It seemed to him that the eyes softened—and eyes hidden beneath red-gold hair can, in spite of their fire and courage, be the softest eyes in the world—her little hand suddenly touched his arm.

"How do you know?" she answered. "You've never even tried to find me; and if you were to find me with this thing upon your soul, I would see it in your eyes—"

"Yes, by Heaven, so you would! Hey, Tip, put it back again! Run that McLatchy story just as we planned. Give it the works."

"Thank God!" yelled O'Neil, and started in feverishly to hustle the printers into action. He looked at his watch. Yes, they could get on the street on time if they hurried.

"There," Arthur said, "I've done it! I—"

But he was alone. The vision had gone.

THE news was out on the street. Paper boys cried out the story to a city hurrying home after work. McLatchy could never come back. He was ruined and countless hundreds were saved from his future activities.

When last "good-byes" were said, he gathered up his few belongings from his office—not forgetting the box of cigars, and made his way to the door of the building.

"Isn't it Arthur Maynard?" someone

had said as he reached the darkened hall. "Ruth!"

He turned as white as death, staring at her. Not boyish and young, but a very lovely woman looking at him with a queer smile on her lips. How beautiful the years had made her, much more than his wildest dreams ever would have let him believe.

"It's Ruth," he murmured.

She nodded.

"Yes!"

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Looking for you," she said, staring at him with the same strange question in her eyes.

"Looking for me? But it's many years since we saw one another—"

"Whose fault is that?"

He put his hand to his forehead.

"But the last time we met—"

"You were a boy, a fool of a boy!" she told him. "You went off in a huff because I pretended not to remember—"

"Not to remember!" Arthur cried. "You mean you really did remember telling me to take up newspaper work when you were just a bit of a girl? You mean—"

"Of course, I remember!" she replied. "Why, I—I used to wait and wait for your postcards and—and then—"

"Yes, yes!" he urged. "Since then, what?"

"Well," she said, the blue-green eyes as soft as an embrace, "I had lost you. I tried so hard to find you, but never with any luck, till last week quite by chance I heard that you were managing editor of the Toronto Press and as it was closing today—well, here I am, Arthur. Do you think it very bold of me? Is your heart still whole?"

He bent his head.

"My heart was given to a little girl of twelve, back in Vancouver," he said, "a girl with the soul of a woman already. It has never swerved for one instant in its allegiance. But listen, dearest, tell me something! What were you doing during the last few hours. Tell me exactly."

She laughed at his air.

"Why? Well, don't laugh at me, but I was in my room at the hotel, until a half hour ago. I was praying that everything would come out all right and that you would be glad to see me."

The man breathed hard.

"I was getting the edition out, sweetheart," he said. "I was struggling with an evil thing, and the voice of the woman I loved came and helped me, and sent me back to her—and to honor. Oh, my dearest, my dearest!"

"Kiss me, dear," she whispered, as he took her in his arms cloaked in the kindly dimness of the hall.

The Girl of Today

By E. M. B.

WHAT are the most salient characteristics of the girl of today? What would be the most distinct impression left were a flash of lightning to reveal her for an instant to one familiar only with the girl of the past?

Would it be the small head, shorn of its luxuriant hair, pride of a past generation? Or the mantling colour which can no longer be described as "the blush that flies at seventeen?" Would it be the cigarette between the slim, capable fingers, or the straight, slender figure, with scarce a hint of womanhood to hamper its owner's determination to be master of her fate? Or would the gleam of the long, silken legs, frank and unashamed,—nay, supremely unconscious, as no past generation could ever be of its ankles,—leave an impression of swift daring and efficient poise?

Would not all these details together leave an ineffaceable portrait of something gallant, daring, strong as steel, and as true?

Yet the shadowy girl of yesterday, now the anxious, foreboding mother of today, wrings ghostly hands of despair and clanks her Victorian fetters, as she haunts the path of her daughter and utters warnings of evil to come.

For our ghosts of today are living

ghosts. So quickly has the world moved that they are taken unawares in our midst. They have not yet learned the lesson the great war should have taught, that the world belongs to the young and by them only can the battle be won.

A new world, a new warfare, weapons never before wielded by the hand of man, need the daring of youth that looks forward and not back; that counts no cost, that is blithely conscious that thousands follow hard on his footsteps, to catch the torch should it fall from his hands, eager to go over the top and take possession of No Man's Land.

As in those great days when we turned with confidence to the young manhood of our land, when we placed our very lives in the hands of striplings fresh from school, and realized that only the God-given instinct of youth could conquer where experience yielded no wisdom, so now we must bid the young womanhood of our coming generation go forward and take possession of the new land, carve her own way, make—and keep—her own laws, take new, strange risks and establish her kingdom in the name of freedom, knowing well that she will never betray the countless generations that flows in her veins.

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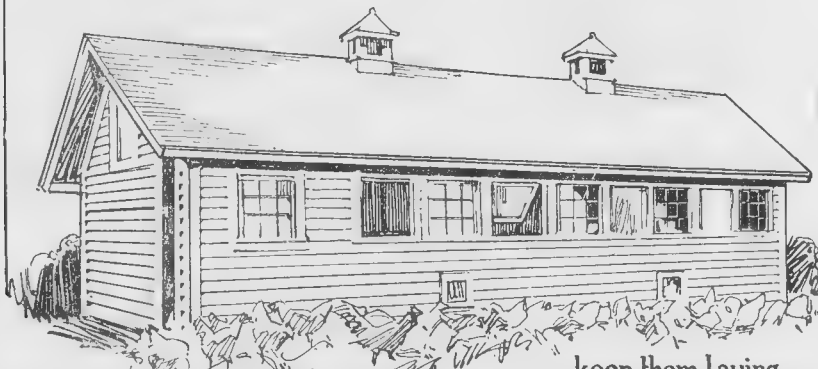
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Ask your home town lumberman for his free plans of these poultry houses—he will tell you how to go about building them.

Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association and the Associations of the B.C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Ltd., The Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers, and the Western Canada Sash & Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.

Poultry House, 50 Hen Size



The Stealer of Meat

Continued from page 6

were unaccountable, but he chose his trails with extreme caution. his bannock and biscuit were never eaten cold and dried fruits were used with religious regularity. "Straight" Fraser was no longer the cool, daring, care-free leader of the North.

Spring set in without its customary treachery but Fraser made no preparations to travel. Despite every effort the depression and presentiments that had assailed him in autumn returned with treble force and a curious dryness troubled his throat as he realized his helplessness in the matter. Like a questing hound his mind raced back over every detail of the incident at Lost Lake and once more his standards of right and wrong returned the verdict against his recurring qualms. Yet he found no comfort. To such as he there are periods when Nature becomes vocal and converses in a myriad of tongues to those who have ears to hear. Especially so when the greens are dominant and life awakens. Yet Fraser could only feel a sepulchral stillness that seemed accusing; he had lost caste.

At Crazy River his territory adjoined the tract of Broken Bow, a Cree trapper who worked with three of his kind. Fraser resolved to send his fur down to the Post by this quartette, and so avoid meeting any of his kind until he could gain his former icy composure. His condition was such that he knew he should lose control of himself at the first mention of a gruesome find at Lost Lake. Packing his record catch he set out for the waterway used by Broken Bow as a route to the James Bay headquarters. His trail skirted waterfalls and hillsides, split tangled thickets and aisles of rough-barked firs whose shining tips glistened in the sunlight. Leaving his canoe he entered a stretch of hilly ground that ended at the camp of the Crees. At evening he reached a high point with an eternity of forest leading away below, a spot where the silence was abysmal, and there he made camp. Through the long sunset he sat and gazed over the vast area of timber and rock until the last flush of light faded from the ridge. Many times in the past he had sat thus and revelled in the grandeur of this mighty Northland, but this hour he was tortured by uncertainty. His fear was not of a prison cell or police, but loss of prestige; to lose the name he prized so highly.

The darkness deepened, then the stars multiplied and the silver crescent of a moon flung new beauty over the wilds. Fraser sat as if carved in stone, he had heard sounds of loosened stones on the slope. Someone was coming by way of the Cree's trail. And at this, his first contact with men since the killing at the meat-rack, he was suddenly conscious of guilt. The thing he had refused to recognize before was in an instant a portentous and undeniable fact. Men new to the North were always allowed one year in which to acquaint themselves with the codes and rules that there belong. Though he had not been told directly that the red-haired man was a newcomer, a veteran of Fraser's experience needed no telling; a glance over the stranger's equipment was sufficient. He, "Straight" Fraser, supposed to be honor personified, had never given the new man a chance of explanation. The famous Mounties of the North-West had ferreted many strange killings in isolated places; they were relentless. With this reasoning there was formed in his brain all the suspicions of a fugitive. He seized his rifle and sprang to the bush behind him; he would never be taken prisoner.

Crouched like a wild beast he waited his visitor, but as his man came into view he saw that the fellow was a lone Indian, a very swarthy Cree, evidently a trapper, as he bore a bulky bale on his shoulders. Fraser waited till the Indian was beside his fire and then pushed from his hiding and gave brusque greeting. Speech was difficult and his voice unnatural. The Indian looked at him keenly and then lowered his bundle with obvious relief.

"Black Joe come long way with fur," he grunted; "miss Broken Bow, him gone to post. Me lucky for meet 'Straight' Fraser. You take my fur to Post—tell Hardy me come in Fall. . . ."

Fraser started violently. He was too late to catch Broken Bow, and must go to the post himself, unless . . . He argued with the Cree but it was useless, the fellow was determined to retrace his steps.

"Why does Black Joe not take his own fur to the Post?" Fraser queried harshly.

"Black Joe has much travel this summer," came the calm reply, "him partner fall last winter and break his back—die soon—me go far west to tell him squaw."

"Was there just the two of you?" Fraser shot the inquiry with sudden fierceness.

"Yes—just two," came the placid rejoinder. "Why?"

"You have a good catch of fur," Fraser's voice was grating. "How will your partner's squaw know you did not kill your man so that you would have all?"

Black Joe rose to his feet with dignity. "Straight! Fraser make queer fun," his voice held rebuke, "but Indians know me."

The simple answer dumbfounded Fraser.

"And how do you know I am 'Straight' Fraser?" he asked in a kindlier tone.

"Because you hold your head high—back straight—tongue straight—heart straight. All men talk same of you," the Cree explained patiently.

It was enough. Fraser had no argument and soon the two men were in their blankets, the Cree asleep as a tired child, the white man pondering, with new pangs, the situation that confronted him.

At dawn Black Joe departed. Fraser was forced to make two trips down the hills to transport his additional load, but he used a short cut to his canoe. The way was fraught with danger in the form of loose rock and land-slips but he was strangely reckless. His way led past a small lake cupped in a triangle of rock at the most difficult part of the hill. The rim that held the water in its lofty bowl was splintered and riven so that at places only a few inches of gray rock maintained the prison. A stiff breeze was blowing and Fraser halted to watch the gray-green waters swing in lacy curves against the slender barriers. He knew that for ages this body of water had been so near release that it seemed as if every storm must burst its rocky bounds, and yet years would pass before frost and other elements finally cracked some vulnerable point of the lake wall. And as the veteran gazed he was filled with strange emotions. Dropping his load he stared at the churning waves and compared the lake to his dual self. His better nature longed to own to his mistake and tell it to all men; his other self, mainly pride accumulated through hard years, flinched from thought of censure—but lost its fight. No trivial thing should keep him in secret bondage for long years. Standing there by the pent-up waters he bared his head and solemnly vowed to the time-worn wilderness that he would go to the Factor and confess his mistake at Lost Lake without offering excuse. And with every mile Post-ward his resolution grew stronger. At night he slept as of old.

GLORIOUS beyond description the rising sun flooded the horizon and the trading-post at James Bay was bathed in the glow. The restless waters of the Bay were sparkling in barbaric splendor. Lines of yellow canoes were drawn up at the mouth of the river that entered the Bay, a stream that was the highway of the fur brigades. Round smouldering cooking fires grouped the picturesque assemblage of such northern places, bronzed whites and stoic, dark-skinned Crees. Such a scene met the eyes of "Straight" Fraser as he paddled into view and brought his canoe to a landing. The door of the Post swung open and Hardy, the imperturbable Scot, strode out.

"No wonder you are late coming," he called as he sighted Fraser's load. "You are the last in, but one."

"Who is that one?" Fraser forced himself to ask, though he knew the answer.

"The red-headed stranger that was so quiet," said Hardy. "I've found out since that it was his first trip North and maybe he'll not get in." His remark carried much significance.

Continued on page 80

FAMOUS FEET



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The Stealer of Meat

Continued from page 79

Fraser made no response. Veterans of the trapline, weather-worn voyageurs in the employ of the Fur Company, dusky Crees, all were honoring him with respectful nods and deferential salutations. Excruciating was the thought that he should lose all this. For a time, at least, he must bask in their homage.

"We are having the 'show-downs' this morning," said Hardy, as he and Fraser breakfasted together, "and the prizes will be given."

"What are the prizes this year?" Fraser asked absent-mindedly. "I have forgotten."

There should be two show-downs that morning, and he was visioning them. The first, in which trappers with fur that might possibly belong to another related the particulars concerning their finding; the second—his own denunciation.

"For the biggest bearskin and the best black fox pelt," answered Hardy, "and I expect you'll take both."

"I believe I will." Fraser's pride came back to fill his voice momentarily, and then he made his break. "After the prizes are given, Hardy, I have a surprise for the crowd." His words fell slowly.

The Factor made no comment. His mind seemed occupied with another matter, and he, too, spoke slowly. "I suppose you will oppose our opinions, Fraser," he remarked, "but yesterday the men voted on Laflamme's case—and all agreed that his term had ended. He will go back to his traplines as soon as he can find funds for his outfit."

"Find funds?" Fraser repeated, as a question.

"Yes." Hardy's lips tightened. "The Company heard of your stand on the case — and cut off Laflamme's credit. None of the men will loan him for fear of your displeasure."

Hardy's clerk announced that it was time to begin the day's work.

On the pole platform at the end of the post Hardy and his assistant took their stand. Over the counter in the trading-room they had paid, in goods and credit, for the piled pelts that awaited attention from the voyageurs who loaded them for the "outside." The Factor made numerous announcements regarding the catch of the past winter and made suggestions for the year ahead. All listened so intently that few noticed another canoe joining the long line at the beach, and the new arrival had to shoulder his way forward. "Straight" Fraser, his eyes burning in his wilderness-hardened countenance, stood rigidly by the doorway, fighting an inward battle. His resolution had weakened. All the veteran's love of deference revolted at his intentions, and in the midst of a crowd that admired him so sincerely he could not hold to his resolve; his desire to be head of the elite of the North was overpowering.

"And now for the prizes," came the Factor's crisp tones. "To the trapper bringing in the biggest bearskin the Company donates one hundred dollars. I think the prize goes to 'Straight' Fraser unless . . ."

There had been a stir in the crowd. Some person, bearing a lean bale of fur was pushing to the front.

"My catch is very small," came a quiet voice. "It was my first experience up here, but I think I have the biggest bearskin."

Stiff as a ramrod stood Fraser: his hands had gripped bark from the logs at his back. For the late arrival was the red-topped stranger of Lost Lake!

The veteran gazed as if he feared his own eyesight, as a great load slipped from his shoulders and every fibre of his gaunt frame quivered with relief. From

his slim bundle the stranger drew a bearskin, a mighty pelt that needed many hands to stretch it to its full proportions. Comparisons were made with the giant skin Fraser had brought in and arguments waxed hot. There was little difference in the two.

"Just a minute, men," came the quiet voice of him with the rusty beard, "you have had your 'show-down.' I missed it but will tell you of this hide. On my way here last fall I stopped by Lost Lake and by chance found a shelter in a pine grove. I did not sleep there but left two quarters of deer meat on the rack behind the cabin. As I returned that way I had difficulty in locating the spot and it was dark when I felt my way in and got a quarter for my supper. I had my camp near the beach and did not go back for the other quarter until next morning. In the night I had heard a shot and when I reached the shelter there lay this great bear—dead, the bullet having gone through his heart. He was evidently trying to steal the meat. What puzzled me was the fact that a cord was attached to the next quarter on the rack and that there was more meat there than I had left. I searched the place and wasted two days in waiting but no one came to skin the bear or take the meat. As both needed attention I thought I did no wrong in helping myself."

A dozen voices assured him. Hardy waited, impassive as a judge, for claimants. No one spoke, though some glanced at Fraser.

"No one speaks, so the skin is yours," stated the factor. "Who wins the prize?"

Before any other could speak Fraser's voice cut the morning like a knife. "By all the codes of the North all doubtful issues are in favor of the newcomer. Surely all know that."

"You are right," Hardy's words broke a dramatic pause, and without further question he handed a credit slip to the man with red hair.

"The second prize—of two hundred dollars—is for the best black fox pelt," he continued. "I again name Fraser the winner, until I see a better."

So saying, he held in view a magnificent pelt, furred to a thickness and possessed of a gloss that brought involuntary grunts of admiration from onlookers who had handled furs for years. "Are there any who dispute?" persisted the Factor. "If not, I give him the prize."

The crowd moved back, the main event of the day was over, but all halted as "Straight" Fraser mounted the platform and then reached down to someone who stood in a corner. The man was drawn up beside him, his black eyes questioning, his dark features flushed.

"Men, I told the Factor that I had a surprise for you; it is this: I have been hasty in many of my judgments of the past, especially of Laflamme. I take great pleasure in giving him this pelt and the prize that goes with it, to atone, in part, for my harshness. And I offer him my hand, if he will accept it, as an equal—no more."

One long comprehensive moment, and then the crowd cheered with the fervor of men of the North. Laflamme, his face aglow with gratitude, wrung Fraser's hand, and then exchanged grips with seasoned leaders of fur brigades who surged forward to emulate the example of their grizzled peer.

And "Straight" Fraser, eagle of the North, felt his heart leap within him at the plaudits of the throng. It was wine to his veins, but his grey eyes shone with a softened light as if curtains that had hidden an inner man had been swept aside.

Epitaph for a Neighbor

By Katharine Greene

She made her joy of little things—

—The scarlet of a blackbird's wings—

The perfume that to lilac clings.

She made her joy of little things—

—The sweetness of recurring springs—

—The tune the nesting robin sings.

She, who had known all sorrows, stings

All pain that life to mortals brings,

She made her joy of little things.

Now, tho' the dark its mantle flings

O'er her—this to her memory clings—

"She taught us joy in little things."

Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?

Eli's Drum

Continued from page 20

For an instant Eli was speechless. Then with swift understanding of the idea came visions of its possibilities.

"An' sell dem deir lessons? Ten cents a servin'? Rosie, Rosie, I see de drum comin' by you!"

THE next day the little friends met in Eli's kitchen with scissors, papers, envelopes, and dozens of old magazines, and all that afternoon and evening, and the next, they worked, their goal four-seventy-five, the price of the chosen drum. They cut pictures of places for the Geography section, pictures of people for the History one, verses for literature, fountain pen advertisements for Writing, insurance rates for Arithmetic, health notices for Hygiene. Anything that referred to home decoration, games, sports or travelling, they set aside for Compositions, and supplemented these with their own ingenuity. Finally red-eyed and weary, Rosie sealed the envelopes while Eli printed the sign:

SCHOOLETERIA
HELP YOURSELF
ARIT.
COMP.
LITER.
GEOG. 10c each
HIST.
HYGI. 3 for 29c.
WRIT.

By eight o'clock on Friday morning the improvised self-serving educational booth was ready in the park opposite the school. The fat envelopes duly labeled were laid out on two benches that had been drawn near together facing each other. Rosie was at the entrance with the cardboard trays, Eli at the exit with the money-bag. The notice, wobbling a little, was hung on the nearest maple tree.

The youthful financiers had broadcast the sale the day before, and soon their school-mates arrived, welcoming the new idea with whoops and shouts, and trade in lessons was brisk. The market opened strong, and presently the demand exceeded the supply.

Nathan Saltpetre was the only one who didn't buy anything. He stood on the edge of the chattering group, an angry glint in his eye, sullen at Eli's popularity, and watching like a lynx for a chance to overthrow it. Finding none, his hatred grew, and with it a desire for vengeance.

The Schooleteria was an unbounded success. Every envelope was sold, and when the familiar bell rang that sent the children scampering across the street and into the school-yard, Rosie stayed for a moment to help Eli count his gains. With thankful hearts they found that the drum was assured. There was even a balance of fifteen cents, and after school that day, at Rosie's suggestion, Eli invested his surplus in a navy-blue cotton tie to make the sailor costume quite complete.

"You mus' do ev'ryt'ing you kin, Eli," the little girl said. "Dat Nat'an, he is too mean for not'in'. He is tellin' all de ceety he is goin' to be de Tamolensky Star, an' he was at noon-time today geevin' de kids money, so much money, ten cents each, to go wit' deir parents by de te-ayter to clap for him! Who you got to clap?"

"Nobody," he answered sadly. "Jus' you, an' Mot'er, an' fat'er."

"Den for sure you got to make de people like you!" she exclaimed with womanly intuition. "You mus' say dat pome like it was all true."

"It IS true!" Staunch conviction was in the tone. "Drake, he sailed by sea aroun' de worl'-an' oh! he was de grandest leader-wit' such a bravery—"

"Sure! An' you was his good sailor!"

SATURDAY was a busy time in the Schlafstein jewellery store. Eli, glancing often at the far, dark corner where he had placed his wonderful new drum for safety, helped his father until five o'clock, then slipped away to sell his evening papers. No sooner had he gone than Nathan Saltpetre came in and asked to look at the instrument. The jeweller, proud of Eli's acquisition, took the boy over, and watched him admire it and finger the sticks appraisingly.

Jangle! Jangle! The shop bell rang noisily. Four customers pushed clamor-

ously in, followed the next minute by seven or eight others. Mr. Schlafstein, delighted at the onrush of business, strode to the kitchen door.

"Leah!" he called. "You come here! I want you should now help me serve! De ceety, it has now come to buy our bargains!"

Mrs. Schlafstein, with apron on and sleeves rolled up, hurried into the store to relieve her husband. She found the customers exacting and hard to please. While she was trying to make the sale of a twenty-one-cent emerald tie-pin, she noticed Rosie hovering about the doorway and peering in at the window, and surmised she was waiting for Eli.

It had been decided that Rosie was to call at the store as it was en route to the theatre. At a quarter to eight the store was locked, and Mr. and Mrs. Schlafstein arrayed in their Passover best, stood with Eli on the doorstep. As the minutes passed and Mrs. Schlafstein waxed impatient, Eli ran to the corner to look for the little girl. She was nowhere in sight. Back he returned to the step where his parents were guarding the drum. Time after time he made the trip, growing momentarily more worried.

His father, philosophically calm, said nothing. Not so his mother. "For vy she is not here?" she demanded at last. "You bet I scrim on her good ven she comes!"

"Maybe it was not her fault!" Eli spoke excusingly. "She's got always so much family to mind—an' such a kindness for ev'rybody—"

But after the ninth trip, the mother was beyond listening to reason. "Ve wait no more! Ve now go!"

"Not vit'out Rosie!" implored Eli.

"Yes, vit'out Rosie! Ve lose half our ticket—soon ve lose your part!"

"No, no, we got lots-a time—" Eli tried to speak in soothing tones, but inwardly he was troubled. "So we get dere for de end, it was all right. Maybe I should now run by her house—"

Fearful lest his mother should raise any opposition to this further postponement, he was off like a shot for the Rosenbloom home. The parents sat down on the step to wait; the father eyeing his watch and stroking his black curly beard, the mother tapping her foot impatiently and craning her neck to watch for Eli. Presently she spied him walking along drearily. The dejected attitude terrified her. She nudged her husband. Both stood up, fearful.

"Eli—votis it?" His mother's voice and tone were strangely softened.

The child stepped in front of them mechanically, his face white, the tears very near.

"Did you see her—Rosie?" gasped the mother in sudden dread.

"No—"

"Vy not—"

"She was not dere—"

"Not dere? Vos she—dead?"

The child shook his head.

"Den for vy you did not see her? You see her mot'er?"

"No—her leetle sister."

"An' vot did she say? Vere vos Rosie?"

"She's gone—already yet—by de te-ayter."

"Gone already yet!" screamed his mother, all her anger roused once more. "Vit who? She can't not get in! She a paren' must haf!"

"She's gone with Mordy—Mordy Tamolensky. He—he is goin' to get her in by his fat'er—"

"Vit Mordy!" yelled Mrs. Schlafstein.

"For vy she go wit' Mordy?"

"I don't know," answered the child dully. "Her leetle sister say she was cryin' at supper time, an' wouldn't eat not'in', an' say all she want was to go by de te-ayter, an' she ran by Mordy's house an' ask him—an' he say yes—an' she ran home an' dressed on her new cape an' ran away again—"

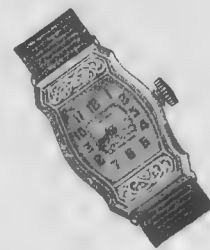
"She run vit Mordy 'cause he's reech!" sneered Mrs. Schlafstein. "'Cause his fat'er owns de te-ayter! Didn't I tell you dere was lots you should learn? Ain't dat jus' like a girl?"

"It—ain't—like—Rosie—" Heart-broken though the boy was he rose valiantly to the defence of his little friend. "She t'inks all de time of me—"

Continued on page 82

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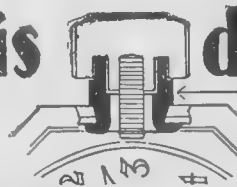


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Eli's Drum

Continued from page 81

"Sure it looks like she t'inks of you! It looks—!" But the sarcastic voice was too much for the overwrought little fellow. The tears fell thick and fast, and as he turned aside to wipe them away, the father jerked the mother's arm roughly, motioning her to be quiet. When the child had regained a certain amount of self-control, the jeweller spoke.

"W'at you goin' to do, Eli? You want we should stay home or go by de te-ayter? You want you should go an' spik your piece?"

"Go an' spik his piece?" shrieked the mother. "For dat fool Rosie Rosenbloom to hear, an' dat reech Mordecai Tam'lensky she run away vit, and dat leetle shrimp dat Nat'an Saltpetre dat sings like a crack machine vit no oil? Not much should he go'n spik his piece for dem! Ve vill now go by de five-an'-ten an' buy him all he wants. Come 'long—"

But the child stood irresolute. "W'at you t'ink, Eli?" questioned the father kindly. "You kin have w'at you like—so it costs me my store—you kin say."

The child mutely shook his head, his throat chokingly full, his eyes still wet. Through the blur he saw only Rosie. Why had she run away with Mordy? Would she be sitting with him in state? Perhaps she would even be in a box! Would she be listening to Nathan, to the others, waiting for his turn? He wondered what she would think if he didn't go. She liked people to finish things they started. He straightened up. Yes, he must go—he must make port!

He bent down, furtively wiped his eyes, tucked the sopping handkerchief in his pocket, and picked up the drum.

"We go—I will sa- my pome."

THE picture part of the programme was over when they reached the theatre. The place was jammed, but at a word from Eli as he handed in his own ticket and the two others he had bought and paid for, they were ushered to their reserved seats. Eli glanced about quickly, but could see neither Rosie nor Mordecai Tamolensky.

A fair-haired little girl in Swedish dress danced, a French-Canadian boy sang, another danced, a little girl with a lisp recited. Though the audience was indifferent to these contributions, there was an odd air of expectancy about. Evidently the people were waiting for Nathan, for when he appeared in his new fawn suit, red tie and shining creaking boots, they clapped loudly. While his sister in pink silk dress and black lace shawl was playing the opening chords, he looked around with a self-satisfied manner. Meeting Eli's eye, he winked knowingly. Then in his clear soprano, he sang the popular song and sang it well. As anticipated, the crowd joined in with the refrain and gave him a vociferous applause. Then, spurred on by the paid clappers, they insisted on having the last verse for an encore for him so that they could have the chorus once more for themselves. Conscious of his success, Nathan waved them "Good-bye."

The last item was Eli's. He waited till the noise had ceased, then stepped up quietly, a slim, rather tired-looking little fellow. The sailor costume and drum were unusual and a few people signalled their approval. He bowed gravely.

"Once," he began by way of explanation, "dere was a good ole sailor w'at died, but he said he would help his men w'en dey called w'en dey was drownin' or de enemy was comin'..."

"I don't believe it!" Eli started. The voice was Nathan Saltpetre's.

Eli went white, but touching his drum lightly gained reassurance. He commenced the memorable poem, slowly, feelingly, beating out the time softly:

"Drake, he's in his hammock, an a t'ousan' mile away,
(Capten, art t'ou sleepin' dere below)?
Slung atween de roun' shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' all de time o' Plymout' Hoe.
Yarnder lumed de islan' yarnder lie de ships,

Wit' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel an' toe,
An' the shore-light flashin' an' de night tide dashin',
He sees it arl so plainly as he saw et long ago. . . ."

The child beat a long exultant strain on the drum, a strain that gathered force like a billow tossing out it's vow: "I'm coming!"

Snap! One stick broke. The piece flew up in the air, and before Eli quite realized what had happened, Nathan was on his feet shaking his fist in defiant menace.

"Ha-ha, Smarty! Now call up your dead man! Call him up de deep sea..."

The crowd, ever led by the latest suggestion, caught up the cry. The poor little lad stood trembling, all his sturdy courage gone in the face of this unexpected catastrophe. His father and mother were agonized, unable to help.

"Ha-ha!" repeated Nathan. "Dere now! Dere! See de sailor drownin'! Call up your man!"

The novel situation appealed to the throng. They grew enthusiastic at the idea. They clapped and shouted, "Dat's right! Call him up!"

Pandemonium reigned. Mr. Tamolensky, vainly trying to make his voice heard above the din, jumped over the rail of his box and hurried towards the platform. As he neared the steps, he sprang back in astonishment and dread, for the purple plush curtain at the back of the stage directly behind Eli, was swaying. It parted—a flash of white was seen—it closed and swayed again. The theatre-owner was petrified; the mob gaping in fright, crouched down in fearful apprehension.

The sudden change puzzled Eli, but the quietness helped, and all at once his dark little face lit up with a wondrous glow, as a strange new strength enfolded him. Drake was near! The great admiral would save him!

He steadied himself for the emergency, the people's demand still ringing in his ears.

"I will!" he exclaimed. "You wait!" Then throwing back his head and closing his eyes, he pleaded piteously:

"Drake—oh, Drake,
I've bus 'my stick!
De drum's no good—
Oh come! Come quick!"

Never a sailor on a troubled sea prayed more faithfully than did this little Jewish lad. A curious awe crept over the theatre. The jeweller clutched his wife's arm. The stillness was tense. All seemed to be waiting, like the child, breathless, for an answer.

And it came. A little figure, enveloped in a crumpled white table-cloth with a red border, burst from behind the curtain, ran up to Eli with fluttering arms outstretched as if in flight, and holding out a new stick, paused for one brief dramatic moment, then replied:

"Sailor, w'at believes so well,
Here's a stick! Now—now—now—"

The tremulous voice faltered, hesitated, then, with quick inspiration, added:

"NOW BEAT LIKE HELL!"

The audience cheered in wildest uproar. The boy seized the stick, waved it above his head, and shouted triumphantly: "You see! He couldn't come hisself, but he sent! HE SENT! De help it has come, like it stands in de verse!" To the now enchanted listeners he tapped out a thrilling summons, a cheery response, and continued his recitation to the feeling beat of the drum.

Drake's proxy backed to a corner of the platform and stood there, a tender, watchful guardian angel, till the boy finished the poem, then swiftly disappeared, while amid a storm of clapping and stamping and shrieks of "Eli Schlaefstein! Eli Schlaefstein!" Mr. Tamolensky, a vast relief on his face, came forward with a small open box in which lay a crisp new ten-dollar bill.

"For de sailor!" he exclaimed, "de sailor dat can turn de tide!"



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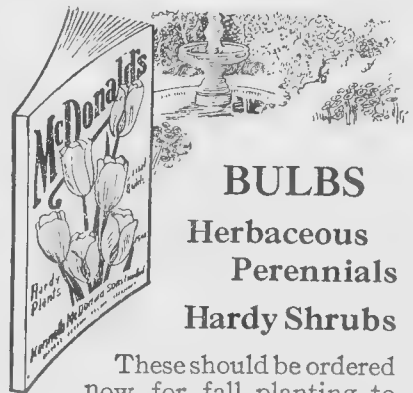
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The Christmassing in the Summer

By Marion Wathen Fox

WERE you ever stampeded into buying Christmas presents? Just because you'd left it till the last minute, and so had to "take something."

This is one of the reasons why so many unsuitable presents are given.

Then why leave our decision on what to give at Christmas until the hectic month of December arrives? Until the stores are thronged with people, and the best things are likely to be picked up in a hurry, and when we are almost sure to be carried away with a mad impulse to buy—buy, because everyone else is buying, and because things look pretty! People are likely to have more spare cash, too, before the Christmas season arrives, or if they scatter their Christmas buying through several months—buying one Christmas gift now and another again as they come across suitable gifts in various stores or on bargain counters. And we do not feel the expense so much if done in this way.

Even if we do not actually purchase the gifts in this advance fashion, we can, at least, plan ahead what they shall be; and so buy much more intelligently when the time comes. If Christmas presents were all "hand picked"—bought with the idea of particularly adapting them to the individuals for whom they were intended, ton-loads of Christmas joy could be added to the festive season.

"See that!" gleefully exclaimed a friend last August, shaking a little red book joyfully before me. "There are my Christmas presents! All ready—in summer! Just think of that! Of course they are not yet bought, but when one knows what they're to be, the battle's more than half over."

She went on to explain that she had carried this little red book with her to the homes of her friends where she had been visiting during her summer vacation, for the express purpose of jotting down—Christmas presents suitable for the inmates of each home. She just kept her eyes and ears open and it wasn't many days before she learned that there was "something" that each member was "just dying to have"—in some cases not a very elaborate or expensive thing, but which for one reason or another they had never been able to possess.

And later in the season she told me: "I'm prouder than ever of my little red book! It seems such a bond all these long weeks with my friends—so nice to be hoarding up these nice surprises to give them; so delightful to be SURE—without a doubt, that my presents will be appreciated and not thrown aside as useless or superfluous."

I was so interested that she gave me a peep into her "little red book." I asked her, too, after Christmas, how her plan worked out.

"There wasn't one of my gifts a failure—it all worked out just as I counted it should. I just wish you could have read the letters that came in reply. And, really, I never derived so much joy from my giving as I did last Christmas. On Christmas day I could just imagine their faces when they opened those gifts. Of course, I suppose it was easier for me on account of most of those friends where I visited last summer being out-of-city people—certain things don't come as easy their way as they would to city folk."

This was no doubt true. But, all the same, I am sure the idea would work out even with city people; or with people who had a much fatter pocket-book than those whose "heart's desire" the little red book chronicled.

The story of her vacation-discovered gifts ran about as follows:

In one home the mother heaved a sigh as she spread the old-fashioned honey-comb white bed-spread on her bed, and said:

"I did mean to get a nice new rayon spread for my bed this spring when I house-cleaned—blue to match my room; I think they are so pretty. But there seemed so many new things needed at house-cleaning time, that I just—"

So, in a very few minutes the guest was in her room, had pulled out the little red book, was writing her friend's name there, and after it: "blue rayon bed-spread." A little later on she tip-toed

back to take a good look at her friend's bedroom to make sure as to just which shade of blue would best match the furnishings of the room.

Another friend had just "made over the old house." The big living-room was immaculate—enormous grate, fleckless hardwood floor, etc. One evening it was wet and chilly—although summertime. Company was expected. It would be a wonderful excuse for using the new grate. The fire was laid. Every speck of "mess" was carefully brushed from the shining floor and tiles. Two or three hardwood sticks were gingerly stood on end on the "new hardwood floor," the hostess heaving a sigh as she did and remarking:

"It's a sin to place them there, but I've nothing decent to put them in yet—there's been so many things to get that I—"

The guest inwardly chuckled, excused herself, hurried upstairs, got out the little red book—at Christmas time there came to that home a delightful, artistic, new-fashioned brown wicker basket for containing wood. It even had some rose-colored decorations to match the draperies of the room.

Then there was the friend who had no carpet-sweeper and no vacuum cleaner—she lived in the country where electricity had not yet made its debut. Her floors were largely polished hardwood with small rugs. She explained the situation thus: "Since we've discarded the old carpets I felt we scarcely needed one, and our old one has gone to pieces. But it would be nice, all the same, for the small rugs—I have to lift them all twice a week and take them out to the porch for a sweeping with the broom. It's quite a piece of work."

A carpet-sweeper was a hard thing to send. But—it was what was recorded in the little red book. So, after Christmas it "ran over the small rugs" in her friend's country home.

"Teapot" was after three of the names in the little red book. When I read it there she explained:

"I may order them through a mail-order house and have them sent direct, or I may 'nose around' the bargain counters of the hardware and china stores during the summer—it's so lovely to have a genuine excuse for going to such places. I never before would have thought of giving such a thing as a teapot for a Christmas present, if I had not found out during my visiting this summer that they were things that were needed badly and desired greatly."

In one case her hostess who lived in a small town was giving a small tea in her honor. She was helping her arrange the dining-room for the occasion. "Where's your silver teapot?" the helper asked. The hostess blushed, and then stammered: "I know you'll think it strange but—I've never owned a silver teapot, strange as it may seem. I've a silver coffee-pot—I make it do sometimes but—"

It took a little self-denial, but "silver teapot" went into the little red book after that friend's name.

It was at a relative's house where they kept the silver teapot for "company," and when the family were alone used one of those black glazed ones with floral decorations. The tip of the spout was broken off and it really looked a bit disreputable.

One evening a casual caller remained "to tea," and after her departure the lady of the house remarked:

"I was ashamed of that old broken-spout teapot. It's become such a habit with us that I never notice it when we're alone, only when a stranger drops in. I've always intended to buy a new one but it just seems as though there are so many ways for the pennies to go."

A-Christmassing in summer adds an extra bit of spice to one's visiting, and spreads out that delightful Christmas "feel" over such a long stretch of time—it's almost as good as having a Christmas day six months long. I really believe, too, that it cements one's friendship with those dear people. It's a way, too, of running one's care-free summer days with all its delightful out-door life right on into December days. Try it!



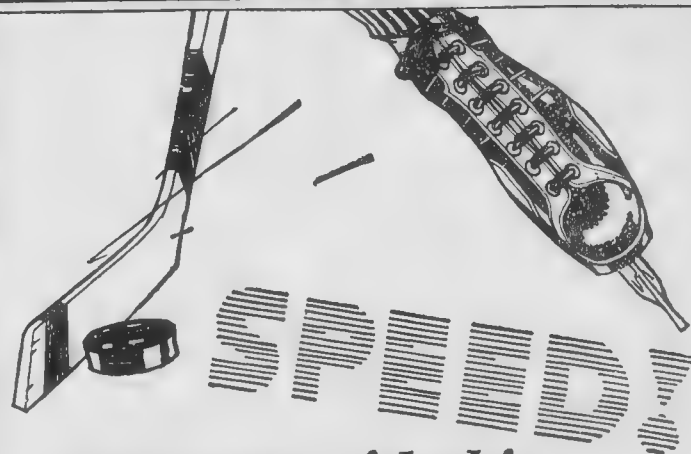
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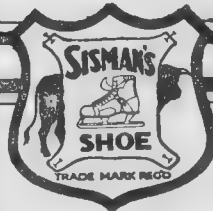
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Dennison's

Any Woman Can Look Stylish

By MAE MARTIN



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Health's best friend—the daily 'dash' of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Providence---Alias Miss Harper

By Lillian A. Myers

"BLESS my soul, if this isn't Cynthia Graham! I wonder what on earth she's doing here at this time of night," and Ellen Harper, sempstress-by-the-day hurried her steps in order to overtake the swiftly moving figure ahead of her.

"Hello Cynthia," she called as she got within speaking distance, "don't be in such a tremendous hurry."

"Oh, Miss Harper, it's you. You're later than usual, aren't you?"

"Yes, I've been kept at the Allen's place. We're mighty busy making the dresses for Barbara's wedding. But where are you off tonight?"

"Oh, just for a stroll. It was rather too hot for me in the house, so I thought I'd get out of it."

Although it was almost dark, the little spinster's keen eyes had noted that Cynthia had on her best hat and coat, and that she carried a bulky parcel.

"I'm glad you happened to stroll my way," she said, "it's rather lonesome and I do like a bit of company. How are the folks?"

"They're just as they always are—mean and ugly. They've never been young and they don't want me to be. That's how they are," said the girl savagely.

Miss Harper was silent. She knew that the girl's grandparents were too strict, and she knew also that Cynthia needed a restraining hand.

"We've just had a fearful row," went on Cynthia, "and I'm running away, so now you know—and you needn't try to stop me," she ended defiantly.

"Are you going alone?" asked her companion abruptly.

The unexpected question made the girl start. "Yes—er—no—I mean—oh, what are you asking so many questions for?"

"Is that Wes Moore's car at the cross roads?"

"I guess so," was the surly response.

"Are you going to him?"

"Yes I am," defiantly.

"A married man with such a lovely wife and children?"

"Yes. He loves me more than he does her."

"Love! bah, you silly little kid, you don't know what you are talking about."

"Don't I. Well, anyway, I'm going with him—anywhere to get away from this place."

The little sempstress thought furiously for a few minutes. "Cynthia, how old are you?"

"Nearly seventeen."

"Do you know anything about your mother?"

"No, only that she died when I was a baby."

"Or your father?"

"Only that he died soon after."

"Well, I'm going to tell you something about them, and see if I can put some

sense into that silly little head of yours. You don't seem to know that when she was seventeen, your mother ran off with a man who had a wife and family, and she just about killed your grandma. She came back in about a year's time with you a tiny baby, and your grandparents took her in and never said one word of blame. She brought smallpox with her and your grandma tended her till she died, then she took it, and you can see what a sight it left her. She used to be the prettiest woman I ever saw when I was a little girl. You had about every ailment a child could have and they tended you through them all. They've looked after you ever since, and I'll bet they've never said one word of reproach. They're strict, I know, but do you wonder? Haven't they some reason to be? And now you're going to repay them like this. I'm ashamed of you—I really thought better of you."

The tender-hearted Cynthia was weeping, "I never knew," she moaned, "Why didn't they tell me. And oh, how I hate you for telling me now!"

They were nearing the cottage where Miss Harper lived, and no word was said until they reached the gate. "Come in for a while and see the dresses, I've brought them home to finish. They're just lovely," she said in a conversational tone.

She looked steadily at the girl, and the girl looked steadily back at her, while for a few moments the two wills conflicted. Then the little sempstress smiled, Cynthia smiled too, and the battle was won.

Next morning a very subdued young lady opened a door and said simply, "Grandma, I've come back home."

In an instant her grandmother's arms were around her. "Don't go away like that again love, it nearly killed me."

"I won't. I've been staying all night with Miss Harper. She's been telling me about my mother. Grandma, why didn't you ever tell me what a trouble she was, and about her running away?"

"About her running away?" echoed the old lady in surprise. "She never was a trouble, and she never did run away."

"Was she married?—I mean properly?"

"Why of course, child. What ideas have you got into your head? Miss Harper made her wedding dress."

"And was it smallpox that disfigured your face?"

"No, no! We've never had smallpox in the family. These marks on my face were caused with me scalding myself, and I've always been as homely as sin. But what does it all mean?"

Cynthia looked nonplussed for a second, then she laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

"You'd better ask Miss Harper," she said as she hugged her grandmother.

Glass Making in Alberta

Continued from page 17

imperfect. This glass which is discarded is the "cullet" or broken glass which we mentioned seeing in the "Chamber of Horrors."

Extreme care must be taken in the choice of all raw material. Any defects will cause bubbles or "striae" in the finished product.

AT ANOTHER furnace, not quite so large, are the "glass-blowers." How hard to hand they work, not a second of time being lost! The gatherers with their blowing tubes placed in the molten mass within the furnace, expertly take out the exact amount required for a lantern or lamp chimney. This is handed to a workman who rolls it on an iron plate where it begins to take shape. Then the next workman swings it to and fro and the 'centrifugal' force stretches the lower part, making it larger. The rough edge at the bottom is cut off by a knife and is passed to another workman who heats the top in another section of the furnace. Then another receives it from him and places it in a crinkled mould which gives the top decoration of lamp chimneys which we see.

The manufacture of glass is easy in a country such as this, where there is

natural gas. The heat is so intense. Electrical furnaces have not been employed as yet, but it is thought that their success in melting and moulding quartz may cause them to be tried in countries where gas is unobtainable. The heat is measured by an galvanometer, the scale of which is divided and can be read directly.

Purple glass is obtained from the blue of cobalt, chrome from the green of chromium; copper gives pea-cock blue, oxide of copper, when re-heated ruby. A very small quantity of any of these is all that is required to be mixed with the other ingredients in order to produce the tint desired. Amber is colored by carbon, while the clear, transparent glass is called "flint" and is made by a small quantity of arsenic placed in the sand and soda-ash.

The large furnace of this factory holds two hundred tons of the liquidized glass ingredients. We took the precaution to stand for a few moments some six feet from it before leaving the factory, to fortify ourselves somewhat against the forty degrees of frost we were soon to encounter without. Though they tell us in the west we "never feel it."

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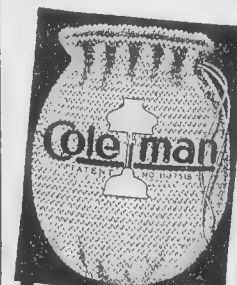


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MURINE
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Prairie-Bound

Continued from page 16

"Well, the first three times I was a suitcase homesteader, ya see, an' a fella doesn't get to really know the country under them conditions. I sold out my claim and come east again then. Couldn't stand too much of the country—to live in I mean. Mebbe I was too much of a rover."

"Suitcase homesteader?" she echoed vaguely.

"That's a fella that rushes out in th' spring, stays his six months and packs up and comes back east again in the fall."

"Dear me." was the Englishwoman's comment. For it still wasn't very clear. "But you must be rather fond of the prairie, after all, to be going out autumn after autumn as you do?"

"I suppose you know all about harvesting?"

"I can do anything I guess. I've even turned in an' washed a houseful o' dishes when the wimmen folks were stuck fer help. Some o' them westerners ain't any too fond of us harvesters though. I s'pose we're a necessary evil, that's all." he wore a philosophical air and took careful aim at the nearest cuspidor. "I mind last year when I quit work I had a sizeable roll in my pocket—"

"ROLL?"

"A wad o' money ma'am. Excuse ME. I keep forgettin' you're English an' refined." He pronounced the last word with accent on its first syllable, "Well, with all this dough on me I took to the ties to make Regina, the same bein' all of twenty mile from the ranch an' no train handy at the time. But my fet gave out on me—I ain't young any more ya see—an' I had t' find a bed fer the night. See? Do ya think any o' them farmers would put me up?"

"Put you up?"

"Give me a shakedown? No sir, not they—even when I offered them hotel rates! I s'pose mebbe I did look tough. I hadn't had a shave for a few days an' I was intendin' to sheik myself all up when I got to the city, see? So my duds was only the ones I'd worn in th' fields. Yes, p'raps I did look like a bo. I don't hold it agin them. I kept on till I found me a strawstack and I bunked fer the night in the lee side o' that. But sure before daylight I woke up with the feel of somethin' sharp diggin' me in the ribs an' there was a mountie tryin' to pry me out with a pitchfork!"

"Fancy that!"

"Yessir. He was lookin' fer a fella that had broke out o' jail two days before an' he thought I was him."

Five young men sat around a shiny black suitcase, which they held flat on their knees, playing cards and drinking pop through straws. One of them had an harmonica from which he coaxed jazz airs in the duller moments of the game. He proclaimed to all bystanders that they were bound for the Red Deer district.

"That," he said, discarding a two-spot, "is where they've dug up so many dinosaurs, you know (Hey! what's trump?) It's the richest crustacean—I mean cretaceous—field in the world. I read up a lot about it last week."

The speaker was a slender youth with fine, cornsilk hair brushed straight back. He had a thin, rather squeaky voice and wore a cornelian ring and a wrist watch. The reproach has now somewhat left the masculine wrist watch but in this case it still imparted a hint of the effeminate. What, was the not unnatural question, would they do with this dainty young man in the harvest fields? One watched him in fascinated curiosity.

"Do you know," he went on impressively, "that more than six car-loads of dinosaur material have already found their way to the States from Alberta? (Lord, such a hand!) A complete skeleton often measures from thirty to forty feet but they aren't complete when dug from the rock, of course. They are deeply embedded and many tons of earth have to be removed and a lot of blasting done to secure the parts and then they have to be rearranged—the

bones you know—and this isn't any cinch because when exposed to the air they crumble. The cementing must be done as soon as possible after the bones are unearthed and this is a slow process—"

"Excuse me, young fella, might you be one o' these here gee-ologists?" inquired the man with the red bandana.

"I might but I'm not," the young man replied smartly. Nevertheless he flushed faintly.

"Well, ya don't mean t' say you're goin' out to help with th' thrashin'?"

"Who—me? I guess not! Don't catch me rasslin' wheat, old-timer. I leave that for he-men like you. (Here you, you trumped my ace!) Nope, me, I'm operating a travelling motion picture machine." The young man announced importantly. "I entertain you hicks but I don't ever get any credit. All I get called is names," he sighed, and picked up the harmonica again and mournfully played "Just One More Little Kiss."

NEAR the door leading to the stair-tunnels sat a young couple frae the land o' cakes—fresh from there too. Homesickness had them in its grip but that sturdy courage for which their race is noted shone in their eyes and they were ready with a smile for a friendly greeting.

"We're gaun oot tae Albairta," the young wife confided. "Oh, aye, we sleppit fine on the boat comin' over but not a wink did we get on they rooshin' an' joltin' Canadian trains. Will it be another day yet till we reach Albairta?" she inquired anxiously.

"Anither day!" put in Sandy. "Puir Jeannie! It'll be another four days."

"I know ye telt me that before but I wouldna believe ye," said Jennie independently. She gazed round in curiosity at the crowd and bustle and her eye rested on a spot at the rear of the room near the newstand. Sandy followed her gaze.

"Jeanie," he said, casually, "gie me your dollar."

"My dollar? What for, Sandy?"

"For safe-keepin', Jeanie. I'll luke after the family funds."

"But it's MY dollar," Jeanie protested. "Aye, but we'll juist pit it oot o' temptation's way," said Sandy with masculine firmness, and a sly wink at us. He made an attempt to secure his bride's lone bill, playfully reaching for her purse and then, having grabbed it hiding it behind his back. They tussled a moment and then he released it. "She was lukin' at they sweeties at yon counter," he explained, "but I've telt her they're gey dear an' nae doot verra stale as well, forbye they're hard on the teeth."

"That's nae it at all," declared Jeanie. "Sandy's been readin' a' about the train robbers oot in this wild land an' he disna mean tae enrich them id if he can help it."

"Aye but I know I'm gaun tae like this country," Sandy said approvingly, on being questioned. "It'll take a bit o' gettin' used to, ye ken, for folks seem in sic a hurry an' a', an' the money is hard tae count an' we dinna understand the language as yet. But, oh aye, we'll mak' oot."

WHEN the long train at last was made up there was a concerted rush for the stairs and a final fusillade of parting messages.

"Well, so long boys . . . Good-bye, Bill! Now you fellows be good and come back soon. Hay Walt! Your maw says—oh, let me carry the little fellow ma'am. I've a couple like that at home so I guess I know what kids are all right . . . Auntie—Auntie, where'd auntie go? Oh, there she is away ahead! She sure doesn't aim to be left . . . No. Mabel, they won't let us down on the tracks without a ticket so we'll have to say good-bye here . . . Well, well, if it ain't old Andy himself! Where you bound for? . . . Saskatoon eh? No. I'm goin' to Maple Creek."

Continued on page 86



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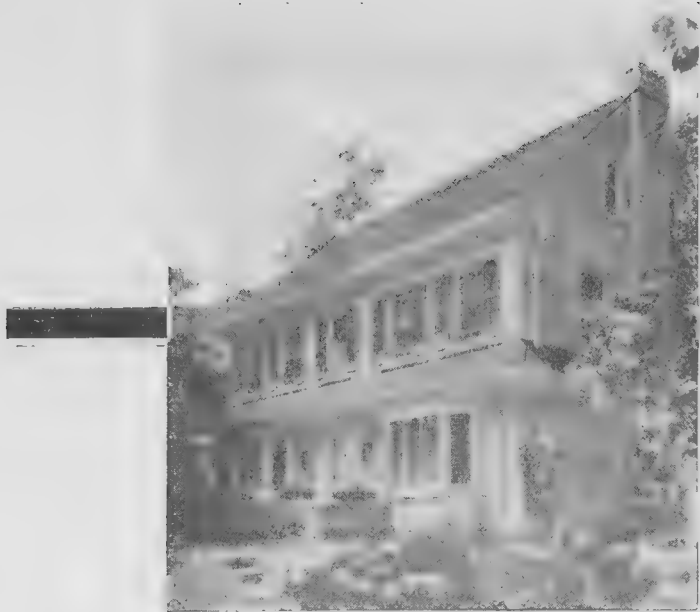
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Quickly attached on
dash or above wind-
shield of any car.

Prairie-Bound

Continued from page 85

The tall adventurer with the red bandana shuffled slowly along, somebody's baby in one arm and somebody else's valise in his other hand. Sticking out of one coat pocket was the child's milk bottle. The official at the gate held him up.

"Where's your wife?" he demanded.

"Wife? That's a good one!" the other chuckled. "I don't own such a thing, boss."

"All right then, stand aside. Can't get through without one," curtly declared the official.

"What! Why, I'll be——"

"Stand aside."

"Here missus, guess you'll hafta take you kid back. Give me the bird-cage—he'll let me get by with that," the old-timer said, and they proceeded to swap burdens.

A SUDDEN red flare now illuminated the platform. Someone was taking a snapshot of the crowd—or rather of a cross-section of it, for no camera lens could have embraced that gathering.

A good-looking youth carrying a huge dunnage-bag loped by accompanied by four girls who must have purchased tickets to heaven knows what points in order to be permitted down on the tracks. Apparently they just had to be with him to the last.

"Gee, what a lot of sisters some guys have!" was the wistful comment of another fellow.

"Huh! I'll bet he never was away from home before," retorted somebody else, and this envious remark caused heads to turn in the tenderfoot's direction.

"He looks like the movie idea of a prospector," said a homely undersized man who wore shell-rimmed glasses and the general air of misanthrope. "He'll know a good deal more in a month's time than he does now."

"What do you know about it, Buffalo Bill?" jeered a husky young man at his left, and a general laugh ensued. For the other was obviously an office slave down to see friends off.

A newcomer pushed his way resolutely through the throng and slapped the husky youth on the back.

"Hello, old socks," was his greeting. "Thought you told me you were cured of the western fever!"

"I was," admitted his friend, "but I'm dashed if I haven't got a relapse!"

They swung aboard together just as the train pulled out. Such a long train and so many passengers. One harvester all but missed it. He came posting along the platform, panting like the engine itself, and as he ran he aimed his grips at the rear platform of the train—a feat of dexterity that earned him the plaudits of the crowd for he proved to be a splendid shot. Kindly hands pulled him aboard—and then his hat dropped off and went rolling down the steps and into the crowds that followed the slowly-moving cars. A cry of dismay from a score of throats! But someone ran and picked the hat up and threw it back at him. He caught it by the merest fraction of a chance and bowed and waved his thanks. Loud cheers from everybody!

And thus another harvesters' special went steaming off to the land of golden adventure, winding away snake-like through the dusk toward the smiling wheat-fields of the west, freighted with hopes and sure of a welcome. The hush of the great station after it had departed was comparable only to the sudden quiet of a small-town depot at the moment when the evening local has pulled out.

The adventurer with the red handkerchief about his neck leaned far out a window waving his hands—the one with the finger missing—until a turn in the tracks blotted him from sight. Except for his grey head he might have been an eager boy off on his first trip away from home, might have been twenty instead of fifty-odd. He seemed to symbolize the spirit of the undertaking, which although it had become a habit with him, had never lost its thrill.

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W.H.M. Oct.

Lochinvar

Continued from page 12

"But I hate the fellow, Dad! He's old enough to be my father!"

"He's not. I'm your father, and he's not so old as I."

"You know what I mean."

"I don't. But anyway, you can't be ignorant that he's—h'm—quite well connected and not at all badly fixed—h'm—financially. In fact, he's almost rich. There must be quite a number of young women who would welcome Mr. Taylor—"

"So that's why he's been shadowing me! Dad, I wouldn't believe it of you!"

But the major ploughed on. "After Mr. Taylor had gone—that day he called—and I had given my—h'm—tacit approval, I wrote your Aunt Mabel. She takes a great interest in you." He delved into his pocket and extracted a telegram. "She will be here tomorrow."

"Aunt Mabel! Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Your aunt wires," he went relentlessly on, "that she is on her way to the coast for the summer, and will stay over just one night with us."

"You sure have spilled the beans, Dad," said his offspring.

"Are we," he demanded, "to tell your Aunt Mabel that you continue to set all our authority at defiance? You know she is old-fashioned, and believes in the old-fashioned idea that young children—especially young women—should obey their parents. And then, where would your future be? I'm only a poor man."

"I see, Dad," she said. "You put it up to me to save the family homestead."

"If you like to put it that way. Your Aunt Mabel has all the money in the family, and if she takes a dislike to you—well—"

"But if I take this old Taylor thing, I should worry about Aunt Mabel, hey?"

"Something like that. Of course, you wouldn't worry at all, because Aunt Mabel will most certainly—h'm—approve your marrying so desirable a husband."

"I'm going over to Weston tomorrow, anyway!" she wailed.

Her father jumped. "Always going somewhere! Well, this time you're not!"

"But I've promised, Dad, and I can't go back on that."

He knew her intractable nature sufficiently. "Weston! Always anywhere except home!" His upraised eyes sought the curse of heaven upon modern children. "What is it this time that you are ashamed to tell your mother and father about?"

"Don't be stupid. I'm not ashamed. I'm going to a party, that's all."

"Yes—that's all—and you're going! You're so positive about it, as if my interest was no concern."

"Well, that's so. I promised Eva I'd go to her party, and I will, Taylor or no Taylor—or Aunt Mabel, either," she added defiantly.

"I tell you, Clara, it's impossible. Your Aunt Mabel will be here."

"Well, I'll get back—" she gulped disappointedly—"on the 6.30. That's in time for supper, isn't it? What more does she want?"

Her father ceased his pacing. "You swear you'll be back on the 6.30?" He knew that the only way of keeping Clara at home was to lock her in her bedroom. "Swear?"

"You've got to be here, that's all. I'm appealing to your common sense—if you have any. I want to impress upon you the urgent importance of your being here tomorrow evening."

"I suppose," she flung at him sarcastically, "you've asked your Taylor friend to supper too?"

"Yes," he said—but his daughter had run upstairs to bed.

IN THE morning, the major departed for his court. After an early lunch, Clara departed too. Weston, although not the county town, is bigger, but it is off the main line. A small branch line runs into it, and several times a day the wheezy old locomotive pants thirty miles to it, and back.

"Now Clara," her father admonished, as he put her on the train, "you must be back here on the 6.30."

"There's always the 8.15 if I miss it," she said, kissing him.

"You won't miss it!" he shouted. "By Jupiter, girl, if you—" But she put her fingers to her ears, and rushed into the car.

He closed his court early that day, so that he could trot off back to meet Aunt Mabel in the 4.20. To tell the truth, business was rotten. Suicide, murder, wife-beating and abduction are rare crimes with us, and the magistrate's court lives largely for, with and by reckless motorists. We are a small town, but we are on the mainest of all main roads, and those who whizz by us seem to succumb to the temptation of stepping on the gas.

"Those who whizz by us," I have said; that is the part that hurts. Although we are such a graceful old town, with charming wide streets and overhanging elms, with big lawns and sleepy old houses, they nearly all step on the gas to get by quickly. The Out-of-the-Way Inn did indeed give itself a fresh coat of paint, to attract the tourist trade, and Joggins turned his West Street livery barn into a garage, with free air; but the percentage who stop for lunch or repairs is very, very small.

That is why the major takes a fiendish delight in fining speedsters to the limit. It is his outraged civic pride. This particular day the crop had been small. Only four had stepped on the gas, and one had had the audacity to claim that the city limits were not discernible to the eye from the surrounding farmlands!

Aunt Mabel duly arrived, and, with her pet Pomeranian, was escorted in courtly grace by her brother to the Baxter mansion. She was an irascible old lady with a peppery temper, and she seemed greatly incensed that her niece was not waiting for her. The major explained, but "Drat the girl!" was all she mustered.

"You see," her brother endeavored to soothe her, "she had—h'm—made an engagement which it was impossible to break, and really she didn't know about your coming until last night. Don't worry, Mabel, she'll be here."

Nevertheless, his gaze sought the clock anxiously, especially as the hands approached six o'clock.

"I thought you said she'd be here by six?" demanded Aunt Mabel peevishly, as for the tenth time she came in from superintending Mrs. Baxter's kitchen.

"Six-thirty, m'dear."

In exactly thirty minutes she sought him on the porch, where he was scanning the road. "She isn't here!" she said triumphantly. "I expected it!"

"Six-thirty the train gets in. You've got to give her time to get up from the station."

"Well?"

"That's all," he concluded lamely. "Ah, there's the train whistling now!" A consumptive whistle told indeed that the Weston local was coming round the curve. "You see," he vindicated both Clara and himself, "she'll be here in ten minutes now."

But she wasn't—and during the whole of that time Aunt Mabel sat out on the front porch with him. In fifteen minutes, however, the stolid William Taylor was desecrated rushing up the road—alone.

"Clara here?" he demanded.

"No," said her despairing father.

"I—I thought she was," said Taylor.

"I went down to meet her."

"Wasn't she on the train?"

"No."

"She missed it! Dammit—"

"Henry!" interrupted Aunt Mabel.

"Henry!"

"Pardon, Mabel. But don't—"

"Yes," returned the old lady, ghoulishly. "I expected it."

The major sank weakly into a chair. "Oh, that child of mine—! And after she swore!"

"Swore! Henry—Clara swore?"

"Swore to be here on the 6.30!" Aunt Mabel looked at him, including him in her unspoken but very obvious opinion of all Baxters. "Shall we begin?" he said. "Supper will be cold, and she can't get in now until the 8.15."

"Excuse me, Major Baxter," said the precise Mr. Taylor. "The 8.15 doesn't run today—Wednesday, you know."

Continued on page 88



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Continued from page 87

"Oh, curses!" the major exploded. "She can't get back at all tonight." The full catastrophe just then broke upon him. "Let's go in."

They had risen from their seats—the grim Aunt Mabel and Mr. Taylor had entered, and the major was just following behind—when a clear voice from the sidewalk cried: "Lo, folks!"

Taylor almost pushed Aunt Mabel aside to get out quickly. "How did you get here? You weren't on the train."

"How'd you know?" asked Clara.

"Why, I was down to meet it!"

"You must have had your eyes shut, then."

He was really annoyed. "Dodged behind a car, I suppose."

"Anyway, you've been a long time getting up," said her father.

"Stopped in to buy something," she sweetly replied. "Hello, dearest Aunt Mabel! You're looking younger than ever!"

While her father still stared at her, his telephone rang.

He grabbed it. "Yes... speaking... No, not tonight!... Of course not. Well, lock him up!" Bang went the receiver.

"Who's that?" asked Aunt Mabel.

"Another speed fiend that Finlay just arrested. Forty miles an hour! And he has the gall to ask me to come down and fix up his case tonight, so that he can get away!"

"Well?" said Aunt Mabel.

"Like—I mean he can spend the night in the lock-up." He resumed the march towards the dining-room.

Clara had run upstairs to shed her hat and coat; before she was quite finished with the powder-pad, and while the major still sat with knife poised over the roast chicken, a violent noise shattered the quietness of the neighborhood.

Noisy footsteps trampled the Baxter porch and a hand opened the screen door. "Magistrate live here?" a pleasant voice demanded.

"Well," cried the magistrate, heedless of Aunt Clara. "I'll be damned!" He rose, and sought the porch. A young man, obviously belonging to the long gray car, and the reluctant Constable Finlay, awaited him.

"Tain't my fault, your Honor," said Finlay. "He grabbed me in and made me come."

"Here's my card," said the stranger. "You can't put me in jail for speeding, and you know it."

"Who says I can't?"

"Just look at my card again. You'll see I'm a lawyer, too."

That "too" was a little soothing to the major. "Anyway, you can't come here. This is my house."

"Still," said the stranger, with an ingratiating smile, "a little matter like this, between two professional men—and all that." He inserted his hand in his breast pocket.

Inside the house all was still; Mrs. Baxter, Aunt Mabel and Mr. Taylor were listening attentively, and Major Baxter knew it. He was not averse from a little stage-play himself. "The constable says you were exceeding the speed limit of this city," he said, sinking into a chair.

"Forty-two miles an hour—an' he admits it!" cried Finlay.

"Yes," said the younger man, rather complacently. "We made that thirty miles from Weston in just thirty-five minutes."

"The penalty is fifty dollars," said the magistrate.

The other winced. "That's too high!"

"It's the penalty, all the same."

"You mean ten, I think, sir—or twenty at the outside."

"No, fifty."

"But see here," said the young man, "there are some special circumstances. Why, I had just got married!"

"Did he have a woman with him?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, he did," corroborated the constable.

"That makes it seventy-five dollars," said the magistrate.

The stranger rammed his wallet back into his coat-pocket. "Darned if I do!" he cried. "Just to get Clara back in time for supper!"

And Clara, coming downstairs again, laughed happily.



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Basketry

THE making of furniture from reeds of various sorts dates to a period far back in human history, because, even before man built houses, he used some kind of household furniture. In the Bible, one reads of the infant Moses being cradled in a basket of bulrushes.

Through all the years woven furniture has remained almost entirely the work of man's hands. Machinery is used in preparing the materials, and perhaps in making the frames, but practically all articles for use, whether for utility or for ornamentation, or both, have come as a result of man's handiwork. And, making furniture from the natural reeds is not a difficult accomplishment. Of course, like everything else, the more one does of it, the more proficient one becomes, but it is possible for almost anyone fond of working with their hands (and who is not?) to make really very fine pieces.

Furniture so made is always in style, and it is comfortable. While many houses use the chairs and table for sun-parlor or summer use, still there are many houses where they are in use the whole year round. And, naturally, it is the better pieces that find such general use. What is more, such furniture is inexpensive to make.

No one, who has not created something out of the raw material of reed, can realize the thrill one gets in fashioning some piece for use or ornamentation. And, it is a handicraft becoming alike to men and women. Men do not consider it effeminate, and, after the War, many of our boys found the road back to normal life through working with their hands at this very fascinating craft. Their work is very splendid indeed.

Basketry was used by the primitive Indians in carrying water. When there was a scarcity, and careful conservation was necessary, the basket was the article used as a conveyance. Some of the California Indians up to this day use their baskets successfully as cooking utensils, while the bassinet, made out of basketry, was, and still is, used by the Indian to hold the papoose.

Basketry has long been an accepted feature of educational work. It is a valuable item in the character building of the child, for through it can be given lessons in patience, perseverance and concentration. Our school systems show how valuable manual training is, not only in the manual skill which the child attains, but also in the mental and moral lessons which it contains.

Reed, which is used extensively in the making of furniture and baskets, is an imported product. It is not used in its natural state, but goes through various processes of preparation before it reaches the weaver. In its growing state, reed is known as rattan. It constitutes a class of tropical products which rank very high commercially. Enormous quantities are being imported for use in making furniture and numerous other articles.

During the two decades preceding the War, the use of rattan in this country had increased remarkably. What was once an insignificant industry in the tropical East, has since developed into enormous proportions. This is due the recent popularity of woven furniture, not only for porches, but for library, den, reception hall, sun parlor, living-room and dining-room.

Germany Still Produces the Best

There is a distinction between bamboo and rattan, or cane. The latter is a climbing palm, slender and leafy. In fact, in structural character, it bears close resemblance to palm. The different varieties of rattan are not climbers or creepers, but climbers. A writer who has seen them says: "Their slender stems rise among the loftiest trees of the tropical forests, over which they climb, giving the appearance of cordage stretched from tree to tree, supporting themselves by means of hooks or recurved spines attached to the under surface of the leaf stalks and mid-veins." Rattan ascends the trunk of its host by stout reversed thorns upon its leaves, and has a tremendous grip. The leaves act as a sort of sheathing husk.

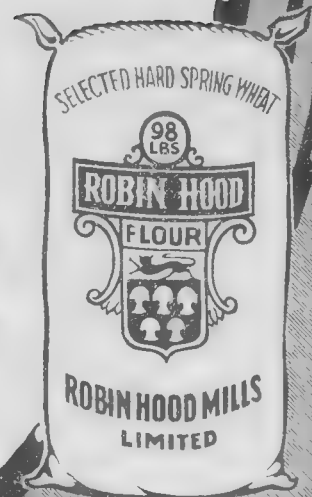
The forests where rattan grows are almost inaccessible jungles because of

Continued on page 90

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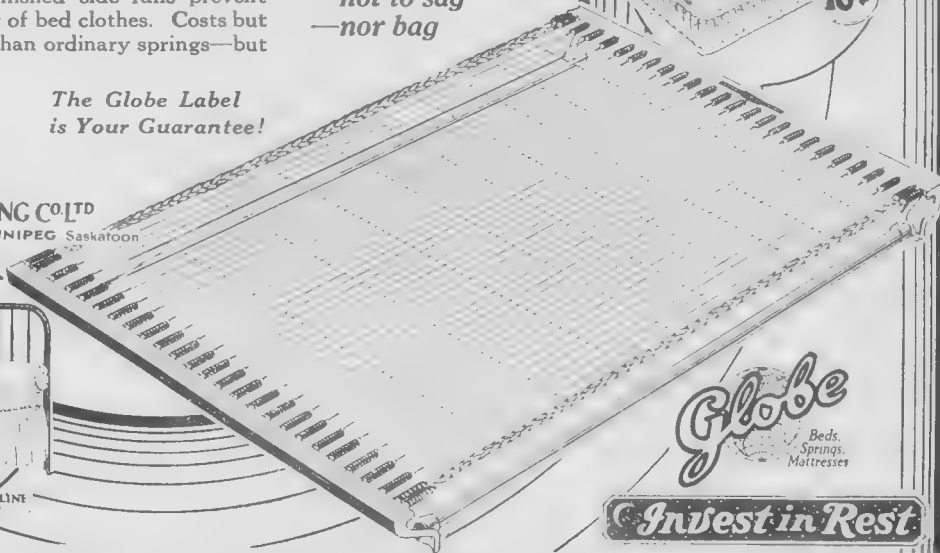
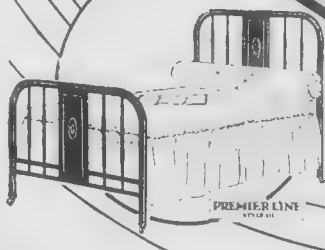
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Most people who suffer, either occasionally or chronically from gas, sourness and indigestion, have now discontinued disagreeable diets, patent foods and the use of harmful drugs, stomach tonics, medicines and artificial digestants, and instead, follow the advice so often given in these columns, take a teaspoonful or four tablets of Bisurated Magnesia in a little water after meals with the result that their stomach no longer troubles them, they are able to eat as they please and they enjoy much better health. Those who use Bisurated Magnesia never dread the approach of meal time because they know this wonderful anti-acid and food corrective, which can be obtained from any good drug store, will instantly neutralize the stomach acidity, sweeten the stomach, prevent food fermentation, and make digestion easy. Try this plan yourself, but be certain to get Bisurated Magnesia especially prepared for stomach use.

Read the article on page 13 of this issue and learn what is being accomplished in the "Health at all Costs" effort



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Basketry

Continued from page 89

the long and tough stem of the rattan. The name given to these forests, in some parts of Borneo and India, is "wait a bit" when translated into our language.

The stems grow from 24 feet to 220 feet in length. Those from 180 to 220 feet are exceptionally long. There are different varieties which differ in size and appearance. The finest, which is grown in Borneo, is called "rattan" in commerce while the larger, which grows in India, near the Straits of Malacca, is known as "Malacca cane."

The covering, or outer portion of rattan, is the cane which we use for weaving chair seats or backs. This epidermis is flinty, due to the deposit of silica in it. Just beneath the outer layer is the inner fibrous tissue or core, known as reed, which is easily split by special machinery.

After being sorted, the rattan is sent to the splitting machines, which split off the bark, and cut the latter into strips of appropriate size. Hence, we order small, medium, or large cane. Then the rest is rough or uneven joints, and lastly it is put through machines where the strips are made into uniform sizes, if the original size is too large for use in weaving.

A sort of whalebone is made from rattan, and there is an inner core which at first was burned as useless, but which now is used for mats and carpets.

Reed can be bought in quantities of from one pound up, and comes in skeins, similar to yarn, the strands varying in length from ten to sixteen feet.

The uses of reed are numerous. In the Orient, it is used for rope. Across the rivers of the Himalayas suspension bridges are made of it. In India it is used for baskets, mats, hats, and wicker work. In Canada and the United States it is mostly valued for furniture. Settees, lamps, ferneries, stands and chairs are most popular. However, it is adaptable for a variety of pieces, and one who has mastered its use, can display originality in many directions. It can be stained to match any woodwork in a room, and its durability has been proven by use. It makes a light-weight furniture which is easily moved, and is cool-looking for sun-parlor or porch.

Of course, after the articles have been completed, they should be finished with stain, varnish or enamel, to preserve them, and give them a better appearance but the whole process from beginning to end, is so fascinating, that no part of it becomes monotonous.

Basketry is a craft where one's imagination is given full play, and, what is best of all, the necessary tools and equipment are inexpensive and one could easily make a work-shop out of their attic or basement, or in any other part of their home. The tools and materials that are needed can be secured right in Canada. Certainly the results of one's labor amply repay them for the time into this very interesting craft.

There is generally a market, also, for the work of one's hands, which is an important factor in taking it up either as a hobby, or as an ultimate means of livelihood.

Naturally, when one can get in touch with someone who has had previous experience with this work, it makes it that much easier, but, as we have said before, it is a handicraft that can be learned from written instructions, and there are several very excellent books to be obtained, giving full and minute directions for the making of various things.

UP THE HILL AND DOWN AGAIN

By Robert Watson

O'er the vale and up the hill,
And up the hill to the highlands.
On to the crest, the golden crest,
The crest of the Do-or-die-lands.
While hearts are stout and limbs are strong,
The climb means fame or fate.
To gain the peak may raise a song,
But striving there is great.

Down the hill and o'er the dale,
And down the hill to the lowlands.
On to the road, the beaten road,
The road to the Weal-or-woe-lands.
As hearts turn faint and limbs grow frail,
We leave the toil and fight,
To greet the sun that gilds the hills
And floods the dark with light.



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An Up-to-Date Proposal

"The Heart of a Man to the Heart of a Maid"

By H. T. Reynolds

CLIFF CRANTON was taking his best girl for a ride in his new car—"automobile," he now called it. My, it was running splendidly! Dolly—that was Cliff's girl—waxed very enthusiastic. In fact she became so excited, and said such lovely things about the car, that Cliff felt this would be the psychological night on which to pop the question.

It was a glorious evening in the spring of the year. Cliff could not help feeling the exhilaration of the season. In the afternoon it had been dull and grey with a moist dewey feeling in the air; but now the westering sun bathed everything in its liquid light. The stir and sound of spring was everywhere, in the trees as they swayed to and fro in the gentle breeze, and in the chirp chirp of the birds as they flitted busily back and forth building their nests. On every hand and in everything that moved were signs of awakening life. Even some large rocky boulders lying along the edge of a wood looked like animals crouching ready to spring.

Yes, without doubt it was an ideal evening for such matters as popping the question. But how to word the proposal, just what was the right, the absolutely correct and proper thing to do and say? Cliff felt annoyed that such subjects had been omitted from the day school program of studies. Surely they were of vital importance, and he believed very emphatically in doing things in a right and proper manner. So in the intervals between Dolly's remarks about the car, and the landscape, and the choir concert next week, he was trying to frame in his mind a few choice sentences.

Suppose next time she expressed her perfect delight with the car, just to introduce the subject, he gently inquired what she thought of the driver. It was leap year so perhaps she might avail herself of such an opening, and help him out. Speech was easy to Dolly, and then, she seemed to know instinctively the right and the proper way in which things should be said and done. But no that wouldn't do. If he said anything like that, Dolly might come back with a regular knockout, and in any case he was quite sure he would have to do all the proposing. Well then, suppose he asked her how she would like to have him drive her along the pathway of life. That had a nice, beautiful, poetic sound about it. But "drive" that wretched word spoiled it! It was hopelessly out of date. Cliff smiled to himself at the thought.

"What's amusing you now?" inquired Dolly, observing the smile flit across his face.

"Oh, I was just thinking how times have changed." Cliff paused, but Dolly was getting interested. "For instance" she said encouragingly. "Well," responded Cliff, beginning to feel as though he might be on the verge of making a ghastly mess of things, "years ago a married man was the big boss in the home. Many many years ago," he added hastily as Dolly eyed him coldly. "He was the driver, and the others meekly allowed themselves to be driven along by him."

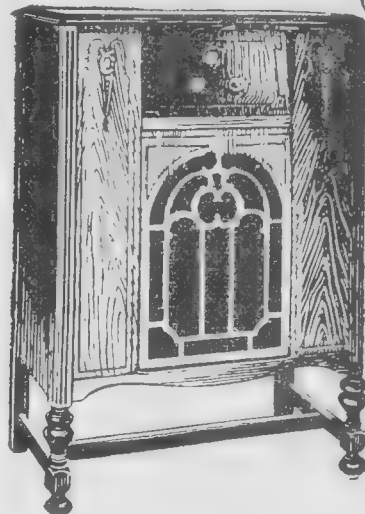
"Oh!" Dolly commented, "that must have been a long time before I was born," and then she seemed to be lost in deep thought.

"That's the first gopher I've seen this spring" Cliff said as the wheels of the swiftly travelling car missed it by a fraction of an inch. "Perhaps" said Dolly who had no intention of allowing him to change the subject, "perhaps the big boss, or to be more precise, the cave-man, only thought that he was doing the driving. The same" she continued anxious to make her point quite clear. "as the man who is driving a car. He often feels quite important about it, thinks he's the whole cheese, he's the one that's doing it, because he keeps stepping on the gas with his big foot." Dolly giggled. Cliff's difficulty when

Continued from page 92

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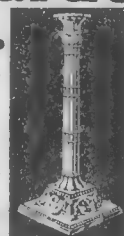
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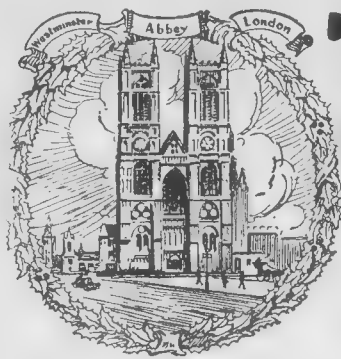
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Continued from page 91

purchasing a pair of boots was always to find a pair large enough to fit comfortably. "But," she continued "the law tells him which side of the road he must travel on, and the traffic cop tells him when to stop, and when to go, and other cops tell him where he can't, and where he can park his car, and for how long; and if he gets obstreperous about it they soon show him whether or not he is the big cheese.

Cliff agreed this was the established order of things; but Dolly had not finished. "Yes, and nine times out of ten, when this big boss was out driving the car, he was only taking it where he had been told to take it by the other occupant of the car, his—his wife," she added hastily. "Very true," said Cliff pointedly, as he recalled that he had been directing his course since they started entirely according to Dolly's instructions, "very true." "Is that the reason" he added shyly "why, in these modern days, when women are pushing their bobbed heads into jobs which have hitherto been regarded as sacred to the male, that they always prefer a male to a female boss?"

"No!" Dolly responded tartly, "if you think that in business a woman can twist a male boss around her finger, and have him drive the concern according to her directions, you have another think coming. It just isn't so, that's all."

"Perhaps not, in the business world," said Cliff stressing the last four words. "No, nor anywhere else," returned Dolly looking intently down the road straight ahead.

"Do you think there's going to be a good crop this summer," she asked presently. Cliff didn't know, but wouldn't be a bit surprised if it were a "bumper."

"You are a great optimist," was Dolly's comment. She had told him before they started that she always liked optimistic people.

Well, he supposed he might consider he was making some little progress, but it was not much. On the other hand the car was travelling splendidly; and would soon be on the way home. The purple haze had faded from the sky, and already the veil had fallen from the stars, while in the pale moon's silver light large white cirrus clouds travelled slowly across the heavens like sheep following a shepherd.

What to say! What to say! "Will you be mine dearest?" was, he knew, the long established formula but he didn't like it. It was old-fashioned. It ought to have gone out of use when "obey" was taken out of the marriage ritual. Imagine a mere man asking a modern girl to be his, his, his, his, body, his, soul, his property! The more he thought of it the less he thought of it. Its paraphrase "Dolly old dear how would you like to be mine for keeps" was worse still,—unthinkable! It scared him. Why Dolly would slap his face, and serve him right!

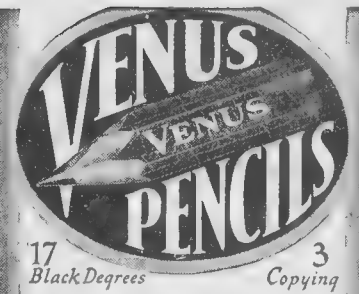
"A penny for your thoughts," murmured Dolly presently.

"I was just wondering" said Cliff deliberately "what a modern girl would say to a man who asked her to be his for keeps?"

Dolly assumed an attitude of meditation. "A lot would depend on her age," she said presently. "If the damsel was travelling on six cylinders in the direction of the fortieth milestone, after a few appropriate remarks about the suddenness of it all, she would probably give her consent; but, if the maiden happened to be no more than thirty, she might suggest, in view of the new status of women, that instead of asking 'dearest wilt thou be mine,' he say 'dearest, may I be yours.' And of course," she added with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes "he would say it with chocolates, a nice big two dollar box at least."

Here was a sticker! Dash it! he had been so full of the new car which he had really bought with Dolly as a prospect, that he had never thought of anything so trifling as a box of chocolates. "Don't you think" he returned "that the more modern way to say it is with a new

Continued on page 97



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Canada's Star Rises in Athletics

By W. D. Stovel



WORLD'S CHAMPION SPRINTER

Percy Williams of Vancouver, B.C., winner of the 100 and 200 metre sprint at the Olympic Games, Amsterdam.



WORLD'S CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER

Ethel Catherwood of Saskatoon, winner of the high jump at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam, where she created a new world's record.

AS THE nineteenth century belonged to the United States, so will the twentieth century belong to Canada," says one widely-quoted statesman. Nowhere is this prophecy showing more decided promise of fulfilment than in the realm of athletics. This year's Olympic contests have forcibly drawn the attention of the world to the rising western nation.

While the victory of Joe Wright in the historic Henley has been somewhat clouded by the loss at the summer games, the youth of Canada have been given two more idols to adorn the athletic pedestals—Percy Williams, the winner of a double championship in the sprints, and Miss Catherwood, of Saskatoon, the world's champion girl high jumper.

But it is not in the track world alone that the glory of Canada's athletes lies.

In men's amateur hockey, for instance, their supremacy is still unchallenged. In the winter games of the 1928 series, held at St. Moritz, the famous winter resort of Switzerland, the Graduates team of the University of Toronto proved this conclusively. After the teams representing Sweden, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Belgium, Hungary, France and Great Britain had played off in the eliminations with comparatively close scores, the survivors, Sweden, Switzerland and Great Britain, played against the Canadians in a six-game series. The result is now history. The Grads scored a total of thirty-seven goals without the puck having entered their net on a single occasion! Sweden, which made the best showing against them, went down to defeat 11-0.

Even more startling has been the results in girls' basketball, which for the past eight years has been sponsored by the Federation Sportive Feminine in connection with the Olympic Games. On their 1924 invasion of Europe the Commercial Graduates Basketball team of Edmonton, in their six engagements, piled up a total of 360 points to their opponents' 47. In 1928 they did even better, for in eight games they scored 576 points, while the best that their opponents could do was to put 89 in the basket. Their closest game was with the European champions, 46-14, but in one game against the Paris champions they succeeded in scoring 109 points with comparatively little effort.

Of course, it should be said in fairness to the players of this game in Paris, Lyons, Milan and Luxembourg, that the sport is a comparatively new one there, having been introduced by troops from the Western Hemisphere in the Great War years. However, Grads team was not organized until 1914, and then, too we cannot help wondering if there is any sport at which European representatives could swamp Canadian players by such a margin. We think not.

The brilliant Edmonton team has not won the much-cherished title of World's Champions altogether by such walk-away contests. On this continent its opposition has been vigorous, in Canada as well as in the United States. The way in which this basketball aggregation has been kept in the front rank ever since its organization is a story which marks its guiding spirit, J. Percy Page, as being

the most outstanding coach in the game today.

It was in 1914 that the Commercial High School, with an enrollment of only some sixty pupils, had the audacity to enter a team in the Edmonton High School Basketball League, and, though it had no suitable court upon which to practice, it won every game in its schedule. The next year it advanced to the intercollegiate league and again won, not only the league title, but the provincial championship.

When the members graduated, a Commercial Graduates' Club was formed and, though their senior opponents afforded them much stiffer opposition, they were able to continue in their supremacy. At last, in 1922, they so far disregarded all sense of proportion as to challenge the Dominion champions, the London Shamrocks, much to the astonishment of that aggregation, to whom the thought of opposition from the West was unheard-of.

Undismayed by the task before them, the Grads travelled East, and, far from showing themselves to be presumptuous interlopers, they actually won the series by the satisfactory score of 49-29. In a return visit to Edmonton the Shamrocks were forced to accept another defeat with a score of 49-26, though the game was played under Eastern rules. And that was that.

The Edmonton team next challenged the Cleveland Favorite Knits, who were claiming the world's championship at that time. This series, played before large crowds in Cleveland, fell also to the Grads, 51-28. But, although they were now in possession of the Underwood International Trophy, they hesitated to claim anything so sweeping as the world's title until they had made a thorough investigation. A trip to France in 1924 was the direct result, and it wiped away any doubts which may have remained as to their sole right to the title.

The marvel of it is that Coach Page has been able to keep the team at championship calibre all these years in spite of the continual changing of the team's line-up necessitated by the devastating inroads of Master Cupid and Father Time. The team which successfully defended this year's world title, a team which the critics say is the strongest ever sent onto a floor by the Black and Gold, does not contain a single member of that aggregation which won the title in 1924.

The present world's champions are as follows: Margaret MacBurney, Mildred McCormack, Gladys Fry, Elni Benny, Kate Macrae, Joan Johnson, and Mac Brown.

Of late, Canada has not been without her disappointments in the world of sport. Besides the doubtful ending of the exhibition lacrosse series in Europe in a three-cornered tie with Great Britain and the United States, and the defeat in the Olympic sculls, there is the slow development of skating and skiing to be gravely considered. This, in a country of Canada's energy and climate, would seem to be well-nigh unforgivable.

However, to go back to the pronouncement of our statesman friend, it is cheering to recollect that the century is young yet. Hop to it, Canada!

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"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"



Cinderella

By William Thompson

*You know Cinderella in story and ditty,
Who was born very poor, but grew up very pretty—
How her feet were her fortune, because they were small—
And who married a prince who was handsome and tall.*

*Perhaps you have dreamed of doing the same,
And have castles and land, and a nobleman's name;
And coachman and footman, and backriders, too,
And a coach all bespangled with silver and blue.*

*To have roses, a thousand, on spokes and on wheels,
And have servants, a dozen, as they say "at your heels,"
With a crown on your head of diamonds and pearls,
And admired by good, but poor little girls.*

*But more precious than all is a heart that is true—
You should always treat others, as you'd have them treat you—
And when Daddy or Mother tucks you in for the night,
How happy you feel when you know you've done right.*

A Vagabond Song

By Bliss Carman

There is something in the Autumn that is
native to my blood,
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon
the hills.

There is something in October sets the
Gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame,
She calls and calls each vagabond by
name.

Going Abroad with Bobby Burke

Well last night we reached Oxford—in our great open buses, known here as charabancs, we drove through lanes where birds were settling sleepily into their nests in the hedges, under great ancient oak trees, and elms that have watched the knights of old in clanking armour taking their slow way on tired beasts, and have seen the motor car change from a clumsy "gas wagon" to the long low powerful thing that shoots past them, and now above in the air they hear the hum of aeroplanes. These and many many other changes the old trees and tiny meadows have seen, but they do not tell us their secrets unless we keep quiet and watch and listen, and perhaps then our imaginations will bring back to us the people and places of long ago as we journey in the evening on to Oxford, the city of spires.

I am sure you all know something about Oxford, a city of colleges. Each building more lovely than the other one, each one with its gardens, its ivy mantled towers, its quadrangles (which are square courts

surrounded by buildings, but with a floor of grass, and often with a fountain in the centre). There are two tiny rivers in Oxford, so small that the trees meet across them, but on these rivers the greatest oarsmen of the world learn to row, and here you will find people doing something we never see in our country, and that is punting. You punt in a low wide flat boat, with a sort of deck at one end, and you use a long pole with which you push the boat along by striking the pole on the bottom of the river. If you don't know just how to manage, you may find yourself on the pole with the boat slipping away from under your feet! However there are many things to see in Oxford besides the river, so we mustn't stay there too long. The chief street in Oxford is called High street, but it is usually known by everyone just as The High, and down this street are many of the most beautiful college buildings, and along its crowded sidewalks have walked some of the greatest scholars of the day, for it is to this town and to Cambridge that boys and men are sent from all over the British Empire, in fact from all over the world to be educated. Here in these gray old buildings they listen to lectures and read great books, and study and learn to live and help the rest of the world. The Prince of Wales went to school here, and it was here that the word "pluck" as applied to examinations first began. In the old days no one was supposed to graduate who owed any debts, and on the day of graduation the people of the town were allowed in the back of the great hall, and when a student passed them who owed them money, going up to get his degree, they "plucked" or pulled at his gown and he had to step out and until he settled his debt was not allowed to complete his course.

One of the most beautiful colleges, which is on the river Cherwell, is Magdalen, pronounced as if it were spelt "Maud-lin." Here the writer Addison

went to school and there is still a walk in the fields which bears his name. In the beautiful chapel of Magdalene every night at five o'clock there is a church service held by candle light. Besides all the colleges in Oxford there is one of the most famous libraries in the world known as the Bodleian Library, and here the students may come and study the world's rarest books. On another street in Oxford, right in the middle of the street is a monument known as The Martyrs Memorial, erected to the memory of two great men, Latimer and Ridley, and you remember that when they were burned at the stake in this very street because they were true to their religion that Latimer said words something like this, "We will today light a candle, that please God, will never again be put out." A brave man—and the night before he died, he and his companion bishop slept in a bedroom in the little Inn called the Golden Cross where you may still stay, and picture to yourself the London coach driving into the courtyard below the latticed windows.

Because Oxford is a college town and filled with boys all the year around, there are lots of "tuck" shops. Do you know what they are? Why tea rooms or places where you buy cakes and good things to eat. Such good things too, sugary cakes, and crispy buns and all kinds of candy. There is one tea room called the "Gate House," and it is built above an old gate, and is over six hundred years old. The stairs and windows and doors are crooked with age, and you may find many interesting and ancient things there, but the cakes are not ancient, they are as fresh as the morning. After you have seen the colleges the nicest thing to do in Oxford is to go on the river, and when you have done that, just begin to wander. Turn down any street and you will find something you will like, a lovely garden, an old ivy-covered building, a clock tower, or a quaint shop. Two girls in Oxford keep a shop where they sell little wooden figures they make themselves, and while I was there I saw the March Hare and Alice and the Pied Piper and lots of other people from books. They sell other things as well, pictures and brass and one of them every week takes a caravan, which is a little house on wheels, with a tiny bed, a tiny stove, a tiny window, a tiny chair, and drives through the country selling the things along the way. Isn't that a lovely thing to do?

We have wandered a long time in Oxford and we are still a long way from London, so the next morning bright and early we must be up and away in our coaches. The dew is still sparkling on the grass and on the roses in the cottage gardens along the way, and our first stop is at a place with a strange name, Stoke Poges. Do you know why we stop there? Well do you remember a certain poet who wrote a poem in which this verse occurs? It figures in Canadian History in the taking of Quebec, for General Wolfe read it as he floated down the St. Lawrence on his way to the Plains of Abraham.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth
ere gave,
Await alike, the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Stoke Poges is the little church yard about which the poet Gray wrote in his famous "Elegy," and it is under the ancient yew trees' shade that the poet and his beloved mother both sleep. The elm and yew are both still there, but they are so old they are braced with iron to keep them standing.

From this quiet spot we drive straight to a noisy one, another town famous for a school, for we are arriving in Eton, which centres around the boys' school, where even the smallest boys wear long trousers, tail coats, Eton collars and high silk hats! How would you like that? They look very important and grand all dressed up in the morning, but they are just as fond of mischief as you are and play as many tricks. There is one thing you boys who are handy with a jackknife would like, and that is the custom of carving the name of every boy who attends the school on the walls. This used to be done by the boys themselves, but now there are so many boys and so little space left that one man carves all the names, and there are many famous ones there, on the wooden walls that have sheltered England's most famous men in their boyhood and schoolboy days.

We cross the river at Eton and arrive in one of the Royal towns of England, Windsor. The place where the king and queen live in truly royal state for some months of every year. Here in a real castle that looks like the castles of fairy stories, where it rears its high towers on a rock above the town, are stately rooms and mighty halls, and ancient armour and pictures of people who have played their part in history so that their names are in every book we read. Here too is the beautiful St. George's chapel where the royal weddings and funerals are held, and underneath whose floor many kings and queens lie buried. In this chapel the Knights of the Garter have their own seats and above their heads float their flags and banners, and on the backs of the seats are carved the coats of arms of their families. Here you will see carved stone that looks almost like lace it is so airy and fine and delicate, and carved wood that is like a painting. Here too in marble lies the young Prince Imperial son of the sad Empress Eugenie, who was killed in the South African War, and there are many famous men and princes represented in marble and stone. We come down from the heights of the castle, and very hungry find our way to "The Old House," which is built on the river and was once the home of Sir Christopher Wren who was a great architect and designed St. Paul's Cathedral and many other famous churches and castles, and helped to rebuild London after the great fire. Out in the garden of this old house we have our lunch, looking at the swans in the river and watching the Eton boys rowing. It is lovely here and we stay to pat the cat and buy postcards and talk to the old ladies, but we are still a long way from London and so once more we must away, through the fields until in the distance we see the smoke of a great city, and presently find ourselves driving through narrow streets, past old buildings and new buildings, past rumbling buses, and hurrying motor cars, into a roar of people and cars, and we know that at last we have reached London.

Cat Protected One Hundred Chickens

By Robert B. Stiles

One night last spring, "Midnight," our small black cat, sought a quiet place for a well-earned rest. Finding that two bricks had been pushed out from the foundation, she crept into a shed where slept one hundred five-weeks-old chicks. These were the best on the farm, kept apart from the other six hundred, to be used for breeding next year.

Later the same night, Mr. Skunk decided he would have a good meal. He likewise discovered the hole in the wall.

It is Mr. Skunk's custom to eat a few chickens and slaughter many; for that reason the loss is usually great.

This time our visitor "reckoned without his host." A sharp battle took place in which Midnight was victorious. Mr. Skunk lost his appetite and crept off. For days the shed was an unpleasant place to enter. However, not a single chick was harmed.

Our cat seemed dearer than ever, although for a week, except at her meal-time, she politely kept her distance.

The Dandelion

By S. J. Johannesson

*I know of a little fellow
With a crop of golden hair,
I play along the sidewalk
And meet him everywhere.*

*And when the sun is shining
He always smiles at me.
I like the little fellow;
He's nice as nice can be.*

*But when it's cold and rainy
—A clever chap is he—
He kind of shrinks together
And hides himself from me.*

*He goes to sleep at sunset,
He wakens up at dawn,
My pater's always trying
To keep him off the lawn.*

*He hates the cold and darkness,
He loves the heat and light.
When he grows old and feeble,
His golden hair turns white.*

*Of course I know this fellow myself—
But all the same,
You tell me all about him,
And spell me out his name.*



Are you afraid to step on ?

Do the scales shout
a warning to
you?

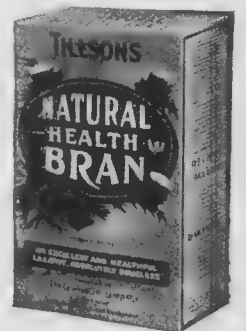
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Does Your Home Satisfy You

Continued from page 67

THE dining-room proper. Is this the season to give it the promised new furniture? Or perhaps to begin with the table and sideboard or serving table, the chairs to follow in due course? A coat of varnish stain or other suitable treatment for their frames and a bit of colorful fabric to cover shabby seats, might bring the old chairs into subdued accord with the new pieces for the time being and later on, they could be painted or refinished and scattered through the house—those welcome extra chairs for which there is usually a place.

Maybe a new rug here is your ambition—a fine-grade Wilton in a rather close-covered pattern makes a very practical choice for the dining-room.

The kitchen—but we must stop short at it; in the coming issue we are going very thoroughly into the matter of the new, the very new kitchens. It has become a vivid and enchanting subject!

AND upstairs—the bedroom, the nursery, the playroom, the little utility that is perhaps sewing-room and store-room and study or any other combination—there's scope a-plenty for consideration in most upper floors. We need not touch upon bedrooms, as we discussed them rather fully last month, with special thought for improving existing arrangements, emphasizing the introduction of fresh color schemes.

The linen closet—is it adequate? Or is it perhaps missing altogether? Where no actual closet can be added, there is often a chance for a box beneath the window or against the stairway, one of the sea-chest type advocated for the hall but with a let-down front instead of a lift-up lid. Or maybe a three-cornered cupboard could be tucked in, or a set of shelves only wide enough to hold the folded sheets, towels, etc.; the height would have to be awkward—but there would be at least storage room for bedding and a towel closet might be managed in the bathroom—quite a convenient place for it. At the same time, would another towel-rack or two make for greater neatness in the bathroom? Are all the little conveniences for drinking glass and brushes and soap, etc., present in plenty and placed to advantage?

The sewing-room—too often so-called because the machine must stand in it even though it may only come in for occasional use; is it time to get rid of the bulky big machine and get a neat portable electric sewing machine that can be tucked away when not in use, leaving a nice little room for other purposes? A den for the growing boys; a study; a playroom for the little shavers; a retreat for Father—it would be so easy to make it a comfortable and attractive spot.

Ruts! They can be as deep in a house as they are in a country lane—and much less likely to be seen and criticized and remedied. The first step—to shake off accustomedness, to say "that could be better"—is often much more difficult than the later achievement of the improvement you thus come to desire.

THE TRAVELER'S SONG

By R. Penhold

*I've travelled on land, and I've travelled on sea,
Many wonderful places I've seen.
But the plains of the prairie most fascinate me,
Of all the fine places I've been.*

*Perhaps it's the sunshine, perhaps it's the rain,
Perhaps it's the acres of golden grain,
Perhaps it's the farmers who daily toil,
To plant, grow, and harvest
The seed of the soil.*

*It may be the freedom, it may be the air,
It may be the blue skies smiling fair,
It may be the women who dwell alone,
To save for and slave for
The sons of the home.*

*But whatever it is, tho' I don't understand
Just why it affects me that way,
I am thrilled through and through in that
broad prairie land,
And have built me a homestead to stay.*

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GOOD HOUSEWIVES should not overlook the valuable information set forth on pages 61, 62, 63 and 64 of this issue of Western Home Monthly

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Keeping the School-Girl Figure

DID you ever stop to realize that some of screenland's best-loved idols have been favorites for six or eight or even a dozen years? Yet they still hold exactly the same, slim, and graceful and youthful figure as when they first appeared.

Don't think it is some happy chance that keeps them always slim and young looking. They are but human, with the natural human tendency to take on weight after twenty-five and after marriage. But they simply do not allow themselves to get fat, to take on one extra pound.

Strenuous exercise, such as swimming, tennis, riding and gymnasium work, does its share towards keeping them slim and supple; but strict attention to diet is the rule, not the occasional spasm, in their lives.

Does the dainty star sit about and nibble luxurious chocolates when not working? She does not! Though she earns a salary so lavish that she can well afford pounds and pounds of the most delightful sweets every day, she dare not eat them. She sucks an orange instead! When other women lunch comfortably on chicken salad, hot buttered rolls and ice-cream with hot fudge sauce, our little screen heroine shows her real heroism and probably takes a green salad with lemon juice and salt on it, a gluten cracker and a grapefruit for dessert.

At dinner she takes a clear soup or a fruit cup, lean meat, green vegetables (spinach, lettuce, asparagus, etc.), and probably a water-ice for dessert, or another grapefruit.

On a hot afternoon the average Canadian girl and woman who can manage it, treats herself to a lovely, fattening ice-cream soda or chocolate nut sundae, but our screen star contents herself with a lemonade or an orangeade, or a glass of chilled orange juice, guaranteed to cool but not fatten.

One of the slimmest, most youthful looking of the screen stars who still plays child roles after a dozen years or more of popularity, confesses that she has not indulged in an ice-cream soda since she was a little girl. "When I crave something sweet, I simply eat an orange or sip a glass of juice, which satisfies my craving but can't fatten me," she explains. "I drink quarts of lemonade and orangeade, limeade and clear orange juice. But ice-cream and ice-cream sodas? Never—until I retire from the screen and no longer need to keep my school-girl figure, which is much harder to keep than the school-girl complexion, I might add. Complexions can be dug out of bottles and boxes, but a slim figure comes only—for most of us—by self-denial where fats and sweets are concerned. Fudge and ice-cream are enemies of the youthful figure."

An Up-to-Date Proposal

Continued from page 92

car rather than a paltry box of chocolates, even a two dollar box?"

"Well, yes," she agreed, "but of course every fellow can't get a new car when he wants to propose, and if he can't get a box of chocolates he oughtn't to propose at all."

Yes, that was good common sense he assented.

"But of course the ideal combination" she added "is the new car and the chocolates."

"Yes, of course, of course," Cliff replied, in such a mournful tone of voice that Dolly gave him a quick smiling glance from the corner of her eye.

A minute later the car swung around the bend, and on to the highway. The lights of Branton gleamed ahead. Presently, owing to the spring floods, Cliff found it necessary to leave the main road, and follow a by-path through someone's field. He climbed out, and opened

the gate. Taking her place at the wheel Dolly drove the car through the gate-way. He closed the gate, and climbed back into the car. The same process was repeated about half a mile further on where the path returned to the road. As he climbed back into the car he remarked, "it's a fine help to a fellow when his partner can take the wheel, and assist in the driving."

Dolly expressed her pleasure at the compliment.

"I wonder," Cliff added, "I wonder Dolly, if you would do the same for me right along—all through life—the two of us—always helping each other—dearest—darling—and—and the chocolates will do later?"

"Yes," she gasped, between his kisses, "but you mustn't forget them altogether."

And Dolly drove the car all the way back to Branton.

Violets

By Isabel R. Eberts

*Violets in the fairy dells
Violets on the plain;
Violets in the alder swamps
Where robins come again.*

*Violets on the mossy mounds
O'er loved ones far away;
Still their elfin chimes doth ring
Thro' hearts which own their sway.*

*Violets purple, violets white
Violets yellow—blue;
Violets bright as wild birds' flight
Above the oaks and yew.*

*Double Neapolitans—loved
Of England's Mother Queen,
May their perfume ever sweet
Keep her memory green.*

*Violets under gloomy pines
In Canadian woods;
Violets where the river winds
Through forest, fell and grove.*

*Violets fair of Canada
Bring us hearts as true;
Give us minds and souls as fine
As your purple hue.*

The Heavenly North

By Alice B. Fisher

*I drank from her flask today
The juice of life's sweetest grape,
I swelled in its ecstasy
This heavenly air of the north,
It sang in my soul so sweet
Each atom arose to their feet,
And gave me the pace
Of a strong rugged race
That dwell in the heavenly north.*

*My lungs expanded and rose
To drink from her mighty flame,
And every breath bade me enclose
This heavenly air of the north.
I slept in its wondrous balm*

*Till all within me grew calm,
That I keep the pace
Of the strong rugged race
That dwell in the heavenly north.*

*At night when my being fell
Asleep in her loving care,
My soul still deep in her well
(This heavenly air of the north)
Arose in the morning light,
With courage to do what is right,
And deep in her grace
I felt the great race
That dwell in the heavenly north.*

CHRISTMAS

IN THE

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THIRD TRAIN leaves 9.40 a.m. Dec. 6th to Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Lapland," Dec. 9th, to Plymouth, Cherbourg, Antwerp.

FOURTH TRAIN leaves 9.40 a.m. Dec. 7th to Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Baltic," Dec. 10th, to Queenstown, Liverpool; for sailing of S.S. "Tuscania," Dec. 10th, to Plymouth, Havre, London; for sailing of S.S. "Frederik VIII," Dec. 10th, to Christiansand, Oslo, Copenhagen.

FIFTH TRAIN leaves 9.40 a.m. Dec. 11th to Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Letitia," Dec. 14th to Liverpool and Glasgow.

SIXTH TRAIN leaves 9.40 a.m. Dec. 12th to Halifax, for sailing of S.S. "Regina," Dec. 15th, to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool.

LOW FARES DURING DECEMBER TO THE SEABOARD

THERE WILL BE THROUGH SLEEPERS FROM PRINCIPAL CITIES
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CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

An Editorial Feature

Various articles which have appeared in the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY have proved of so much interest to its readers that it has been decided to inaugurate a new series. The first one appears on page twelve of the current issue. In the following months subjects of national interest pertaining to the four Western Provinces will appear.



Prophecies and Forecasts

THOSE interested in such things may remember it was all figured out by prognosticators who announced themselves as supporters of the British-Israel cult and based their prophecy on astronomical calculations, on inscriptions on certain of the Pyramids in Egypt and on measurements of those ancient structures, that the 29th of last May was to be the first day of "a time of world tribulation," which was to last for eight years, when the purified world would find itself at the threshold of an era of peace and happiness for humanity. Well, such an era might have begun more or less imperceptibly on the 29th of last May. It will be easier to judge about that in May, 1936, than it is now.

Women and Men

"WOMEN in politics will always be women, and how much political equality there will ever be between the sexes is a highly speculative question," writes Lord Birkenhead in a recent review article. And he adds: "Woman unquestionably has and exercises her share of power in the direction of life, but that it includes political power and the holding of high office is not yet demonstrated." Well, The Philosopher is a firm believer in equal suffrage, but he must admit that he has seen no sign yet of a woman Lord Birkenhead or Lloyd George or Winston Churchill in Great Britain, or a woman Mackenzie King or R. B. Bennett in Canada. But what of that? Is office-holding the best and noblest service to the State?

Family Trees

PEOPLE who talk about themselves can be the most wearisome of all bores. Especially if they talk about their pedigrees. The Philosopher is interested in forestry, but family trees are not the ones he is keenest to hear talk about. Genealogy (which is usually pronounced Geneology) is important in its place, of course, but after all, the most important thing for each one of us in regard to his family tree is that he is at the top of it, where there is plenty of air and sunlight.

The "Old-Fashioned" U.S.

AS ODD a thing as The Philosopher has heard lately is the remark of a visitor from the States that Canada has "an old-fashioned form of government." The fact is that our form of government is in many respects more up-to-date than that of our good neighbors to the south. For example, the reason why the new President, elected in November, will not take office until March is because the United States constitution (more than eighty years older than ours) was framed before there were railroads or steamboats. Travel was then difficult and slow. With an entirely new House of Representatives at Washington elected in November, the old House meets and does business in December. Could anything be more extremely "old-fashioned," more contrary, surely, to the spirit of democracy? And there are even still more "old-fashioned" provisions in the United States Constitution, notably in regard to the powers of the President and the State Governors.

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor.....	3
THE 'PHILOSOPHER'.....	98
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	100

Fiction

STEALER OF MEAT—Will R. Bird.....	5
DENTAL BUSINESS ON THE TRAIL—F. L. Cooper.....	7
MEDUSA'S HEAD—Josephine Daskam Bacon (Second Instalment).....	10
LOCHINVAR—Charles W. Stokes.....	12
WINNERS ALL—Jack Patterson.....	14
PRAIRIE BOUND WITH THE MISSUS AND THE KIDS—E. G. Bayne.....	16
THE LAST EDITION—Howard S. Smith.....	18
ELI'S DRUM—Elizabeth Gotto.....	20
LUCKY KID—H. S. Smith.....	32
BREATHES THERE A MAN—Eva Calder.....	50
PROVIDENCE—ALIAS MISS HARPER—Lillian A. Myers.....	84
AN UP TO DATE PROPOSAL—H. T. Reynolds.....	91

Articles

TOLEDO—THE TOWN OF TWENTY CENTURIES—Francis Dickie.....	8
ALBERTA'S TRAVELLING CLINIC—Lotta C. Dempsey.....	13
GLASS MAKING IN ALBERTA—Mary Matheson.....	17
THE CANADIAN AUTHORS AT CALGARY—Westerner.....	28
WHEN WORK IS FUN—Constance Travers Sweatman.....	30
THE LUCK OF THIN WOMEN.....	34
PROTECTION AGAINST TYPHOID FEVER.....	38
YOUTHFUL ACHIEVEMENT—Freda Graham Bundy.....	40
NAGGING WOMEN—Julia Wolfe.....	44
THE WINDSOR CHAIR AND ITS ORIGIN—Dorothy Dickson.....	49
A-CHRISTMASSING IN THE SUMMER—Marion Wathen Fox.....	83
BASKETRY.....	89
CANADA'S STAR RISES IN ATHLETICS—W. D. Stovel.....	93

Regular Departments

COME LET US READ AWHILE—Sheila Rand.....	22
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I.....	24
DOLLARS AND CENTS.....	52
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	53
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	94

Women and the Home

HOME FURNISHINGS—Katherine M. Caldwell.....	27
SOMETHING FOR BUSY FINGERS WHEN THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN.....	37
NEW DESIGNS IN STAMPED APRONS.....	43
FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.....	46
FASHIONS.....	54 & 56
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	61
A HALLOWE'EN PUMPKIN PARTY—Dorothy Wright.....	74

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

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"Speakies" for Politics

A RECENT item in the news from across the Atlantic is that the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, is arranging to make use of the speaking movie in the coming general election campaign in Great Britain. In present Presidential election campaign in the United States thousands of the electors have seen the candidates speaking on the "silver screen" and at the same time heard them. And in due course we shall have the same thing in this country. We shall look at, and listen to, speaking movies of public men. Aristotle, the earliest of political philosophers to write of democracy, fixed a rigid limit to the size of a state. No state, he wrote, could continue to be a democracy unless all its citizens could gather within the sound of the voices of its leading men. The radio has made it possible for millions to hear the actual voice of a speaker. What would Aristotle say if he could see and hear a speaking movie?

We and the World

MOST of us like to think that we have more than the average person's lot of difficulties to contend with in our lives. It is one way of patting ourselves on the back for doing as well as we do. As a matter of fact, are not our difficulties really blessings in disguise? Perhaps a time will come when this will be a world in which tempers will never be lost and feelings never rubbed the wrong way and there will be no reproaches heard because there will be neither cause for fault-finding nor inclination to find fault, and the very air will flow with the milk of human kindness and the honey of human happiness. But how many of us can realize such a world and ourselves living in it? Would not each one of us need a considerable making over, to be fitted for life in such a world?

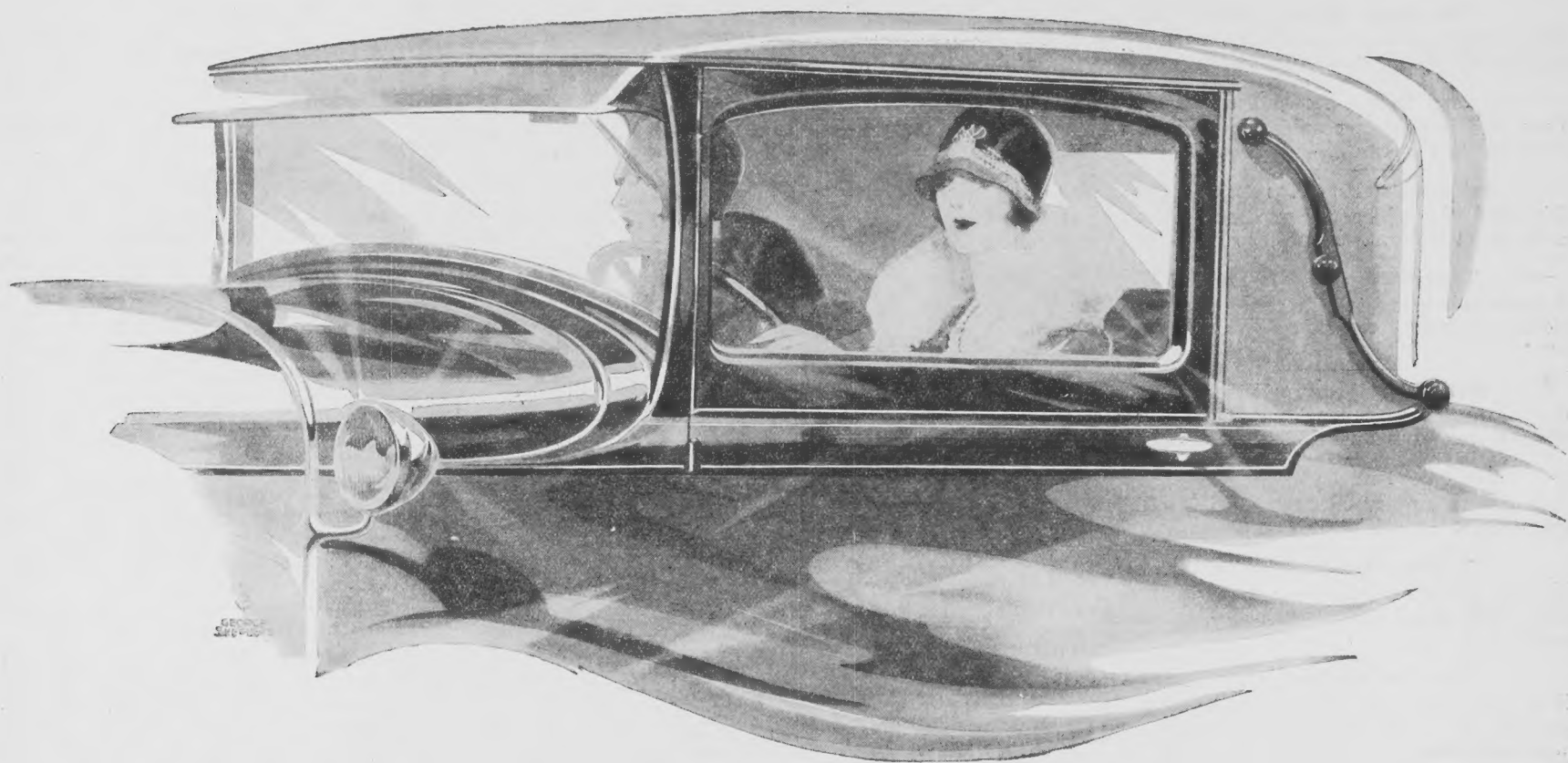
The Road of Progress

"PROGRESS is the finest thing in the world," says a friend of The Philosopher, "but the advocates of every new kind of progress have to realize that they must deal with the common sense of people." A truth worth keeping in mind. If a man gets to know more than his neighbors, he needs to use discretion if he is going to make his neighbors as full of knowledge as he is himself. He will be wise to sound them, so as to ascertain how they will receive the enlightenment he desires to give them. Otherwise he may find himself offering them what they do not want and will not accept.

Figures Do Not Tell All

"IF WE only had the statistics, we could come to a conclusion," said a Provincial legislator in a recent debate. But figures do not always tell all the story. Once an English visitor to a public school in Glasgow undertook to put a few simple questions in arithmetic in the classroom where the youngest children were. If buns were sixpence a dozen, he asked a small girl, how many would she get for a penny? Three, she told him, if she asked for stale. That child knew the actualities of the situation. She realized that there was more in it than a mere matter of arithmetic.

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What the World is Saying

So Do We Often

We always feel like taking off our hat when we go into a bank.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Just Because

If women's intuitions are so wonderful, then why does she ask so many questions?—Victoria Colonist.

The Ample Skirts of Yore

Who remembers when a girl could carry a setting of eggs in her skirt?—Saskatoon Star.

And Take a Second Look

Love at first sight is possible, but it is as well to wipe off your spectacles.—Regina Post.

But Sometimes It Burns Pockets

It's called cold cash because we don't keep it long enough to get it warm.—Lethbridge Herald.

Tenth Wedding a Year Ago?

A movie star is said to have celebrated his tenth wedding anniversary recently. — Vancouver Province.

High Cost of Women's Clothes?

One of Rockefeller's daughters has just lost a \$7,000,000 suit.—Los Angeles Examiner.

The Other Four Do the Jumping

It is said that every fifth person in the United States owns an automobile.—Wall Street Journal.

It Might Have to Close Up

If hope did not spring eternal in the human breast, what would Wall Street do?—Minneapolis Journal.

We're All the Same, Afoot

Still, the fellow who believes in predestination jumps as far at the sound of the honk.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Consider the Woodpecker!

Even the woodpecker owes his success to the fact that he uses his head.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Some are Deceptive the Other Way

Many a man is not as dumb as he looks. Which is a mighty useful thing.—London Advertiser.

And Some of It, No Doubt, is Raw

A Chicago judge says that there is too much cooked-up evidence in divorce cases that come before him.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Another Joke Hinges on the Knee!

A horse named Bare Knees is running on Eastern tracks. We presume it's a lady.—Weyburn Review.

So To Speak

The cost of living seems to be coming down like the length of women's skirts.—Niagara Falls Review.

But Not for the Horse and Buggy

Henry Ford keeps on making additions to his collection of old-fashioned things. He seems to have a passion for such things.—Chatham News.

But How About Chiffon Hosiery?

An old saying tells us truly that it is never too late to mend.—Vernon News.

Or, Sometimes, Titian Bronze

The color of a red-headed girl, if she is "in society" is auburn.—Hamilton Spectator.

Such an Optimist is Incurable

An optimist is a man who wakes up when the speaker says: "One word more, and I am through."—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

The Modern Line of Advance

But it can't really be a two-car country until the contracts read that two-car buyers can pay on one car this month and on the other next month.—Buffalo Express.

And Pedestrians, Black and Blue

Motors are now all colors, tints and shades.—Toronto Star.

Ditto for the South Pole

Nothing has happened to change the average man's belief that once is enough to visit the North Pole.—Ottawa Citizen.

And Do Not Have Any Turnover

In running and caring for your automobile think of the relation between overhead and upkeep.—Prince Albert Herald.

They Get Out of It Often

"Who gets the most out of married life"? asked a writer. Moving picture stars.—Milwaukee Journal.

Improved Wayfaring Methods

Formerly the thief on his travels stole a ride on a freight train, or failing that, had to count the ties. Now he steals a car and travels in style.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

What Happens to Most Advice

Very wisely the farmer allows the town man's advice to go in one ear and out both.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

The Ancestors Living Today

The trouble about worshipping ancestors is that people who do it seldom provide the same privilege for posterity.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

If Possible

"The pedestrian only wants an even break," remarks a writer. The average pedestrian would rather not get hit at all.—Peterboro Examiner.

The Main Staple of Conversation

If the weather were to cease suddenly, about two-thirds of the population would become speechless.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

One Compensating Fact

Sometimes the reckless motor car driver turns away from the pedestrians and picks on another reckless driver.—Kitchener Record.

An Advantage of Air Travel

There's one nice thing about airplane travel. The roar of the motor drowns any comment from the seat.—Toronto Telegram.

Extreme Case of Woodenness

The fellow with a wooden leg usually gets a lot of sympathy but it's the fellow with a wooden head who needs it most.—Halifax Mail.

With a Squeaking Slate Pencil

Specialists who think modern life hard on the nerves should have heard the old-fashioned kid doing his lessons on a slate.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Arrested for Fragrancy?

Two burglars who broke into a New York drug store were captured by the trail of perfume they left behind.—Galt Reporter.

This Is Undoubtedly True

We suppose there comes a time, after the ocean flier has travelled about 1,800 miles, when a silo or a red cow would look dandy.—Moncton Transcript.

John Barleycorn Included?

According to a recent official statement, there have been two hundred and thirty-six killings by prohibition enforcement officers in the United States.—Montreal Gazette.

Sherlock Holmes Has Many Followers

The puzzling thing is that England has fewer than twenty murders a year, while it can produce 1,679 high-class detective novels.—Detroit News.

Stealing Even the Good Book

We thought Chicago surely wasn't as bad as painted. And, sure enough, we learn that among the books stolen from the libraries there, the Bible leads.—Quebec Soleil.

An Oversight

A critic attributes the dullness of Mr. H. G. Wells' later works to the effect of the Great War. We fear that the possibility of this consequence was not fully weighed before hostilities were decided upon.—London Punch.

The Getaway is Made Too Easy

One of the troubles of this country is that the way of the transgressor is not made hard enough.—Duluth Herald.

Getting to be Generally Known

One of the doctors discovers that the automobile is conducive to heart disease. Pedestrians made the same discovery some time ago.—Ottawa Journal.

A Situation Requiring Tact

One of the most embarrassing moments in a man's life is when a man you owe money to comes along just as you are paying cash for your gasoline.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Things Were Very Different Then

When older residents did their courting they saved a little money because there were no three-cent tax on the bushel of oats they had to feed the motive power.—Brandon Sun.

An Apology Would Be In Order

Dr. Beebe says sharks never attack human beings except by accident, when they mistake the moving object for food. Imagine the distress of the shark when he finds out his mistake.—Toronto Globe.

But We Don't Want to Try Either

Such is the force of our associations with words that many of us instinctively think of the South Pole as a little warmer than the North.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

A Safe Estimate

It is estimated that there are not more than 34,487 men and women in Winnipeg who are capable of giving a clear explanation of the present situation in China.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Noted Bombing Area

A suggestion is made that a bombing plane be christened "The Spirit of Chicago." It is understood that the union of Chicago bootleggers has consented to waive all prior claims to the name.—Winnipeg Tribune.

The Way Money Goes Sometimes

A Persian rug was sold in New York the other day for \$106,000. Lloyd's would refuse to insure the life of the man who had the audacity to wipe his feet on the costly decoration.—Selkirk Record.

Was There a Washout on the Line?

A recent news photograph shows a number of Chinese soldiers guarding a railway line. They present a rather ragged appearance. Which reminds us of what the Chinese can accomplish in the laundry business.—Quebec Telegraph.

An Apology to Henry

While he was in England, though he was called upon several times to speak, Henry Ford made only one speech. There were thirty-one words in it. We were wrong in our opinion that Henry ought not to be sent to the Senate.—New York Tribune-Herald.

A "Nip in the Air" Is Not New

A scientist who has been investigating the atmosphere announces something new. He says there is alcohol in the air we breathe. But not enough to put the bootleggers out of business.—Baltimore Sun.

He May Well Have Felt That Way

Baron Okura, who passed away on his 91st birthday, ascribed his long life to a diet of eels and rice, and no doubt his death may be ascribed to the fact that eventually he had enough of them.—Vancouver Sun.

Expecting Altogether Too Much

A man in Chicago is said to have invented a tree-climbing automobile. What we need, however, is an automobile that will climb a telephone pole and then run along the wires to the next pole.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.



A Strikingly Beautiful Rug

—by BARRYMORE

Canada's leading housefurnishing stores are now exhibiting an exquisitely beautiful series of new rugs by Barrymore. The rug illustrated above will give you some idea of their rare beauty but they must be seen to be appreciated, for it is impossible to describe the soft sheen and bloom that is permanently woven into the luxuriously thick, soft pile.

Canada's largest carpet mills, through their skilled designers and weavers, backed by their great resources, are able to give Canadian families the newest and smartest woven floor coverings at prices within the means of all.

Designed and Woven by
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Guaranteed
RUGS

Fashion decrees **COLOR** in *Silver Service*

The *Fashionables* returning from Paris have been bringing back an enchanting new version of lovely table-service: silver *with colored handles*—pink-and-silver, blue-and-silver, green-and-silver—adding an accent of beauty to a table, as striking jewels add beauty to a gown...

Now, Community Plate is presenting *knives with 'jeweled' handles*... breakfast-knives, dinner-knives, dessert-knives—with handles of bright color. The translucent rose-red of rubies, the clear blue of sapphires, the scintillant green of emeralds, blending with the silverware in chords of color...

EMERALDS for EVENING

The dinner-knives... following the vogue for emeralds for evening, come only in emerald-green... green as the sea, subtle as a siren—gleaming clear and brilliant on damask, in candlelight... the jewelry of the dining room... the ultimate word of fashion for dinner-service... All these knife-handles, with their opalescent surfaces, *are made with the design of the silverware*. The pattern is etched deep in the color... giving an effect unbelievably charming... and providing the delicate last touch of modernity to a modern woman's table.

These 'jeweled'-handle knives have, of course, Community's remarkable Stainless Steel DeLuxe blades—mirror-bright and scimitar-sharp. And they come—at no extra cost—in whatever pattern you choose, and whichever color—as part of any one of Community Plate's *sets of silverware*; for instance, the tray at the left—which is \$40.50 for six covers, and \$53.00 for eight... 'Jeweled'-handle knives separate from the set, are \$15.00 for six...

AT YOUR JEWELER'S—from now on!

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

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NOTE: These 'Jeweled'-handle knives cost no more than the regular Community *silver-plated* handle knives

COMMUNITY PLATE

& Also makers of TUDOR PLATE &